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ABSTRACT

The English town of Clevelode, population of approximately 700, has solved most of the U.S. social problems. The village is not perfect, but in many ways it stands as a lesson for everyone. This small community is probably fairly temporary. People can live in Clevelode and commute to work in the city of Worcester or to the urban center of Malvern. The small community described in this book seems to be on its way to becoming a suburb of Worcester. The book, a study of the inner workings of a humane society today, is divided into 19 chapters: (1) "History and Geographic Setting"; (2) "What We'll Do"; (3) "Our Village and Its Setting"; (4) "Newcomers to the Village"; (5) "The Children"; (6) "Schools and the School Code"; (7) "Personal Traits"; (8) "The Dampening Conflict"; (9) "A Nonviolent Society"; (10) "Trust"; (11) "The Moral Substructure"; (12) "Caring for the Elderly"; (13) "The Doctors"; (14) "Arthur and Brian: Taking Care of Other People as Part of Your Job"; (15) "Neighbors"; (16) "Taking Care of Animals"; (17) "Jam and Jerusalem: Voluntary Groups and Charity Appeals"; (18) "Charity"; and (19) "Small-Community Effects?" (Each chapter includes notes. Contains a methodological appendix and 129 references.) (BT)

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Civility in an English Village.

William Stephens

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Civility

In An English Village

William Stephens

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To my dear wife.

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PART ONE. INTRODUCTORY

CHAPTER ONE. HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHIC SETTING.

Clunton and Clunbury,
Clungunford and Clun,
Are the quietest places
Under the sun.

In valleys of springs of rivers,
By Ony and Teme and Clun,
The country for easy livers,
The quietest under the sun

- A.E.Housman[1]

This is Housman country a century later – Worcestershire, a few miles south of Shropshire. It is still a mellow landscape. Especially in neighboring Herefordshire, which is less developed, you can still travel over the hills, seeing expansive views – and through the narrow lanes, passing the occasional hamlets and villages – Dymock... Kempley... over the ford at Clencher's Mill... and on to Trumpet. However, sooner or later you round a corner and the pastoral idyll ends. Modernity intrudes. You are in a tangle of traffic.

The countryside is changing, filling up with motorcars and houses and people.

Charlie Finch, speaking to Vera Mountford:

But a more important thing, the worst thing that has happened in my lifetime: there has been a breakdown in society, really. All... We all lived in a community, we lived in a parish. But this, here at Clevelode, was more than a parish. This was an estate, about two thousand acres along the River Severn. And everybody on that estate was employed by the Beresfords. They had to have gardeners, and housekeepers and maids, and a gamekeeper, and a woodman, and other people to work in the house and in the fields.

Only if you were the doctor, or... Only the few better-off people didn't work for the squire. The publican didn't, but then the pub, the building, belonged to the squire. Same for the shopkeeper. The church, it depended on the Beresfords. The alms houses, they were the Beresfords.' Even today, a good many of the old cottages, some of the farms in the country, and in the village: different people live in them, but they belong to the Beresfords.

What I was going to say, these communities had, such a village as ours had... There was a priest [a vicar] in every parish. A policeman in every village. [No longer; the village policemen have been withdrawn.] And the village had a schoolmaster who was known to everybody. These people were always there. They knew just about everything that was going on in the community. The schoolmaster was known to all the children.

Other tradesmen... in the towns... The shopkeeper lived in the house [above his place of business]. And his son learned his trade and took it up after him. So there was continuity of name.

"To have a trade in your hands." That's what you wanted, "a trade in your hands." The people knew you and they came to you, and you took care of them. They relied on you. You did your trade.

Actually this still persists – the taking-care-of customers – as we shall see.

And Charlie continued: people stayed in the village. Families stayed, over the generations.

Anyway, all that is changed. Times have changed. People go away. We all go hither and thither. You've only got to look at the highway, the traffic.

And of course this is a one-sided picture. People were very poor in those days.[2] Persons who didn't fall under the protection of one of the aristocratic families, might be in desperate straits. And for those few people who didn't fit in? The parish seems to have been pretty isolated. A picture of any alternative, of opportunity in the outside world, seems to have been dim.

According to historian Pamela Hurle, Clevelode parish was typical of other great estates. The employer for the entire parish was the Beresford family. It is a very old family. Beresfords are mentioned in the Domesday Book. Other great estates along the River Severn were Madresfield Court, owned by the Beauchamps, which is the site of Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*; and Lord Coventry's Croom Court. Other

nearby estates were Ham Court, Pull Court, Shugborough Hall, Blackmore Park, Severn End, and Ryall Court. All of these are much reduced today. Lord Coventry's thousands of acres were sold off in parcels. His great house passed through the hands of – among others – the Hare Krishnas who, it is said, used to go to market in Pershore with their camel. Blackmore Caravan Park now sits on a part of what used to be the Hornyolds' Blackmore estate. Pull Court is now an expensive private school. Some of the great houses – Birtsmorton Court, Hanley Hall, Longdon Hall – now have no estates to go with them. Others, such as Severn End, do remain as working farms, but with a remnant of their former lands.

However, in the early part of the century, according to informants such as Edith Lamb, life in Clevelode parish revolved around the Beresfords' ancient mansion, Strensham Court. People lived in the neighboring village of Clevelode, which was then much smaller, and in scattered tenant houses on the Beresford lands.

In a paternalistic relationship, the Beresfords offered free housing, food, protection, and help in emergencies. They are said to have given presents and parties for everyone at Christmas time. Edith Lamb spoke of "charities" that the Beresfords gave at holiday time: beef, an abundance of "cottage loaf," other foods, soup, and loads of coal and firewood. Evidently this was genuinely needed by the people, to get them through the winter. Edith said that everyone got free milk every day from the Beresford dairy, and free butter every week. Boys who went to school were given a free uniform, with shoes.

The Beresfords did not simply dispense *largesse* from on high. At least during the past three generations, they gave their ministrations personally. (The past three generations of Beresfords would include the recently-installed new Lord Beresford, Clive, with his wife Lettice who is already very active in village affairs; before them, Sir Brendan and Lady Dorothea, or "Dodie," who figure in this account; and earlier, Brendan's parents, Sir Ronald and Lady Marguerite.)

There are many stories about Dodie; for example, appearing at Edith's front door with her apron and her maid, to clean house for her after Edith had returned from the hospital. Joan Bunn speaks similarly of Lady Marguerite, "going down with a basket of rice pudding" to take to Joan's uncle. And there are other accounts of Beresfords going around to the old people, bringing rice pudding.

There is no way to know how typical this was, of the landed aristocracy of the past. Informants assure us that it was fairly typical; and, at least with the Beresfords, it reached back at least several generations. However there is no documentation, other than the fond memories of the old people, stories and legends such as these about the rice pudding. (In

Michael Bell's village of "Childerley," an informant reminisced: "The Squire and his wife... They knew all their tenants. It worked on the principle of being a big family, really. In the olden days, the Squire's missus used to go out and visit somebody, or take a little basket.")[3] Also there is the mute testimony of beautiful alms houses and tenants' houses, built several hundred years ago by the Beresfords and the Beauchamps and by neighboring estates.

Pamela Hurle speaks of the social contract between the landed families and their tenants, in which the people in the big house dispensed charity and gave protection, and their tenants in return "gave obeisance."

But this is no more. The social revolution had been gathering, slowly, with the improvement of roads (ending the villages' isolation) and the enclosure movement. After World War I the estates became fewer and smaller; more independent farmers emerged. By the end of World War II, the change was fairly complete.[4]

Farming modernized. The masses of agricultural laborers were no longer needed.[5] Part of the Beresford estate was sold off. The Beresfords moved out of Strensham Court, leaving it to renters and to ghosts. They built a more ordinary-sized house for themselves in the village. And of course they no longer needed the maids who had served in the old mansion, or the footmen, housekeeper, butler, gamekeeper and forester. The old way of life had ended. Elsewhere in England, other great houses were being taken over by the National Trust.

The people were freed from dependence on the landed families. Opportunity opened up: jobs, education for all, chances to go elsewhere. The Welfare State – that safety net provided by the social services and by the National Health Service – came to replace the aristocrats' charity.[6]

In and around Clevelode parish, new families flooded in. These were people who had never been dependents of the Beresfords. They were retirees from the city, commuters to city jobs, and occupants of new council houses. DERA, a military research establishment, set up in Malvern. It needed large numbers of highly educated technical personnel. Some of these people came with their families to live in the village.

The aristocrats, shorn of most of their power, evidently continued to feel some responsibility for "their" people. To varying degrees, they have continued in the patron role – for the church, and for other community causes. As I say, the Beresfords themselves have gone beyond this. There are many stories of Sir Brendan coming to people's rescue, and acting as a protector for persons in distress – somewhat like in the old days. (When Edna and her husband moved into the village, Brendan drove up with a truckload of firewood as a housewarming gift. When, later, her husband died, he offered Edna a house – which she declined.) There are

even more such stories about Dodie – as with her appearing at Edith's front door with her apron. In any chronicling of caring, caregiving, kindnesses, in the village, Dodie has been one of the preeminent carers.

At any rate, the relationship of feudal patronage ended; the village became easily accessible to the outside world; opportunity opened up; and new people flooded in. On the negative side: Charlie Finch's village, with its traditional roles, was breached, violated. Also, development and population growth is now the threat that it is in so many other places; Housman's pastoral landscape has been invaded as well.

Nowadays, one can live in Clevelode and commute to work: to the city of Worcester; to Malvern, an urban center of about thirty thousand people; or to other more distant cities such as Birmingham. Clevelode parish is now within a commuter zone, where urbanites can live. When, later, I ever use the term "villagers," don't picture quaint villagers, rural people with country accents. A minority of persons in the parish might seem like this; but most would not.

This commuter zone is filling up. The familiar development battle is being played out, with most residents, and people who love the land, and preservationist groups, on one side; and whoever would profit by new building, on the other, the development side. The preservationist side is stronger than it is in America; the process of growth is slower. But it seems to be inexorable.

Suburbanization

Therefore this small community that I will be describing, is probably fairly temporary. It seems to be on its way to becoming a suburb of Worcester. Or perhaps Worcester and the nearby towns of Malvern, Pershore, Evesham, Tewksbury and Upton will all grow, leaving the villages in a suburbanized countryside. Charlie Finch may bemoan the passing of the Clevelode he remembers. We might very well bemoan the passing of ours. How much, of the admirable qualities of this community, depend on its being a *small* community, unto itself to some sufficient degree, and not merely a satellite to a city? – We don't know. I suppose if we lived long enough we would find out.

Fuguitt (*et.al.*) has described the urbanization of the countryside, in America, in this fashion: There is an increasing residential sprawl around cities, absorbing small towns, accompanied by modern amenities coming to the countryside. Electrification, telephones, plumbing, running water, all-weather roads: all this is brought to the countryside, "greatly decreased [that is to say, decreasing] the differences between rural and urban areas." With the coming of the automobile, and better roads, city people can move

to the country and commute to their jobs.[7]

This is just what seems to be happening to Clevelode and to the other villages and hamlets nearby. A minor difference is: in England, urban sprawl and building along roads and highways is more restricted. But then here in England, the towns and villages were closer together to begin with.

The future Clevelode might still look like a village. And it might be ringed about by countryside. Since ribbon development along the roads between the towns is not permitted, we would not quite have the "edge city" as it is described for America.[8] However, more and more, people would drive outside the village to get what they needed. Community would weaken.

The Clevelode that we will be examining here, is caught as in a snapshot, at one point in time, in the transition from Charlie Finch's isolated and intact village community, to a situation in which it is more of a neighborhood within a sprawling suburbia.

(Edna objects: No! Perhaps the line can be held and the countryside and villages can be saved. I hope she's right and I'm wrong. However the process we see at present is this movement in the direction of suburbanization. Perhaps someday this might be interrupted by something else that we cannot foresee.)

The change is gradual and piecemeal, not an all-or-none affair. Villages that are closer to Worcester are further along in this process. Edna's friend Jennifer, with her husband, used to live in Kempsey, which is just two or three miles outside of Worcester. They say Kempsey used to be "a real village."

The city of London is ringed about by many commuter villages of this sort. Edna's daughter and her family live in such a place. It looks like an historic and atmospheric old village. But the family knows only a few of the neighbors; most of the people who are seen on the street are strangers. There is no longer a village shop. A little village school does remain, but they have sent their own children elsewhere. The family goes outside for shopping, school, everything. The children's friends live outside the village. The parents, like other suburban parents, spend a lot of time chauffeuring.

Such a situation is not necessarily all bad. And (to repeat) we don't know, just how Clevelode's good qualities will be damaged by the change. Maybe the decency and trust, which we find in Clevelode now, and the moral scruples, and the conscientious training of children, will survive the change fairly well. We don't know.

(Actually I do not really believe this. The conditions for trust do seem to decline with suburbanization – as we'll see. Also, the traditional

childrearing and morality would probably have a harder time surviving, once the village has been breached. However the evidence, now, for all these dire predictions is not strong.)

In the meantime, urban amenities are within easy reach. Edna and her friends can go shopping in the bigger shops in nearby cities and towns. Ian is a landlord in Worcester. Clifton Fletcher drives to Stratford-upon-Avon to see plays. Farmers such as Nigel Field have distant business contacts; and so do other persons who are in business.

Reputation in the Small Community

Whereas one aspect of the suburbanization process is this merging with the nearby area, another aspect is residential mobility. People leave home, move to another place. Some of the young people go off to university. Certain of the young wives have to leave home, following their husbands whose jobs take them elsewhere. With the modern conditions for employment, people have to move to their jobs. The jobs change so they have to move again. Maybe they do find employment nearby; but housing is so hard to find, they still might have to live outside the village.

What a change from Charlie Finch's "to have a trade in your hands!" –To live above the shop and inherit your father's trade, or to live on the estate where occupations were passed down through the generations.

However, although life in the village is now less permanent than it was in the old days, it is still more permanent than what I (the visitor) had known before. Even Edna and the cohort of people like herself who had come to the village in the last several decades, have become caught up in a community in which persons go through life together. People remember when a particular adult was a child. They remember when a frail old man such as Major Bradburn was once a community leader. Relationships are with *families*; people know the present generation, and they remember the departed parents and grandparents. Personages such as Lady Marguerite live on in memory and are still occasionally talked about.

Reputations, earned over the years, are important: Carole at her shop, and her father before her; Lauren Phipps at the butcher shop and her own father; Arthur at the Clevelode Garage; Brian Roberts who does household repairs. Villagers remember some of the innumerable things they did for people, over the years – their acts of generosity. Particular instances might have blurred in memory, but their overall reputations still live.

And there are some bad memories too of course, and a bit in the way of negative reputation.

There is also respect: neighbors' respect. As we'll see, there is a sisterhood of older women, based (I think) on mutual appreciation, which

is founded on what they've lived through. Edna is enfolded by others' respect and regard. And she gives it back, to neighbors who have earned it – to Marjorie Armstrong, Charles Gooding, John Mountford, others.

In my own life (which was not lived in a village), I have some people whom I feel this way about. The difference is: here in the village, it is all bundled together. The people know each other, or at least know about each other. The memories are shared.

This is possible, despite all the new people who have come into the village, and the commuting, and the accessibility of the outside world. It might have been moreso in Charlie Finch's day. But it is still strong enough to be quite noticeable to the visitor.

The question is: what happens to this, as suburbanization proceeds? Does this gradually fade? Or does it persist, and then all at once seem to vanish? Similarly (to repeat) for other wonderful characteristics that Clevelode now possesses. To what extent do these depend on Clevelode remaining a reasonably intact small community? –We don't know; but for some (such as trust) we do have some indication. And if trust and certain other characteristics do depend, to some extent, on small-community, then at what point will they noticeably fade, weaken?

We'll do what we can with this question as we proceed.

The population unit for this study

This is a real village. Unfortunately I must give it a fictitious name – Clevelode – which in fact is the actual name of a tiny hamlet further up the river. Also I am talking about real people; but their names, too, have been fictionalized. Likewise, a real church, real school, actual roads and streets, real places, but fictitious names.

The act of making up new names, for persons and places who already have their names, seemed ridiculous in the doing. I regret this even more, because I feel that these people deserve to be memorialized. But informants cautioned against this, and doubtless they were correct. Privacy is so important here, and modesty too. The informants warned: persons who were mentioned by name, would likely be offended. Even persons who were *not* mentioned might be offended. Persons whose admirable acts were retold, might only be embarrassed. –So there it is, unfortunately: fictitious names.

Our real village, which we'll call Clevelode, has a population of about seven hundred. With the scattered farms and several additional hamlets, Clevelode parish numbers about twelve hundred. The parish is bounded by the River Severn, hence its name. "Lode" means "crossing place." The

parish takes in a portion of the Strensham Court estate, plus some other lands.

The Vale of Evesham, and Westward in the Severn Valley

The parish is part of an area that is perhaps twenty or twenty-five miles across, bounded by the Cotswolds on the east and the Malvern Hills on the west. The city of Worcester sits at its northwest corner. The largest town is Malvern. Other towns are Tewksbury, Upon-on-Severn, Pershore and Evesham. There are quite a few villages. The largest ones are Ashchurch, Kempsey, Callow End, Welland, Hanley Swan, Bredon's Norton, Eckington, Cropthorne, Fladbury, Upper Snodsbury. Villages dwindle away to very small ones, maybe a hundred persons or so. White Ladies Ashton, Peopleton, Pinvin, Wyre Piddle, Flyford Flavell, Bishampton, Defford, Bricklehampton, Bredon North, Ripple, Severn Stoke, Twyning, Bushley, Hanley Castle, Longdon ... And still smaller, genuine hamlets, Cross Hands, Birtsmorton... All these, in such a small area. The wonder is that looking down on them – as with the picture of Edna on the book's cover – one sees mostly green.

In this agricultural region, villages and hamlets are close together, just several miles down the road from each other. The urbanized world is conveniently close at hand. In the old days the villages could be somewhat isolated, by bad roads and by the condition of feudal dependency. But that is no longer true of course.

Other geographic features are Bredon Hill, which Housman wrote about; and also, in addition to the River Severn, two smaller rivers, the Avon and the Teme. (He also wrote about the Teme, "And mist blew off the Teme..." – as he did the Severn, "And thick on Severn snow the leaves.") Looking at the map, two additional rivers – rivers of cars – stand out: the M-5 and the M-50. The noise of cars on the motorways can be heard several miles away, depending on the lift of the land. Walking in the old villages of Ripple and Uckinghall, the rumble of distant traffic can be heard. There are many lesser highways too. They are less of a problem for noise. However these run through villages – two of them go through Clevelode – and they are a danger to children.

CHAPTER TWO. WHAT WE'LL DO.

The book is based on a community study of Clevelode parish. My fieldwork was done anthropology-style, interviewing informants who told about local customs. This spanned the summers of 1993 through 1996. However we've continued to live here, and make little changes, while I've been writing the book. Edna, for her part, has lived here since 1977. She was my main informant; but then she was much more besides.

The book focuses on just certain aspects of life in Clevelode, and ignores much else. It is not an all-round ethnography. It is written from the point of view of the visiting American, concerned about social problems back home, who finds British-style "answers" to American problems of today. Here, children are well-behaved; school runs smoothly; community relations are peaceable; crime (outside of theft by outsiders) is uncommon; violence is unheard of; people are trusting; level of morality is (as far as we can tell) extremely high. Doing-for-others is much emphasized.

Being an American visitor, remarking on those American problems that seem to have been avoided (or at least ameliorated) over here – and then wanting to report this, so it is understood back home – one limitation that I have is lack of personal expertise. Part of the story I can tell. Other parts remain to be told by others.

One part of the story that does need to be widely disseminated in America (by other persons, who are properly qualified) has to do with environmental preservation. In the region of our village, human occupation, and agriculture, goes back for more than a millennium. The forests disappeared long ago. But the pastoral landscape is still beautiful, and largely unspoiled, and productive, and still full of wildlife. Maybe, gradually, it will be undone by urban development. But what we see, now, is a well-preserved countryside. Why have they succeeded in saving their land? Part of the answer is a strong grass-roots support for environmental and preservationist causes.[1] But more is involved as well.[2]

Also, the billboards and signs, commercial strips along the roads, modern-urban ugliness which is so ubiquitous in America that we have learned to screen it out of awareness, as best we can – one sees very little of this also. (The same can be said for advertising on television and radio.) I don't think there is anything unusual about this – well-preserved ancient landscapes and towns and villages. One could find the same, many other places in Europe and the British Isles.

Another story that needs to be widely disseminated, and understood in America, is the vastly superior medical service, which is available to everyone. A small chapter is devoted to this; however it is a layman's

account. This topic too deserves an authoritative treatment, such a one as could be widely read back home.

There are other, less conspicuous, areas where American problems seem to have been avoided over here. (Or if not avoided, then at least they seem not so serious.) I think this may be true of the legal system. Also the domination by lawyers, of Congress and state legislatures and government generally, in America, has not happened here. Likewise, for the huge damages that are awarded by American courts, and their effects on other parts of American society, for example medical costs; this is much less pronounced in Britain. More could be written on topics such as these. But the writers would have to possess the necessary expertise.

Also there are some less important features, which nevertheless would be nice to have back home. One is the system of public footpaths. Another is the simplified income tax. An ordinary householder can fill out his tax return in a few minutes, with no need for an accountant.

At this point I should quickly mention some British foibles, quirks and weaknesses, to balance things out a bit. There will be some of this in the pages to follow, especially in the *Personal Traits* chapter. Aside from that, here are my impressions:

In America, the gadgets work better. The engineering design is superior. In Britain, people live with many little awkwardnesses and inconveniences, and think that this is normal. Edna, working in her kitchen, gets down on the floor to peer into her mini-refrigerator. We go to church, and the church is freezing cold. We go shopping in town; the parking is difficult. We squeeze the car in and out of tight places, without benefit of power steering. Although we get lovely personal service from the clerks in the shops, we have a hard time finding some rather commonplace items. I get the feeling that competition between retailers is less. I come to appreciate the American distribution system: getting all those items to all those people, with such efficiency.

In America, our engineering designers have done such a good job that we can go through the day and hardly notice the technology on which we depend. Not so in England. Here there are countless reminders: gadgets that require some initial study, or struggle, to make them work.

Nevertheless, going to the English village is a reminder of the sad deterioration of our (American) social life. In many little ways, the English country customs seem old-fashioned, reminiscent of when I was a child. The milkman leaves his bottles on the doorstep. Women wear dresses. And in some ways not so trivial, life here reminds me of the past. Doctors make house calls; in fact they make night calls, like my father did long ago. Neighbors take care of each other; it's safe for women to walk after dark; and so on.

Hopefully, this picture of Clevelode will represent, for us, what community life *can* be. After all, we in America share much of this cultural heritage. Not so long ago, we were not that different.

If Clevelode represents a "solution" (to the problem of living together harmoniously), framed within British culture – then there must be more of these culturally distinctive solutions and good examples to be discovered. I wish I had time in my life to go looking for them. I imagine them to be mainly in small communities (it being easier to deal with some of the social problems in small communities); and certainly, more such cases in Britain (each one being somewhat different from the rest); and others in other northern European democracies, still more different, framed within their own cultures. I imagine New Zealand to have some more. And...? This is simply imaginings. But I think they really are out there – maybe not perfect, but instructive good examples none the less – small communities, which have worked out a satisfactory design for living together. Perhaps there would be some larger communities in this group too.

"Looking for them" is not a matter of simply going out and finding them, as with birdwatching. Some theoretical penetration is required. But this is now possible. Our social sciences, at their present stage of development, provide sufficient background to do this, I think. Hopefully my own training, and my reading, has enabled that in this case.

As far as penetration is concerned – seeing behind the facades to the inner workings – I had Edna's help. Other fieldworkers are not so lucky. This brings us to the next topic: our collaboration.

Edna's Role

I did the study and wrote the book. Edna wrote chapter three. In addition, she made the study possible. She taught me how to interview in this new situation. She told me what I couldn't ask. She decided when the time was ripe to interview a certain person, or if that person was not ready yet and we should wait awhile. When I made a mistake and (as far as we could tell) the person was affronted, then she helped to deal with that.

She gave me sponsorship. As a visiting American, asking intrusive questions, I was given the benefit of the doubt because I was Edna's guest. Left to my own devices, even if I could have made a beginning in the community, I would have come up against a polite blank wall when I tried to interview. I do admire Michael Bell, who seems to have managed well enough without this kind of sponsorship, in his study of the village of "Childerley."

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Context, background understanding of the village and its recent history – came from her. Filling in the blanks – to the interviews – she did as best she could. Then, also, she herself was the main informant. Intimate, deep, difficult matters became somewhat accessible to me, because of our ongoing collaboration. An example is the topic of her moral scruples. I began to "see" this, after an association of several years. (Edna did not "see" it in herself.) I began to point things out, and ask questions; and she struggled to introspect about this as best she could. We took the topic to other informants. As a result we have a bit to say about moral scruples. This is a very important topic, I think, and almost never mentioned in an ethnography.

I began the study from a platform of knowledge provided by her. And I started with her point of view on things, which is the viewpoint of an older, rather conventional, middle-class lady. The people who were most available to me were her middle-class friends; again, mostly older. Michael Bell, without such sponsorship, had to build his own friendship-network from the beginning. His account of Childerley gives mainly the working-class point of view, and more power to him. I myself never made much headway with the working-class informants. They were nice to me, and friendly; but I found it much easier to get actual information from middle-class informants. As a result there are places in the book where I say, "This is the case for the middle-class villagers, I don't know about the working-class and council house people." Or: "I think these other people do this too, but probably to a lesser degree."

So we speak mainly for the middle class, and I am happy with that. The strengths of British culture are lodged very much within the middle class, I think. This has been under-appreciated. Middle-class respectability has been derided.[3] Likewise, the quiet conservative life in the villages has been lampooned too.[4] I'm happy to sing the praises of the middle class, and of stodgy village life.

"We" and "I"

So I started from the platform of Edna's knowledge and viewpoint, and then as the study progressed I branched out a bit. Throughout, the vacillating usage – sometimes "we think," sometimes "I think" – reflects this. The many opinions expressed herein, range from joint opinions held by "us," through different degrees of independence of opinion on my part, to the extreme – views she would object to. This changing usage concerns me somewhat, but I've let it stand.

What bothers Edna especially is that she is mentioned too much. She finds this deeply embarrassing – to have attention called to herself,

and on personal matters too. She doesn't want to interfere, so these have not been edited out. She's urged me to talk about other people too, not just her. Of course whenever possible other informants have been brought in.

(This is a methodological problem too: being overly reliant on one case; especially, having only one or a few cases with respect to something I want to generalize about. But that is the situation we are faced with, here and there, throughout the book. An example is moral scruples. It would be much better if we had more people telling about themselves. But then if we didn't have Edna's testimony, we could say much less.)

"The Village"

As with "I" and "we", there is some ambiguity in references to "the village" as well. When I am talking about Clevelode I am not describing England as a whole. We wouldn't know, about England as a whole. We do know that for some of the village's nicest characteristics – its tolerance and civility, safety and trust – some other parts of England are not so nice. I think what we have here is one thread of the British cultural tradition, which is more associated with the middle class.

Other English villages might present slightly different – individualized – versions of the same thing. Still others might be less this way. I am thinking, especially, of the suburbanized villages. (An important dimension is the degree to which a village is unto itself. People turn to each other and go to the village shop, school, church, and so on, to get what they need – as in Charlie Finch's old isolated village – instead of commuting, not only to the job, but also going outside the village for these other things.)

Also, differences by size might turn out to be important: larger communities that can have more – such as the neighboring larger village of Colwall which has a choral group and an amateur drama series – and smaller, down to tiny hamlets. These have so little that the residents must go outside for almost everything; so they are hardly communities at all.

In addition there would be regional and ethnic differences, and differences according to the local economy – company towns, Black Country mining communities where now almost everyone is unemployed, and so on.

So English villages do vary. We cannot hope to generalize about them all. Therefore I am just talking about the village of Clevelode. Also some of my generalizations might only be true for the middle-class villagers in Clevelode.

Précis of the Book

Here is a *précis* of the book, ignoring for the moment, all sorts of qualifications, exceptions, and variety:

The people have their moral principles. These are similar to our own in America, but they are more to the forefront of people's minds, more governing of their behavior. Because the people are so principled, and so aware of their many obligations – they are trustworthy and honest, and they obey the rules.

Therefore people trust each other. Trust encourages cooperation. You can rely on other people. You can shop in a trusting manner. The shopkeepers are trusting too. You can relax, let down your guard.

Children are taught self control by rather controlled, disciplined parents. This prepares them for school, in which competition and aggressiveness is downplayed. Being mindful of others' needs, and of one's obligations to other people, is emphasized.

The (in some ways) rather inhibited people are chary of conflict. In the village, conflict is minimized. Leaders have their ways of avoiding it; it is nipped in the bud. Being a part of England, the village is also nonviolent.

There is a great emphasis on taking care of other people. Some persons are caregivers: the doctors, the aristocrats, some of the trades people, and women who not only care for their families but also take some responsibility for dependent old persons. Other people (such as the dependent elderly) are only care-*receivers*. Still other persons stand outside these carer/caree relationships.

Charities are also much emphasized. The charity-organizers tend also to be caregivers. Altruism, generosity to others – culturally shaped in a particular way – is a great point of emphasis.

Much could be said in speculation, about causal connections between these various traits. Perhaps the underlying moral code sustains much of this; but this cannot be demonstrated. The child training and school must be important in passing this along. But again there are many methodological difficulties that would get in the way of demonstrating this.

Is there a linchpin – a trait on which others of these depend, something that is fundamental? I would guess that self control – to which the children are trained – is such a linchpin. The emphasis on *obligation*, the people's keen sense of their obligations, I'd name as another such linchpin. And we could probably name more.

In thinking about how all this came about, and whether it could be transferred elsewhere – and what it is worth as "lessons" for us in America

– I have to remind myself, this is a *small* community. The smallness provides advantages. For example it is easier to trust in a small community. The few untrustworthy characters are fairly well known, and one can trust the rest. Another small-community advantage: being a good citizen, following the rules, standing in queue, being honorable – this is rewarded because you earn this reputation; and besides, nearly everyone else does it too. (Our psychologist friend Orin Sadler terms this a "diffuse reward system.")

In this small community, where people know each other, if you took advantage of the code, your reputation would suffer. Similarly, reputation rewards the generous, giving, public-spirited, kind persons. There is a sort of group memory in the village. The good persons are remembered for some of the things they've done.

As still another example of a small-community advantage: this village like other villages sends its children to a little village school. Parents prepare their children to be well-behaved and attentive in school; the school takes off from that point and furthers this style of socialization. In the surrounding larger towns and in the city, we're told, the schools tend to be different. This manner of step-wise development is no longer possible.

Then how much is possible outside the small community? –We don't know. The accumulated research, so far, is not terribly helpful. There is some applicability, we think, from the village example to larger communities; but probably the applicability is limited. As I say, we will try to deal with this later.

I think these qualities of the English village are under-appreciated. A great many people (I suspect), who should know better, don't even know that these exist. If they have some awareness, then their awareness is rather dim. And I am speaking of sophisticated British people – well-read, well-travelled – not solely Americans. In my own case: I have lived my life as an academic. I read the works of British anthropology. From childhood, I was exposed to English literature. From time to time I've read periodicals such as *The Economist* and newspapers such as *The Times*. I read about England, heard about England, had British friends. I visited, stayed in London, attended several conferences, travelled in the countryside, was a tourist. And with all that, I never really saw it. –The village virtues, I mean.

For British people who don't see it, there are probably various reasons. I'd guess that preconceived notions from what they've read sometimes got in the way, when they've had contact with village life or with the middle-class virtues.

Elizabeth Marshall Thomas wrote a little book, *The Hidden Life of Dogs*. Not secret life, only hidden life. The dogs are right there in front of us, being dogs. But somehow the reality, which they don't try to hide, is not obvious to us. Something like this is happening, I think, with the village life, the middle-class virtues.

CHAPTER THREE. OUR VILLAGE AND ITS SETTING

– by Edna Ward Stephens

Our countryside is mostly pasturelands, enclosed by hedgerows. Looking down on it from the hills, it has a quilted appearance, with contrasting shades of green for much of the year, and tawny shades in the autumn. The farms are productive and reasonably prosperous, so we are told, the result of good land management throughout past generations.

In the village, we see several architectural styles, which also are an inheritance from the past. There are half-timbered cottages, a few of them thatched, which are several hundred years old. Along Druggers End and the Worcester Road, there are also large Georgian homes that were built by returned planters, come back from distant parts of the British empire. Scattered among these are newer bungalows such as my own, and small housing estates that have been built in recent decades. These include the council houses. As is so often the case, the newer houses spoil, somewhat, the beauty of the village. The council houses are grouped together in council house estates. The homes are semi-detached, modest, and fairly plain. However, even these have their gardens, and they are decent and fairly tidy.

The village has its church, Saint Giles, and its village school, Saint Giles Primary School. The village pub is the Ewe and Lamb, presided over by Pip Osbourne, along with her mother and her brother. The village post office is in the village shop. This is Carole's. We also have a butcher shop, Lauren Phipps,' which sells produce. These two lovely girls carry on family traditions of service to the village. Three lovely girls, really. Pip is our current Parish Council chairman, and the Ewe and Lamb's reputation extends beyond the village. It has won several awards as an historic traditional pub.

We have a village hall, and a British Legion hall that is a place for drinking and games, similar to the pub, but for Legion members. The village also has a bakery.

School, church, post office and village shop: having these is the difference between the thriving villages, and dwindling villages and smaller settlements. Clevelode has all of these, but there have been times in the past when it was touch-and-go, when we went to the village shops and paid their higher prices, simply to keep them going. When I was one of the school governors, I recruited extra pupils for our school by going out to gypsy encampments. Without the gypsy children attending Saint Giles, we might have lost our school because we had so few children. Nowadays we have plenty of children for the school, thanks to our new council house

families. Our shops now give such good value that they do not need special help.

Nearby, there are the remnants of villages that were once thriving, which have now declined. They still have their churches. However, they have lost their schools and shops. This can happen if a village has been able to keep new development out. The village may look better, unsullied by new building. But its school closes for lack of new children, its shop closes. Such a village is no longer an intact community, like Clevelode is.

Our village has a great many social events: coffee mornings, barbecues, bonfires, fetes, fairs, garden parties, parties of other kinds. These are announced in the newsletter, *The Parish Voice*. *The Parish Voice* gives a full calendar of such events. Nearly all of these raise money for charities, for the church, and for other causes.

The women's organizations put on charity appeals, as does the church, and the Legion. My friends and I have been much involved in these, over the years, in the Women's Institute ("the W.I."), and the Women's Fellowship ("the W.F."), and also working for the many charitable organizations that will later be described. We have also served on governing boards, for the village school and the high school, and the village hall, and the governing board for the church, the Parochial Church Council or "PCC."

At the present time, women have come to the fore. Not only do we have young women as our two shopkeepers and as our publican and Parish Council chairman; we have a lady vicar too, Karen Leigh, and a lady curate. This is just a coincidence I'm sure. Not too long ago all these positions were held by men.

One other thing I might mention, is how convenient it is for shopping. As I get into my car and do my errands, I go to Worcester or to Malvern or one of the other towns, almost daily. Also, I make occasional visits to my daughter and her family, who live on the other side of London. This is hardly convenient; the traffic on the M-25 around London is so difficult.

We in the village are certainly not isolated. Far from it. In fact we must now lock our houses against burglars. The village is so accessible to them coming in on the new motorways.

Life here is a mixture of new and old juxtaposed, rural and urban, easy access to town, and the *baaing* of sheep, pastoral scenes and motorcars, surviving country customs, Worcestershire accents, along with television and travel.

CHAPTER FOUR. NEWCOMERS TO THE VILLAGE

The village is large enough, population about seven hundred, so that you cannot know everyone. You do meet strangers on the street. Outsiders, driving through, stop at Carole's shop. The nearby caravan park produces out-of-town visitors every weekend. Outsiders stop at the pub.

Edna knows all the people who live along Druggers End, but not along Picken Road in the newer part of town. One of Edna's neighbors is a recluse who speaks to no one if she can avoid it. About half of Edna's neighbors are her old friends. But other neighbors, she has little to do with. Across the road are "Wolverhampton people." They, and Edna, live in separate realms. Even in a community as small and close-knit as Clevelode, there are little social worlds that are to some extent separate from each other. The main divisions are between these three groups:

(1) The "old village families, borne and bred." Some of these descend from the workers on the old Beresford estate. A good many of them would speak with the Worcestershire accent. Most of these persons should probably be designated working class. But among the old families would be the shopkeepers,' Carole's family and Lauren's, and Pip's, of the Ewe and Lamb.

(2) The "new" middle-class families make up the second group. They came mostly from the city. They arrived primarily during the 1970s and 1980s, although this migration is still going on.[1] Some of these people, like Edna and her husband Cyril, came to the village to retire. Others commute to jobs.

A very few of these people say they were resented by the old residents when they first moved in. One reason for the resentment was pointed out by Carole: the flood of in-migration forced house prices higher. It made it hard for young persons who had grown up in the village, to buy their own homes.[2]

However most of the newer people say they got a warm welcome. If they entered into village activities, went to church, joined the Women's Institute, participated in the charities – if they did any of these things – then they had an easy time. And enter in they did. The influx of urban, professional people, such as Edna herself, brought about a great flowering of community activities. Carole gives credit to this too: that the new people did contribute so much. Presumably other old-family villagers recognize this also.[3]

Not all the new in-migrants entered into village life. Some simply commuted, and treated the village merely as a bedroom community, and – Carole adds bitterly – they didn't even use the shops very much. For fami-

lies in which the wife as well as the husband commutes to a job, I think this is understandable. However the sociologists Cornelia and Jan Flora have given another reason for this. They are writing about American cases, but I believe that what they say rings true for Clevelode as well. Their people had gotten accustomed to commuting; and they were used to city life. But they didn't understand about life in a village. Perhaps – in the case of Clevelode – these commuters didn't know that the villagers were quietly resentful that they showed no interest. The new people didn't understand what they were missing by ignoring their villages' social activities and civic life. (More of this later.)[4]

(3) The third major group in the village I would designate lower class, although such a term would *never*, ever, be uttered. They have come in, mostly from urban areas and from towns, to live in the newer council houses. For low-income families, and families on public assistance, the council houses are an excellent value. They are decent, and cheap. Also, the council houses in the village, which are scattered about in the midst of ordinary village neighborhoods, offer a wholesome place for the children, and a good village school. Waiting lists are long.[5] Housing is awarded by a point system. Council houses are given out to families who have been on the waiting list for a long time. Also points are awarded on the basis of need. Families with many children, crowded into tiny quarters, with no father, would score high on "need." Therefore, while some of the village's council houses are occupied by working people and old village families, and some by families who have actually purchased their homes, the recent influx into the newer council houses has been mainly urban lower-class, high on the social services' roles, on public assistance. And a new type of family has come to the village: the unwed mother with her children.

Much could be said about all this: the social class divisions, the alarm felt at this lower-class invasion, and the people's feelings about the unwed mums. But I'll skip it; only to say – that true to their nature – since social class is so important and feelings run strong (I think), the people won't talk about it and won't use these terms. It is unmentionable. And, as far as the little unwed mums are concerned, the people are amazingly tolerant. I've heard a bit of negative comment, but very little. The newcomers are more than tolerated. Active efforts have been made, to draw the new mums into village life.

Even though there are repeated outreach attempts, most of the new people hang back. This is really an old story. At an earlier time, the middle-class ladies, with their Women's Institute and Women's Fellowship, and their teas and garden parties, tried to get the working-class ladies to attend. But these women demurred; they didn't feel comfortable in these settings.[6] The same was true for the church and its committees. A few working-

class women participated, but most were "shy." With the newer, urban, lower class, this is continuing. These mothers have resisted the outreach efforts of the PTA. Karen the vicar, trying to revitalize the church, has gotten a few of the new people to participate. Time will tell how this will work out

So, the social divisions between these three groups do exist. Each of the groups represents a separate subculture, a separate association group. Gone are the days, elegized by Charlie Finch, when you could "know everybody." Perhaps, with time, the disparate groups will blend into each other a bit more. Some of the new council house people who could never settle in, will finally escape from the village. Others will stay on in Karen's church committees, and clerking in Carole's and Lauren's shops, and participating in the PTA. Carole – who is sympathetic to the lower-class people, and supportive of them, and hospitable toward them– thinks the social gulf is permanent; to some extent it will remain.

It is customary in Clevelode for mothers to wait in front of the school, then walk their children home when classes let out. Now, parents complain of a "them versus us attitude, so different from what this school has been in the past." Nowadays, it is said, there are two groups of mothers, standing apart in the schoolyard; each, talking together; waiting for their children to come out.

It is true, these new families have brought some difficulty to the school. Also there have been a few incidents of crime and delinquency that can be blamed on the new council-house people.

There may be some coming-together over time. But we are farther away, now, from being a total community in which people know each other and talk to each other and feel responsible for each other's children.

PART TWO. PROSOCIAL BEHAVIOR AND SOCIAL CUSTOM.

"The term 'civility' has usually... to mean courtesy, well-spokenness, moderation, respect for others, self-restraint, gentlemanliness, urbanity, refinement, good manners, politeness.... In all these usages, there are intimations of consideration for the sensibilities of other persons and particularly for their desire to be esteemed. Thus, it would be antithetical to civility to refuse esteem or deference to another person." ...

– Edward Shils, "The virtue of civil society."[1]

We sat on the tour bus and watched the other passengers get on, elderly people with smiling faces, fixed pleasant expressions – as Edna said, "from a lifetime of being nice to everybody."

Now, having dispensed with preliminaries, we are ready to take up one of the main themes of the book. Perhaps it is *the* main theme.

The people train their children to be very well-behaved, as we'll see. And the grown-ups are rather like that themselves – making allowance for a few eccentrics.

This kind of good behavior has been termed, in psychology, positive social behavior or prosocial behavior. The term stands for cooperativeness, generosity, following the rules, being supportive to other people, and in general, behaviors conducive to social harmony.[2]

It all adds up to civility in social relations – civility, rather as Shils describes, in which much more is involved than simply having good manners.

Partly, this could be thought of as the people's temperament. They've been trained to be civil and so they are. However it goes beyond personal temperament and how this has been instilled. Social custom, cultural rules, particular ways for keeping the peace, are also involved.

The *précis* of the book, at the beginning, cited a cluster of traits that are probably interrelated to some degree: self-control training for children, and the moral code, and trust, and peaceableness. These will make up the topics of this Part II. (There is one more, which will be the topic of

Part III: the people's generosity and their penchant for taking care of others.)

The components for "the civil society" are various; but they would include civility of manners (as Shils describes), and arrangements that promote civility.[3] Our little village has gone very far in this direction. Some might even say, too far. There is the occasional indecorous spat, and there is some backbiting and grumbling against the authorities; but in the main it is peaceful. There are a number of arrangements that act to de-fuse potential conflicts. Also, office-holders are protected from abuse – not totally protected, but mostly protected. Trust, cooperation for the public good, conscientious citizenship, are also at a high level in our village.

One might say: the norms of civility are very strong here. They go deeply into the people. What we have is (to repeat) one particular culturally-shaped solution to the problem of – how to live together.

Is it perfect? – No. There are strains. Would you yourself want to live here? – Maybe not. You might prefer life in the city, or back home in America.

As mentioned before, there must be other communities, spotted about in other places on our planet, which are also "answers," in their own distinctive ways, for the problem of how to live together in harmony. I wish I knew more about them, where they are, what forms they take. And: what is their secret? What is their inner dynamic? What makes possible their achievement of social harmony?

My speculation about Clevelode would go something like this:

It's not simply that the villagers were trained to be good children, so then they kept on that way, although the childrearing is one component. Another component which, as I've said, I think is fundamental, is morality– the people's moral sense. It is similar to our own; however in Clevelode, I think, moral considerations are more on people's minds. Their sense of obligation is keen. Flowing from this is the trust; and from trust, cooperation of many kinds.

Other personal traits are involved, which seem not so clearly connected. Some are positive and admirable; for example, their tolerance. Others are not. (For example, their secretiveness.) And of course most of what might be said about the village, would not relate to "civility" or "prosocial" at all. That is to say, if this were a thoroughgoing ethnography, with discussion of the usual ethnographic topics – kinship, material culture, and the rest – most of this would not seem to have any connection with our chosen topic, which is the traits that seem to enable social harmony.

The question – how did this come about? – can be approached by way of child-training, or by way of morality. Or, another approach is his-

tory, tradition.

It is part of a cultural tradition, handed down from past generations. And we will see instances of this: Edna's mother's teachings, which Edna recalls; Liz's mother's, passed on to Liz. The cultural tradition is shared with other parts of Britain. Some of it is "custom" in the more superficial sense of the term: "manners", such as queueing. Other parts seem like the people's deeper psychological nature. Their tolerance is an example.

So it *is* a cultural tradition, shared with other parts of Britain. We don't know how widely it is shared. We think it has something to do with the middle class, and something to do with village life. People tell us that it is now under threat; various parts of the genteel tradition may be disappearing.

The question – how did all this come about? – can as I said also be answered, starting with the training of children. And I think morality provides a foundation; one might start with that. We will do each of these in turn.

This kind of analysis raises some methodological problems. I won't go into these here. They get some discussion in the Appendix.

At any rate, let us begin.

CHAPTER FIVE. THE CHILDREN.

Some vignettes:

Charles Salmon, passing us on the sidewalk, says shyly, "Good morning, Mrs. Ward." ...

A little boy with his mother, shopping in Malvern: she hesitates for a long time, trying to decide, in a shop. He waits for her, hands in pockets. ....

A mother and her little boy, aged perhaps four or five, are in the bank. He finds a way to climb up on the counter, and he kneels there. When she notices she gives him a smack on the bottom. He clambers down and stands, hanging his head, disgraced. Not a word has been exchanged.

We are far away now, in the South Pacific. We are at church in Titikaveka, on Rarotonga. It is stifling hot. The service has been droning on, seemingly without end. The Maori children are becoming wiggley. They turn, squirm, giggle, poke at each other, exchange pinches. A child pulls another child's hair. Two older boys are picking on a younger child. In it all, there is a quality of fiendish enjoyment. And this seems normal-enough to me; the situation, the confinement, had caused the behavior, their pulling and poking at each other. In fact it looks familiar, from back home – the children's giggling and grinning and squirming, as they poke at each other. My American companion agrees. But Edna says, for her part, she has never seen such a thing. She is indignant.

Needless to say, British children do not *do* this – not even when the provocation is extreme. Even if there are fiendish impulses in them, somewhere; in a situation such as this, these do not come out. The ulti-

mate of bad behavior in church, which we heard about in Clevelode, was crawling underneath the pew.

As for the pokes and pinches and picking-on: yes, this is not completely unknown. However, as a general rule, the children of the village, the children whom I saw and whom Edna and the informants described, were considerate and protective with younger children, well-behaved with adults, quiet and attentive in school, polite and considerate. Their manner was self-controlled – still retaining their childish spontaneity and charm – but controlled. In comparison with the British children, American children, the Maori children, the children in most cultures probably, would seem on the edge of uncontrol.

When they grew older and into their 'teens...? I think things did not go quite so smoothly then. Actually I am less sure about this; however, high school was regarded with some apprehension by village parents. And we were aware of a few teenage boys who were troublesome.

An Ideal of Good Behavior; an Ideal of Parenting

We are going to spend the next few pages enunciating a parenting ideal. It is stated by Edna; then it is qualified, filled in, by our informants Marjorie Armstrong and Liz Frior, and by mothers whom I interviewed, and by teachers.[1]

The parenting ideal, we think, is part of a national heritage, especially associated with the middle class and with teachers in the schools. Possibly it descends, historically, from a more authoritarian "children should be seen and not heard" code from the past. This is our impression, without any historical evidence or any survey of the nation as a whole. In the village, I interviewed parents and teachers to inquire how seriously parents took this ideal, and how close they came to it.

The parenting ideal says: start very early, in the toddler stage, and train for self-control and politeness and consideration.[2] How close do the parents come to this? The parent-interviews indicate: they make a serious try for it. The middle-class parents come nearer, more often. I say this, based on the parent-interviews; and based on some observations of parent-child interaction; and on the children's behavior and misbehavior, at school and in the village, which is presumably a result of the parental training.

Edna speaking:

"We would start in the first months of life ...speaking quietly to the child, setting a regular routine of living... having regular hours, quiet mealtimes at set times.

"This gradually develops into the teaching of table manners and the expectation that the child will be quiet, usually, in adults' presence. A child is put to bed at a regular time, and the parent will not be diverted by 'I want a drink of water' (or by other excuses). There are times when these rules will be broken and when this is too much to expect, for example when a child is teething.

"When children begin to talk, you try to listen to them politely; and you expect them to listen to *you* politely. When you speak to a child, you avoid shouting through the house. You go to the child, and you get her to look at you, and you look her in the face, and you speak to her. This encourages a quiet manner of talking together.

"Of course, children are allowed to play with abandon and be exuberant and noisy, but only at times and places that will not upset others. In the garden... In another room... If he is in the presence of adults, a child is expected usually to be quiet and not interrupt. Adults would speak to him; he would be included in the conversation. However, he would not be permitted to dominate the conversation." (And what Edna is referring to, is attention-getting, and making demands.)

When the family goes out in public, to church or to a restaurant, small children (it seems) are held to this same standard of polite behavior. Edna herself thinks that a child should be able to sit and be quiet, and not always be entertained. Of the village mothers in the interviews: some said they didn't try to hold to this standard. They might bring books for the children, to church. One mother said she kept toys on hand for visiting children, so they did not have to sit and try to maintain control, through boring adult conversation. Several mothers admitted they sometimes couldn't keep their children quiet. But the normal expectation seems to be: a fairly high level of self control, quiet, good manners, not disturbing adults; the capacity to endure long, boring adult conversation or church, from a fairly early age – preschool.

When Edna visited America she tried not to criticize. However, she did notice that American children were noisier –sometimes "exuberantly" noisy, not necessarily ill-behaved. She also observed that children's attention-getting ploys – and their parents' being taken in by these – all this, was opened up, made harder to control, with our more permissive brand of child rearing.

It took a while for me to understand how great the difference was between her British view of things and our own American expectations, which I had become used to.

We had houseguests, nice young parents with an eighteen-month-old baby daughter. The little girl made a fuss at the dinner table. After-

wards, Edna was very disapproving of how the parents had handled it.

She said: from the time the baby can sit up in a high chair, you don't allow her to disrupt conversation, to claim all the adults' attention and interfere with their eating. I said: just sending her off to an empty room to cry is pretty hard. Edna said: an adult can be with her, perhaps. That would depend on how young and vulnerable the child was. But the rule was: the pattern of kicking up a fuss and getting the adults' attention, and disrupting – this is not allowed to get started.

I said: some persons would say that this is too harsh. You are putting too much pressure on, too early, to be "good," controlled. There might be bad consequences for the child's later development. Maybe this will interfere with a child's developing spontaneity or freedom of expression or self-confidence.

She said: so be it.

This kind of parental vigilance, not permitting exceptions, must require great persistence.[3] I'd guess that the mother would have to be fairly quiet and controlled herself, or she would try to be. (Several mothers described times when they broke down, yelled, exploded in anger; or when they threatened inappropriately and then could not follow through on their threats.) Ideally, a mother would never relax her demands. She wouldn't yield and allow exceptions. She never says, "Well, all right, just this once." Neither would she threaten any punishment that she could not deliver. The mothers talked about how difficult this was. They admitted they couldn't stick to it always. Edna herself made allowance for individual differences in children; some simply won't bend to such a regime. And, of course, in family life, there are good times and bad times.

I got the impression from the parent-interviews that there was (naturally) variability between families; some had more success with this than did others. A few parents said that they themselves had trouble being consistent all the time and keeping to their own rules. Several mothers admitted to lower standards for self-control.

One mother described her own high standards for self-control and politeness, which she and her husband imposed, early on. "And we stuck to it – no exceptions." When her children were visited by other children who came to tea, the visitors too were expected to be very polite at the table.

As an American parent myself, who had been rather lackadaisical in this area, I can remember embarrassing occasions in which our little boy had us trapped in a restaurant. The family went to dinner, we ordered, and then he made a fuss. We whispered threats, but we were helpless. We might try to laugh it off. Perhaps we resolved not to be

trapped like this next time.

The British response in this situation, is quick and ruthless.

> *Judith and John take their little girls to the restaurant. They order; then Rebecca commits some minor infraction. Immediately her mother takes Rebecca out to wait in the car. They will eat later.*

As well as insisting on good manners when with adults, parents also keep close watch on their children when they are at play. An attempt is made to stop, immediately, any improper behavior. ("We say to a child, 'You don't *behave* like that.'") The village children are well-behaved with each other, gentle with smaller children; and this evidently is a result of adults' vigilance, right from the beginning.

This style of childrearing, as we have just described it – which emphasizes training the children for self-control – has evidently not been studied in other parts of Britain. (At least it hasn't as far as I can tell. I've searched the literature and I have found nothing.) Therefore, we have no systematic research to turn to. All we have is this suggestive evidence that Edna and I have gleaned.

There *is* research evidence from America, on teaching children to play nicely with each other. The studies indicate: parents and teachers can train their children to be civil with each other; but then they must police the children's play and stop any deviations.[4]

Those pinches and pulling of hair, that devilish enjoyment – which we saw with the Maori children in Titikaveka – we never saw in Clevelode. A child who did this in the home would be immediately stopped. On the schoolyard, the children are watched by teachers and by dinner ladies. Bullying by an older child is evidently rare. If it ever did occur, it probably would not get very far. We were told of some roughhousing and fighting outside the schoolyard. And we were told: when the children ventured outside the village to, for example, the high school, they could expect more unkind behavior by other children.

We did see a few exceptions to the ideal, and we heard about some more. These were reports of misbehavior, and evidences of parents who could not follow this parenting style. One middle-class family in Clevelode has a conspicuously spoiled child. Also, people told us about other instances of insolence and bad manners.

Our impression is that the exceptional cases are rare among middle-class families in the village; maybe less unusual in the lower class; and (according to casual reports) less rare in the surrounding towns and in England as a whole. What we have been describing represents, perhaps, one tradition within England. However, there are other parent-

child patterns as well. We couldn't guess how widespread Edna's parenting ideal is; how close parents in general come to it; or how many parents don't even have it in mind.

Although the parenting ideal, as set forth by Edna, might be difficult at first, and demanding, it would get easier later on.[5] The reward for the early effort would be a child who was easier to live with, once the regime was established. "If you start early, establish control, and don't make exceptions, then you don't have to do much disciplining later on." (– comments our psychologist friend Orin Sadler). That is to say, if the child starts out well-behaved because of the parents' early efforts, then discipline issues do not come up very often; and when they do, mild sanctions will usually suffice. – Making allowance for exceptions of course.

Orin is talking about "authoritative parenting," as this has been described by Diana Baumrind.[6] In her research, she divided her parents into three types: authoritative, permissive, and authoritarian. The better-behaved children (whom she observed in nursery school) tended to have "authoritative" parents, who were decisive, firm, directive to the children (as opposed to nondirective), and who tried not to make exceptions to their own rules. These parents "promoted respect for established authority." (This is contrasted with the "permissive" parents, who sought to develop an equalitarin, harmonious relationship with the child.) The children of the "authoritative" parents, observed in the nursery school setting, tended to score high on "self control" and on "social responsibility."

What is it exactly that produces self-controlled children, as described here? Is it really Baumrind's authoritative parenting? Or Edna's – British – parenting ideal? Are there particular crucial features of either of these which are the most important? Is it the refusal to make exceptions? Or: the parent herself being controlled in her manner? Or some other crucial feature? The answers to such questions are unknown. However, I think both Baumrind's authoritative parenting and the British ideal take in territory that contains the proper answer.

Possibly there is a group of similar methods, not exactly the same, but all of which tend in the same direction. Baumrind's authoritative parenting, and the British parenting ideal, would be two of these.[7] An example of a third one is Cheri Miller's article, "Building Self-control: Discipline for Young Children." This approach seems more appropriate for children who are old enough to have fairly good language skills. It comes out of a tradition of parent-education writings in America that advocate certain communication methods, and setting limits, and letting children learn from the consequences of their own actions. Parent Ef-

fectiveness Training ("PET") and the neo-Adlerian approach of such writers as Dreikurs would fall into this group.

> *"Children are disciplined when they see the possible consequences of their actions; alternative behaviors are proposed, and children learn to control themselves and balance their needs with those of others, while becoming increasingly independent."*[8]

To return once more to Edna:

"British parents think it is worth a lot of effort to train a child very early [to be well behaved when around other people, not to disturb other people]. Then you can take her places outside the home. Such a child can go places and not be unwelcome, not spoil it for the others."

One of the mothers used the term "socially acceptable" – meaning, a child can go out of the home, and into another setting, and other people won't be sorry to see him coming. Several other mothers said essentially the same thing. So: the strategy is to bear down heavily at first, try not to allow exceptions to the rules, so as to save yourself trouble later on, and also so that your child will be welcomed by other people.

We think the social support from the village and the village school makes it easier for parents to persevere with this. Also it must be easier for intact families. The persistence that would be required of a parent would be very difficult for a single, unaided, mother to stick to. Therefore, I would guess, stable two-parent families are important for this style of childrearing, and the recent proliferation of the one-parent family is a threat to it. So much persistence would be required of the parent; she really needs reinforcements. In the village, the recently-arrived single mums have brought a change. Traditionally, Clevelode had almost no divorce. Children, with rare exceptions, were brought up in two-parent families. Nowadays we have this new type of family as well. And in the high school, and in other high schools nearby, about one-third of the pupils are said to come from "broken homes" of various kinds. This is the new wave, sweeping the country.[9]

Since this style of childrearing requires self-discipline when the child is young, with the parents not going back on their household rules and being consistent – maybe this is too much to expect of working mothers as well; that is, of families in which both parents go off to jobs. This might be another modern trend that runs counter to the demands of self-control training.

But even for these families it would not be impossible. We know of some working mothers, and single mothers too, who are evidently "authoritative parents" and who seem to be raising well-behaved chidlren.

But perhaps these conditions make it harder.

To restate a philosophical objection that I had raised with Edna: maybe these children are being pressured too much, too soon, to fit into adults' life-patterns. Maybe not enough leeway is given for childish spontaneity and self-expression. As we'll see, the adults seem rather inhibited in some ways. Is this the price they pay? Probably (I'm not sure) it is too much to expect that future research will shed much light on this.

To summarize the advantages of British-style self-control training: not only are the children pleasanter to live with, but (I think) this childrearing style has something to do with other positive social traits that we will be reviewing. These are: the system of trust in the village, and the good-citizen code, and people's high moral standards, and the village's peace and tranquility, and probably other traits as well.

Helping with Hospitality.

Children grow up, helping with hospitality.

> *"My mother let me be a server. I took around the tray to guests. I was very careful, and did as my mother had taught me. I couldn't take anything to eat myself, until after the guests had taken theirs."*

Helping with hospitality – as with this pre-school child, taking around the serving tray, eating nothing herself – is one example of apprenticing, doing what the adults do. There will be other chances, a series of opportunities to help with what the adults are doing.

Here are two more instances of helping with hospitality:

> *When we visited Francis Arrowsmith's farm, the household was in disarray. Di (the mother) and several of the children were ill. Francis had forgotten we were coming; they didn't know where he had gone to. But the older daughter (about aged twelve) recovered from her surprise, played the hostess, ushered us in, served us tea, and wheeled in the trolley with chocolate cake which she had baked.*

> *Edna had houseguests. Their little boy was uncontrolled, selfish, grabby – the mirror opposite to the British ideal. Charles Salmon, a boy who lived down the road, went to great lengths to*

help entertain this guest. He brought him a bicycle. He let him play a computer game. He played with this boy, despite his selfishness. Charles' family took him swimming. Could Charles have possibly enjoyed playing with him? This was hard to imagine. I couldn't understand it.

Charles' heroic hospitality was complimented as "kindness." One hears this term frequently. "That was very kind of you." ... "How very kind." Kindness is something which people are mindful of, and an effort is made to train the children to be kind. This is emphasized in school, as we'll see. But this begins even before school age.

Di Arrowsmith meets Edna at the village shop. Edna drops her purse. Di, who could have more easily picked up the purse herself, says to her tiny toddler, beside her: "Judith, would you pick up the lady's purse and give it to her?" The tottering child struggles with the purse; the women wait; she hands it up to Edna.

At church, a (perhaps) two-year-old wanders off down the aisle away from her family. A slightly older child goes after her, quietly takes her hand, and leads her back.

At a coffee morning for the Mums and Toddlers, Sue Drinkwater's baby is fussy. A (perhaps) three-year-old tries to interest the baby in a toy, then a cookie, a series of possible distractions.

Some little girls are especially likely to act in this maternal fashion, at an early age. The last example, trying to quiet a crying child, is of a sort that is described in the child development literature. A child as young as one-and-a-half may do this. This represents the dawning of nurturant or altruistic or prosocial behavior.[10]

We are now ready for the school-age period, and socialization that goes on in the school itself, in which early tendencies such as these continue to develop.

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CHAPTER SIX. SCHOOL AND THE SCHOOL CODE

As rising fives the children begin at Saint Giles School. They go two years with Mary Pigott in Infants, then two more years in Lower Juniors with Mrs. Horne, and the final two years as Upper Juniors with Gill Harris, the head teacher. (Mrs. Harris has since retired; but she has remained as an advisor to us.)

After Saint Giles they go to the high school that takes in children from the surrounding area, including some urban areas. The high school is a less protected environment. Drugs can be encountered there, we were told. The approximately one-third ratio, of broken-homes children, occurs there. In high school, a girl might possibly get pregnant; the school nurse knew of five cases of this during the past eight years.

But Saint Giles is a protected environment, even by village standards. Outside school, in other settings such as Youth Group at the village hall, children are not necessarily so nice. But at school, good manners prevail; the weak are protected; civility reigns supreme.

Gill Harris sets high standards for good behavior. Pupils are supposed to pay attention in class, do their work, not interrupt, not be disruptive. Outside class, they are supposed to be civilized on the playground with the other children; join in willingly for singing; and generally in school, be good citizens. For very small infractions of her code, she lets them know, emphatically. She stops any aberrant behavior, immediately. The teachers say that the situation is not perfect. However, from what we have seen, overall, the children do conform to the code, and they certainly seem to enjoy school.

The school code of good behavior, like other codes that will be mentioned later on, is not written out, nor is it ever stated all at one time. However, the school rules are more explicit than the other codes that define proper behavior for adults. They leave less room for disagreement about the rules, or for departing from the rules.

This is my construction of the school code, probably missing a few items:

There is a set of rules about taking one's turn, not speaking out of turn, queueing. Sharing is encouraged. These rules are largely a continuation, for the school setting, of rules that the children had probably already been taught at home. The same is true for others of these school rules.

There are rules about keeping the school tidy, not throwing down candy wrappers, putting materials away after they've been used.

There is a creed of fairness, following the rules, not taking advantage. Good sportsmanship, and not questioning an umpire's decision in a game (the code of "no niggling") is part of this.

Also there is a set of rules and expectations against meanness of various kinds, hitting, insulting. And there is protection of the weak, of slow students, and children who cannot keep up with whatever the activity might be. Older children are supposed to take some parental responsibility for the little ones.

Overall, kindness and consideration for others' feelings is valued.[1]

You can recognize some of this, as I say, as a continuation of parents' expectations. And in later chapters, you will be able to recognize parts of the school code, again, flowing into the rules and arrangements for adult society. An example is the "no niggling" rule.

Obviously Mrs. Harris and her fellow teachers are building on a foundation that has been laid by the parents. The parents have gotten their children to a state of readiness so that the children can be interested in school; and they can meet the demands – sit quietly, pay attention, focus on the work. Distraction is minimal. (An American teacher who had done some work using British school assignments, told us she was amazed that the demand for attention-span was so much greater with the British materials.) All that is involved in the struggle for control of the classroom, in American schools, and in some city schools and high schools in Britain which we heard about – this can be bypassed. The children are ready. They can focus on what the teachers provide.

However, nowadays, with the influx of new council house children into the village, more children are not so well prepared. Mary Pigott has extra work to do at the beginning of the year, to bring the new Infants up to standard – to get them to the point where most of them can conform to the school code, more or less, so that school can go on in the desired fashion.

I would speculate that the school can take in just so many children who lack the home preparation. There is a limit beyond which the system would break down, keeping order would become the problem it so familiarly is, in American schools; the children's desire to emulate Mary Pigott, and to please her, would decline; and Gill Harris, strong as she is, could no longer keep her pupils working and interested.

At any rate, that limit has not been reached yet. Edna thinks that I am wrong in my pessimistic forecast; that the school is stronger than I suppose, and it will not crumble. She points out that this influx started several years ago. The teachers do have more work to do now, at the beginning of the year; but the school, so far, seems to have survived well enough.

What we saw, visiting Saint Giles School, were extremely well-behaved children, who seemed interested. From all appearances, their own inclinations, and the purposes of the school and the teachers, really did coincide. A term one of the mothers used was "amenable." They certainly did seem amenable. This is not just our opinion. It is also the sentiment of

other persons who have spent time in the school. One test of this – of the children's cooperativeness – occurs when the teacher is absent and a substitute comes in to take her place. Then do they contest the substitute teacher's control of the classroom? – in the time-honored American way, or as pupils might do in the nearby high school? No. Schoolwork proceeds in the normal fashion. Vera Mountford, who has observed all this, thinks that peer pressure would come down on any pupil who gave the substitute teacher any difficulty.

Teaching Prosocial Behavior in the School

I asked Mrs. Harris how she thought the children learned her code. She said: from the beginning when a child starts coming to school, it was "like water dripping on a stone." A child, in the beginning, doesn't learn any principles like fairness; no concepts such as consideration or kindness or honesty. Instead, it is all situational. What is learned is lessons like "what we do when the first whistle blows." [We stop playing on the playground.] "What we do when the second whistle blows." [We queue up.]

A new child starts coming to school half-days, probably at age four, before he starts officially. This is part of the preparation for being a pupil at school, which (we think) is usually seen by the child as a thrilling step forward into grown-upness. Such a neophyte is put in the charge of an older child; and he spends these half-days in the classroom, and on the playground, learning how things are done.

The new children learn from the example of the older children. We would guess that they are always anxious to fit in, and that they are fearful of the embarrassment of making a mistake, making a mis-step, not lining up (or whatever) at the appropriate time. Such mis-steps are usually treated kindly, we think, and not jeered at; but there is still some embarrassment anyway, so – the newcomers are anxious to fit in.

In addition, Mrs. Harris says, "Mary talks to them. 'How we line up' ... 'What we do when we want to go to the loo'..." And so on.

Time goes by; a child's school career proceeds; other situational lessons are learned, such as "Put your equipment right back in the equipment boxes after you are finished, so other children can use it and we can go on to the next activity."

These situational lessons – these "threads and strands," as Edna terms them – finally, over a period of several years, add up to principles of fairness and consideration and so on, in something like a school code. In other words, the rules are implicit in how the school works. A child learns, situation by situation, how to fit in; and he has learned the implicit rules. Motivation to do this comes from the child's desire to fit in and be like the older children, and from his fear of embarrassment from (publicly) slip-

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ping up. And, Mrs. Harris adds, wanting to please the teacher – that enters in as well.

Also, she says, there is judicious use of praise, and thanks. "Would you please hold the door open for us? ... Why thank you so much!" [Thereby making it more likely that the child will run to hold the door next time.]

Etiquette such as this, and saying "please" and "thank you," is also learned by example – as well as encouraged by compliments, and by occasional reminders. In this fashion, parents' early efforts to instill politeness and good manners are reinforced. (And, with children who come to school less well prepared for this, the teachers must do more work.)

To summarize: situational lessons gradually add up to good-citizen principles – queueing and good sportsmanship and the like. This is helped along, from time to time, by praise and thanks.

Also this is sanctioned by "the children's fierce sense of fair play." If someone, for example, pushes in out of turn, there is an indignant response from the others. "That's not *fair!*"

Meanwhile, consideration is also growing. This develops out of the children's capacity to empathize, which should have started to emerge at about age two. This can be worked with. Both Mrs. Harris and Edna spoke of using this. (In Edna's case: when she herself headed a school.)[3]

"How would *you* feel?" (– If someone did that to *you*?)

Edna said, "When little children [pre-school] are cruel and hit and pinch, you can say, 'Look, if I were to bite you, would you like it?'.... They are very caught up in themselves. So you can relate back to that too."

"That's not *fair*!" evidently undergoes a similar transformation. At first it is "That's not fair!" – that that would be done to me! Later this indignation about unfairness can be applied to unfairness toward others.[4]

With children who are too young to comprehend moral principles, Edna said, "You don't say 'It's wrong to...'[do whatever]. Instead you might say 'How would you feel if [I] took your...' [whatever]? At first, even words like 'lie' and 'steal' are too abstract. Instead you must say 'took your'..."

(Some researchers would disagree. They think that children *can* comprehend moral principles, at a very early age, even in preschool. In other words, they think you can say "it's wrong to" and use terms like lie and steal.[4] This is based mostly on the children's apparent understanding of moral terms such as "wrong" and "steal." Maybe this – understanding moral terms – is not quite the same as comprehending moral concepts so as to be able to act on them. Overall, Edna's "how would you feel if" strategy might work more reliably than using moral terms.)

"It is very odd, building up a sense of ... all the values we take for granted..." [from this beginning point, these "threads and strands"].

These examples of "How would *you* feel if..." show the child learn-

ing consideration in its negative sense– not hurting other people. But consideration in its positive sense is developing too: feeling with others, and as a result trying to help them.

These veteran school-heads, Gill Harris and Edna, recognized a watershed time, after which abstract concepts (such as honesty) could be comprehended by the children, and used. Perhaps there were two of these times, in which the children stepped up to a more mature level – at about age seven, and again at about age ten – give or take several years, and much influenced by the children's intelligence. The ladies were unsure on this point. All they knew was: there came a point when the children understood moral concepts; and then, later, the older children in school loved to engage in discussion of moral problems.[5]

Discussion as Moral Training.

Saint Giles had Assembly four days a week, in which usually a story was told. The story would ordinarily have a moral, as is the way with traditional children's stories. Afterwards, the older children would discuss it.

Their teacher would lead these discussions: Mrs. Harris or Mrs. Horne. And the "how would *you* feel if" question frequently came up. After awhile it did not even have to be explicitly stated. "How would *you* feel, if you had been put in this situation? What would you have done? What would you have decided?" "How would you feel, if you had done this?" (If it were a bad thing, then presumably you would have felt guilty. And what would that have led you to do?)

In this fashion, hopefully, the children's capacity to put themselves in others' shoes would have been expanded. And the children's primitive empathy would have grown, to become many kinds of consideration: including, finally, tolerance ("how would you feel, if you were an unwed mum, say, and you thought people looked down on you?"); and respect for others' privacy ("how would you feel, if you were lying there after the auto accident, and people were staring at you?"), and kindness toward persons who especially needed it ("how would you feel, if you didn't have any friends and you were alone?"), and other varieties of consideration.[6]

The oldest children discussed problems of moral choice. What should a character in a story have done, faced with a particular choice? And why should he have done that? And what might have happened if he had done something else? In these discussions, the children (prompted by the teacher) called upon principles: keeping your promises, doing your duty, being trustworthy, and so on. Also, asking the effect on other people, of a particular decision you might make, calls up Consideration again.

(In real-life situations, Edna, for example, worries about the ramified effects on other persons – if she does this, or if she does that instead. Will it be injurious in any way, to anybody? Is it really a kindly thing to do?)

It is true, these classroom discussions of stories are not real-life decisions. It is possible to "see" the applications of moral principles, and still, in one's own life, not act on them one's self. Still, part of being a moral person is seeing the principles that one should act upon. This is a component of real moral choice, if not the entire thing.[7]

Sometimes an opportunity would arise to discuss something that happened in the school. Edna told a story about her own school, which she had headed. One of the little boys, Simon Cramp, had picked up another child's clarinet, which he shouldn't have done. (There was a rule against that.) He dropped the clarinet and it was damaged. Simon courageously confessed, and later he agreed to a group discussion. Simon could see what he'd done wrong, of course, and why there had to be the rule about handling other people's musical instruments. But he also said, in the discussion, that he thought it was good for people to have a humbling experience like this – to be caught doing something wrong, and to be shamed. Then you are not so quick to condemn others. You have more compassion (– which is another variety of consideration, I would say).

I asked Mrs. Harris about other discussions of this sort at Saint Giles. She mentioned that she occasionally "held Assemblies" on special topics. The Assembly on deafness included role-playing being deaf, and a discussion on what it would be like to be deaf, with the dangers, as with crossing the street. Later the children wrote poems: "If I were deaf..." (She said, about the growth of empathy and consideration, that she could see the changes in the children's papers on topics like these, as they got older.)

She also held Assemblies on sharing; on not being spiteful; and on not being jealous. (This included the story from the Bible on the Prodigal Son. "How would *you* feel if you were the brother who had stayed at home and worked for the family, while your brother left home, and didn't help, and got into trouble, and then came home and was rewarded?")

When an instance of "bullying" came up – and here, "bullying" did not mean physical intimidation, but simply some girls ostracizing another girl and talking about her – Mrs. Harris did an Assembly on that. She didn't mention the real girls' names; she simply told a story.

Kindness

The children exhibit a variety of traits that could be termed, mostly, different kinds of consideration. They are encouraged to be active in charities; and the school itself does charity drives. Also there is an emphasis on

parental behavior toward the younger children, and compassion and tact with slow learners in school. And the children are considerate in other ways.

Presumably, after the "how would *you* feel" connection – the connection in the child's mind – has been made, then the child must *do* things, in order for consideration to become part of his character.

Gill Harris says, "We try to encourage the children to share, to wait their turn, to sit and listen politely, while other children are talking." The older children are also taught forbearance toward the little ones.

Edna reminded her of a story-telling: Little Red Hen. The story was pitched to the Infants. It was too childish for the older ones. But they listened with good grace; and the Infants did seem to enjoy it. Similarly with singing, which is such an important part of the school. Sometimes the songs are at the little ones' level. And the songs may include gestures and acting-out of the words, which an older child might be expected to be embarrassed to do. An American child would do this sheepishly at best. But these English children don't seem to be embarrassed. The older ones sing along and act out the song.

At the beginning of the year, with her Upper Juniors, "we have our little talk." Mrs. Harris tells them: "You are the older ones. You share the responsibility with us for [looking after] the younger children." But of course by this time, some of the girls may have been doing this – mothering the Infants – for years.

An older child will tie an Infant's shoelace, wipe her face, pick her up and comfort her if she falls down. Younger children in a dispute on the playground may turn to an older child to arbitrate. Sometimes the older child calls for help:

"Mrs. Pigott! Alexander is crying!"

Clare Nions, who is one of the mothers, said that the older girls can be too eager to mother the little ones. Some of them rush to adopt certain of the new Infants as their pets. When her doll-like little girl began school, she was "pounced on." Clare, the mother, and Mary Pigott, wanted the child to have a normal peer experience, and not simply be treated as a baby; so they finally found a same-age friend for her. Liz Frior, who had been head of a village school, agreed: this had occurred at her school too. These motherly older children would give her a knowing proud look if "their" Infant had done something praiseworthy.

An older child leading a small child by the hand is a common sight. Edna says, it is an *honor* to be asked to help a younger child, to take charge of an Infant on an outing, to show a new Infant around the school, help him to the bathroom, aid him if he has trouble with his zip (and so on). Slow learners get some tutoring from their classmates, and this is an honor too – to be asked to sit next to a slow learner and help him. (Mrs. Harris says that

this isn't always true. Some slow learners are not so favored.)

"Goodness," Conformity

Peer pressure acts to discourage "bad" behavior. In other words peer pressure is a weapon in the teacher's hands rather than the reverse. Doing well seems to keep a child within the normal flow of life at school. A child who tries to be disruptive, tends to be stigmatized. Mary Pigott says, for the Infants in her class: a child who makes a disturbance, who can't sit still and listen, is looked down upon. A child who tries to be an instigator and get others to laugh is snickered at instead. She herself dislikes this. She doesn't want to see such a child stigmatized at the start of his school career. She tries to work with him privately, so that he doesn't draw this kind of attention to himself.

Liz Frior told the story of a boy who transferred into her own school. He was loud, crude, unsympathetic; he might laugh if another child fell down. He very definitely did not fit in. She was concerned about him; she too worked with him privately, so he would not be so unpopular.

The teachers and the dinner ladies watch the children on the playground. They are quick to stop anything that looks like meanness or harassment. As we saw: children's initial tendency toward civility has to be backed up with some policing. But Gill Harris said that civil behavior "is the norm." The children know this when they come to school. The example has been passed along, from the older children to the next generation of children. (This is with a few exceptions, the occasional children who have not gotten the message.)

However, conformity seems very much a matter of the children *wanting* the same things that the teachers want. They obviously enjoy the singing at school; they *want* to sing. The older children enjoy debating. The children seem interested in the class assignments too.

We visited a class that had been stalled because their computer wouldn't function. Various of the pupils and the teacher were working together in collegial fashion, trying to get it to perform.

Another class we visited was doing a history project on the evacuation of children from London, during the bombing of World War II. I sat at a work-table for what must have been slow learners. These little boys did not understand this assignment. They chattered together; but privately, I think, they were not too happy. Similarly, when children were reading to us, the slow readers read anxiously, I thought.

It is not possible to totally protect the slow learners. However, efforts are made. Open demonstrations that somebody has done worse than somebody else, are discouraged.

Dampening of Competition.

It may seem contradictory that children apparently try hard to do well; yet competition is played down as much as possible. Competition is muted. Is it absent? I doubt it. Children, as they go along through life, do go up against these comparison-situations, in which they discover that they are slow at reading, or slow at swimming, or slow at learning mechanical skills, or clumsy at games, or not so pretty, or whatever. Alfie Kohn terms this *structural competition*: situations in which children find themselves.[8] In my own American upbringing, this was greatly magnified, with all manner of competitive games. In the village, a child is not forced into so many of these, but some are inescapable. Efforts are made to be kind to the losers. People are tactful; they don't rub it in. In the case of school achievement: the "winners" may become tutors to the slow students.

Intentional competition – competitive drive, wanting to win – Kohn distinguishes from structural competition. Is this present among the British children? I don't know. Kohn points out that competitiveness is not necessary, for people to strive hard to do well.[9] My guess is that the competitive drive is present in our English situation, but less so. Any flaunting of one's success is strongly discouraged. Not only that: the high achievers, working hard and performing well, tend to be embarrassed by public acclaim. We know a number of high-achieving students (outside the village) who hate to be singled out; because, as one of them said, "that would make the others feel bad."

Kohn describes school situations in which an attempt has been made to substitute cooperative effort for individualized competition. That has not happened here. There is still individualized schoolwork and school marks. However it has been muffled in kindness.

(Another example of the cultural difference, here, is Volunteer of the Year awards. As we will see: these are not done in our British locale, although they are popular in Tallahassee. Edna was incredulous when I described them to her. She said she would have been mortified to be singled out in this way – as with the children who are embarrassed by a school award.)

Consideration for the Weak

My hometown in Indiana is a more crassly competitive world for a child to grow up in. No attempt is made there (as far as I know) to protect a child from comparison-situations, in which he can see that he is not so good. In addition to competition in school, there is an emphasis on sport – Little League, peewee football, soccer, gymnastics, swimming, competitive games of many kinds. I have friends there who have a teenage daugh-

ter who is mentally handicapped to a mild degree. She has had to run the gauntlet of all this, in her growing up. Her parents say that she has suffered from some cruelty from other children, especially from other girls. Her mother and father have worked with her, long hours on homework, and she has managed to keep up in school, even make good grades. But the strain has been great. I thought about her – as I have thought about my son, and others, back in America – how much better her life would have been, here in Clevelode.

At Saint Giles there would have been no "keeping up." She would have been relieved of that strain, and all that homework. She would have sat in the regular classroom with her age-mates. Her work-papers would have been at her own level. The teacher would have assigned and marked them accordingly. Any other slow pupils might be sitting at her work-table with her. And perhaps another child might occasionally get the honor of helping her.

(Later in high school there is streaming for some subjects. Also, unfortunately, nowadays some other English schools have gone back to whole-class teaching, gotten away from individualized assignments.)

Even in such a gentle environment, where people are tactful and comparisons are muted, it still might not be easy. However, she would be in with her normal, age-appropriate class; and in some activities she might not perform badly. (One of the confused little boys whom I had sat with, later starred in a school concert.)

Handicapped children are valued by the teachers as an educational opportunity for their other pupils. "We all live in the same world together. Different ones of us are better at different things. We have to live together and help each other." Edna, thus, when she had been head of her own school, brought in severely handicapped children. The teachers spoke of the value of having such children; but Saint Giles rarely gets one.

To summarize: under consideration for the weak, we might put learning to relate to handicapped children in this fashion; and to slow learners, being protective of them, trying not to call attention to comparisons; also being parental toward younger children, and being a good sport about, for example, singing the Infants' songs.

Also we might put here: the great emphasis, in the village, on caring for the elderly. As will be described later: children see this all around them; and the children themselves do some of this, visiting the housebound, for example. However, this goes on outside the school.

Another instance of learning consideration for the weak is the school charities – the children's version of the grownup charities that are so prominent in the village.

School Charities

"We try to get the children to look beyond themselves and their friends and family, to the needs of persons who live elsewhere." Attention is paid, in school, to news of disasters and disaster-relief; and the school (along with other schools throughout Britain) sends its contributions from the children.

Just as, in the grownup version of charity fund-raisers, the Women's Institute and the Women's Fellowship have their coffee mornings and bring-and-buys, the children have their own charity appeals. They do a walkathon, a skip-a-thon, a rock-a-thon (in rocking chairs), a sponsored silence, a sponsored book-read, a sponsored run, a sponsored wheelchair-push. Also they do some volunteer work outside the school.

This helps to direct the thinking of some children toward charity and relief-work. When I visited one home, the girls were watching a televised program about a woman who gathered up donations of medical supplies, and delivered them to Russian hospitals. The oldest girl had become interested in Third World relief work. She thought that she herself might want to do something like this after she finished school.

So much for charity and kindness. Let us turn now to problem behavior.

Exceptions

Exceptions to the good-behavior code do occur, of course. Most of the stories we heard were about boys (not girls) being "bad," outside of school, and more of the stories (but not all) were about the newly-arrived council house children. Also we heard stories of "badness" in nearby villages and towns, outside Clevelode. Clevelode itself is a haven, an island, of goodness. –But there has been this recent invasion from the outside, into the council houses. This seems to be the perception.

Edna, in her years as a school volunteer at Saint Giles, had never seen an instance of bullying, had never seen a fight. On a daily basis she saw children helping younger children, being patient with them, and being good in class. Also she saw children being well-behaved, fitting in, in other village settings such as church. Gill Harris and a number of other observers thought the situation was less perfect than this, although they thought that trouble stopped short of hitting and physically fighting. Liz Frior, speaking of the nearby village school that she herself had headed, described "the odd tiff," and teasing, the sorts of verbal abuse that she said are typical of children – name-calling, "the odd set-to, filthy language..." These observers agreed that the children had to "let off steam." After sitting through class-time, in their seats, they had to have some kind of release. I asked

Patti Hargrave, who was a lunch lady, if the children were quiet and well-behaved during lunch period. She said, "Quiet? They *couldn't* be quiet. But they are lovely children."

Mary Pigott said that sometimes a child is not perfectly obedient. A child will actually talk back, to the teacher. It has occurred. (I was surprised.)

Two teachers at other schools outside the village, voiced the opinion that Saint Giles School, and Clevelode overall, might be a relic of the past. This kind of good behavior represented the way children used to be. Maybe this was hanging on now in the villages. But change was sweeping the country; and in the modern style, children were not so well-behaved. The overall national trend was: children were becoming more cheeky. A teacher in Essex said: "Ask anyone who has taught awhile. I've taught for twenty years. Times are changing. They talk back now." She also thought her own children's friends came from homes (urban, middle-class) in which the parents were less diligent in their training, the children were less well-behaved. Another teacher from Sheffield thought there probably had been a change over a ten-year period, with children being better-behaved back then.

As in America, we read in the British newspapers and periodicals, alarmist accounts of the decline of the schools, and decline in the preparation of children for school. This is for the nation as a whole.[10]

This theme – that the village is a throwback to a former time, and that the outside world is not so nice any more – came up again when I asked people about crime, drugs, delinquency, and children's safety. If this were true, it would be a chilling prospect. This would mean that the entire description of the village is less a hopeful model for what can be; more, a description of customs that are passing away. There is a bit of evidence for school-misbehavior and delinquency and drugs. But in the main this is merely a belief that people have. We don't know where the truth actually lies.

Probably, certain modern conditions (such as single mothers and perhaps working mothers) are the enemy of this style of childrearing and (hence) of this standard of civility on the part of the children.[11] Other conditions – small community, small school – probably make it easier to keep up the standard. William Freudenburg writes about how the small community backs up the parents' efforts of control; and he is writing about American small towns. The children complain that they "can't get away with anything." This, says Freudenburg, results from "density of acquaintanceship," the parents knowing each other and acting together.[12]

This would be true for Clevelode too; although less so now that the new council-house mothers are said to "stand apart," as a separate group.

Michael Bell, in his village of Childerley, heard testimonials to the

virtues of the village, as being "better for the children," teaching them to "respect themselves and other people." Parents spoke of the safety of country life. The village was a haven for traditional religious and family values.[13] We heard such sentiments in our village as well.

When I complimented Mary Pigott on how beautifully behaved the children were, she said, "But this is a *village* school." She meant that I was getting an unbalanced view of things, looking at this one idyllic little situation. I heard this from other persons, including an educational researcher. And there is documentation, in the literature, of the superiority of the small village school.[14]

Gill Harris, before coming to Saint Giles, had taught in Worcester and in Pershore. She described the struggle for control of the classroom which she had to wage there, in several of her classes. Saint Giles was easier. Similarly, two of the village mothers were teachers in nearby town schools. They could spell out the difference; Saint Giles was so much easier for a teacher.

The school nurse's territory takes in nine schools. Saint Giles she describes as "very good." But her other village schools she describes as "about the same." As the school nurse, she works with special problem families. Among the seventy-five pupils who attend Saint Giles, four of these problem families are represented; and it was clear (although she wouldn't say so) that they were all the families of the new single mums. She hastened to say that others of the young unmarried mums were doing very well, and their children were well-behaved. However – speaking of these four problem families – she said the children were not prepared for school. She spoke of some of their difficulties. These included not being able to sit still and pay attention, and not being able (in various ways) to follow the school behavior code.

I asked her about all the youth problems I could think of. Drugs? – In the high school, and in neighboring towns. Teenage pregnancy? – There were a few cases that she knew of in the high school. Child abuse? – She knew of no cases. Child neglect? – No. As school nurse she visits all the homes. The council-house homes seemed decent enough. They were respectably furnished; the children seemed well fed; there was no sign of neglect.

Parents do worry about their children. There is the menace of traffic on the two minor highways that go through the village. Children cannot wander freely. About half my interview-families lived right on one of the highways, so that younger children were cooped up inside, playing in the back garden but not in the front; taken to school, taken home, taken to friends to play. This is very different from a child's life of wandering freely in the village, under village-wide supervision, which was the old custom (we were told), which still might have been possible were it not for the

traffic.

But parents had another fear – that their child would be whisked away by a stranger and.... They would not name what might happen. But "then your life would be ruined."

This was a needless fear, I think. And a few parents, including Karen the vicar, agreed. The police reassured us that nothing like this had ever happened anywhere near Clevelode. I voiced the opinion that this fearfulness was the product of news stories, and television. Parents, when they heard this, were usually silent, but obviously holding to their belief. Even if the risk was very, very small, it might happen – "and then your life would be ruined." The source of the fear is not simply news stories. The police warn the high school students not to walk to school alone along the road. The school nurse, in her home visits to parents, gives "safety training," teaches "protective behavior;" and children get some of this in school.

As children get older, some are allowed to venture out on their bicycles, some can walk back and forth to school by themselves; but other children's parents remain very protective for a fairly long time.

I asked about juvenile delinquency. The villagers do lock their houses and garages and cars, in fear of theft. But what the people fear are thieves raiding from outside the village – not local thieves, not village teenagers. The school nurse knew of no local delinquents. I heard a few delinquency stories, or rumors, from other persons. There were the bad bicycle boys, who frequented the village hall, who had built themselves a clubhouse by burrowing into a hedge. They were blamed for minor damage to the village hall. Sometimes they had been a problem to the Youth Group leader. One mother said the boys looked menacing. She wouldn't want to pass them, in a group, on the sidewalk. But the nurse said they were not really menacing, not like such a group that one might meet on the streets in the city.

Clare Nions, who is a mother and also a teacher at the high school, and who presently is co-leader of the Youth Group, talked about unruly behavior. Saint Giles, she said, was a special environment for the children. Any tendency toward unruliness remained bottled up. The lid was on, for any form of "unkindness." Children could let off steam when they ran out onto the playground, but not to the point of being uncivil to one another. But outside the school setting, she said, they were not so constrained. Some children are naturally gentle and unaggressive. However – Youth Group draws boys who enjoy rough play. (Children who don't like this, stay away.) Clare described a King of the Mountain game that the boys played on the slide-set – what a favorite it was. And she described arguments between the boys and the occasional exchange of blows, and a certain amount of disobedience and challenging of adults.

So: the setting, as we know, is one determinant of behavior.[15] In

school, the children are angelic. Outside school, in other settings that permit different behavior, some of these more aggressive impulses can be released.

Parents' fears, for the older children, seem to focus on the high school, which is outside the village and takes in many town youths. This fear is also exaggerated, I think. (I could be wrong.) Clare, and the police, agreed that drugs could be found there. However, the "drugs" were, as far as we could determine, only marijuana, and glue and cleaning products that were sniffed. Clare said that when she first went to the high school as a substitute teacher (–as a "supply teacher"), she did encounter some rudeness from her classes. But she said that, overall, the high school students were a pretty straight and conventional lot; the drug group was small; aberrant and rebellious behavior was not particularly encouraged by the youth culture.

We will return to the topic of parents' fears later on, when the police give their opinions. All the nation's schools have a PSHED program (Personal, Social, and Health Education), which includes drug ed., sex ed., "don't speak to strangers" (which is taught in the primary schools), health ed., smoking ed., special topics such as how to deal with bullies (children are supposed to report the bullies), plus a unit on occupational choice.

Parents in Clevelode are naturally concerned about their children's friends. Hence they feel safer as long as the children remain within the village. (Patricia Jeynes, for example, talked about her son's friends in the village, how grateful she was for their wholesome influence.) And the parents feel less safe, as their children venture outside. "Drugs are everywhere," two parents said. I think this means: everywhere, starting with the high school.

But I think the more serious youth problems have to do with building a life, after school. The problems have to do with finding employment, in a situation of shortage of worthwhile jobs, especially in the region of the village; and marriage (given the modern trends that we've mentioned).[16]

Preparation for Adult Roles

To recap: the main flow of child development starts with home training for self-control – politeness, consideration. When children begin school they seem ready for school; there is a good fit between what they are interested in, what they want to do, and what the teachers want them to do. The parents have prepared them. With an unprepared child, Mary Pigott does what she can.

At school, peer pressure seems to act in the teachers' favor, pressuring any disruptive children to behave. Role modeling must facilitate with this as well. The children, evidently, try to follow the example of the

older pupils and the teacher. Also, Mrs. Harris says, they want to please the teacher.

The school's behavior-code, which includes kindness and consideration on the playground, parental responsibility toward the younger children, taking one's turn, abiding by rules of fair play, participating in charities – this, we think, furthers the development of civility in social relations. In other words, we believe the *social* education at Saint Giles is a second stage of socialization for village life. The home training was the first stage, and it prepared for school. School is the second stage, and it helps prepare for adult roles in the community.

(The Tattums thus speak of the school as a secondary agent of socialization. School socializes children into the "ways of society," and this includes proper social behavior, not simply literate skills. First the neophyte children have to be prepared to fit into the school routines and follow school rules. Then their school experience trains them for "the ways of society.") [17]

A number of topics that we have reviewed, concerning school, seem to be preparation for what adults in the village do. The school charity-drives are an obvious example. They are a child-version of the adults' fund-raisers for charities. The idealistic attitudes that some adults have, working for the charities – we think the groundwork for some of this is being laid in school.

The collective efforts during the school charity-drives, and in other school activities such as concerts and plays, have their adult counterparts, too; and other training probably comes from them. I am thinking especially of training in reliability, which will be discussed at the end of the *Trust* chapter – being dependable, being punctual, doing what other people are counting on you for, and doing this on time. "Remembering," not forgetting. Probably the teamwork required for charity fund-raisers and performances elicits other social traits as well.

The other charitable emphasis in the village is caring for the elderly. The children see this going on, and they may participate in it, outside of school.

No doubt, a lot of moral training is going on during the school years. Just to mention several obvious carry-overs, from the children's moral training to adult moral standards:

Fulfilling obligations and living by the rules is emphasized to children. And, later on, we will see this is also an emphasis in adult life.

Schoolchildren, fallen into a dispute, will turn to an older child or to an adult to arbitrate. "Mrs. Harris, we were supposed to take our turns, but Eric just keeps on shooting!" (To repeat:) saying – "That is *wrong*!" – is a powerful argument, to be taken seriously.

For obligations: "The child comes to understand that he does have rights; but other persons have their rights too." (And the other persons' rights are more emphasized.)

No niggling: This is taught on the playground – don't dispute the referee's or umpire's decision in a game. And this is a value in adult life too, as we'll see. Don't second-guess leaders whom you have asked to take charge and make decisions. (This is a rule that is broken sometimes, by some persons. But it is a rule which is honored by other persons such as Edna, nonetheless.)

Queueing. We have a lot of material on this: the docility of the villagers (and of the British generally), lining up in queues, not trying to jump in ahead of their rightful turn. The children do this too, with rare exceptions; it's as if they were born this way.

Helping with hospitality also carries over, from childhood into adulthood. The serving of guests seems clearly a rehearsing of adult behaviors.

And I'm sure there are more examples of this nature.

Since these children tend to be adult-like in their self-control, in their ability to pay attention, and in their reliability – and since what they want to do matches so well what the adults want – they are ready to play a part in village events, at a fairly early age. (–With exceptions of course.) And chances do come up, beginning at an early age – as with helping with hospitality, serving the guests. Being relied-upon, being in the spotlight, must be extremely rewarding. Inclusion in grown-up activities is the reward for acting grown-up. And so the development continues. Since children are well-behaved, they play a role in village life.

When there was a heavy snowfall, the boys organized themselves as a snow rescue brigade. They shoveled sidewalks, and went door-to-door taking orders for food from the shop. Then they got out their sledges and made deliveries to the houses. The boys took no money for themselves, of course (–playing the good neighbor role). It was a special time. They did it in holiday spirit.

In like fashion, children and youth join in, on various community projects. Older boys, organized by Brian Roberts, do cleanup and renovation at the village green. And there are the charity-appeals and other fund-raisers. Children's participation in these begins even before they are old enough for school, with the Teddy bear picnics, and donate-a-Teddy.

We attended a party in Dr. McMaster's garden, for the Girl Guides and Brownies. The girls ran the tables of games and side-shows, tombola, raffle; they sold jams and cakes; they helped with the barbecue. They sang for the assembled guests.

In the calendar round of church holidays and events, children play their part – at Easter, Spring Festival or May Day, Rogation Day, Harvest Festival, Christmas, Guy Fawkes Day, Remembrance Day, and other special days.

In addition to all this, whatever else the village is doing, children often have a part to play. They participate in the barn dances. When the British Legion did a commemoration of VJ Day, the children did a concert of war songs. And there are other examples such as these.

There must be some exceptions. We know that there are children who do not participate in these activities; some would not be sufficiently dependable. As for earlier generalizations –

Mrs. Harris' code for good behavior at school: We were told of a few children who couldn't come up to the standard, at least not at first when they entered school. From what we've seen when we were actually in the school (Edna was a volunteer teacher there for some years), and from what we've been told by other visitors, the children, overall, do seem to follow the code.

The children's behavior outside school: there are the descriptions of rough behavior by a few of the older boys, outside school.

The earlier generalizations about parental training, the standard of parenting which Edna enunciated: Two mothers in my mother-interview sample were not so strict. They simply did not expect this much of their children. In addition we know of a few badly-behaved children. In these cases, the parents evidently couldn't manage the training in self-control. They were lax; or for whatever reason, they couldn't do it.

The known exceptions are few. We assume that more exceptions do exist, which we don't know about.

Similarities Between Children and Adults

Much could be said here. We could speculate at length about causal influences at work: from child training to children's personality to adults' personality to social custom. Instead I will mention just the most obvious similarities between children and adults, and their possible cultural significance.

(1) Good manners and politeness: the children are trained to be this way. The adults (with a few exceptions) are this way too. The adults are *so* polite. They go to such lengths. I thought it got a bit ridiculous at times. Does this have its effects in other parts of the culture? -Yes (I think). It probably enters into *The Dampening of Conflict*. And the effect of the politeness-training probably extends beyond this – into their moral scruples and good-citizen code, for example.

(2) Mrs. Harris expects the children to be good citizens at school. (Presumably the parents, at home, expect something of the same.) Children are taught respect for the rules. They are supposed to follow the rules faithfully, in queueing and taking their turns, not cheating, not taking advantage. They spontaneously express indignation at any breaches of the rules. "That's not *fair*!"

A good-citizen code is important to the village in many ways. There is a system of trust. Trust is possible, I think, because the people are so reliably honest and conscientious.

(3) In the training of children, there is an emphasis on gentleness, nonaggressiveness, consideration for the weak, charity, consideration for others. Persons – adults and children alike – are complimented for their kindness. "That was very kind of you."

This emphasis can be seen at many points in the adult culture: the charities, the overall emphasis on taking care of other people – for example caring for the elderly. Perhaps the adults' inhibition with respect to conflict, owes something to this as well.

(4) The moral training, given to children, shows up again in adulthood (– we think). Consideration is very prominent among the adults, as is awareness of obligations.

We could go on and cite more of these. There are three possibilities with respect to direction of causation. One is that the child training is shaping how the adults turn out; and this is reflected in the culture. Another possibility is simply that there are these emphases: an emphasis on good manners, on queueing and other forms of good citizenship, on being "kind," on respecting other persons' privacy and protecting their dignity, and so on. These emphases come to bear on everybody, children as well as adults. That is the reason for these parallels; not, that the child training is causing the customs that the adults follow.

A third possibility is that the moral code, or "values," something of this nature, is the most fundamental element. To the extent that there are causal influences at this level, morals or values are causing the rest. The childrearing is an agency of transmission, passing it on to the next generation.

And of course there is a fourth possibility: that it is some combination of the above three. Whatever; we'll never know. I think the childrearing, something like Gill Harris' code and Edna's parenting ideal, is especially crucial in passing on, keeping alive, the customs which we'll now be reviewing – the trust, the civility, and the rest.

CHAPTER SEVEN. PERSONAL TRAITS.

In the Traits file of my field notes were such items as:

– Examples of the code of politeness and delicate speech. (Garrison Keillor has spoken of the British as "plagued by politeness... beset by politeness.")

– The code of hospitality, social tact, and stoicism in social situations. (One must suffer endlessly through boring conversations, awkward social occasions, tiresome guests – without a tremor; without the slightest sign that one wants it to end.)

– Good form. (Edna's life seemed composed in large part of meeting social obligations. She does – one thing or another – because she must; and for fear that if she did otherwise she might offend or slight someone.)

– Stiff upper lip. An example is colds and the flu. There is a lot of this during the long dark winters. You are not supposed to baby yourself. The people go about their daily lives, expose their friends, do what they would usually do. –So the colds spread. If you are with someone who obviously has a cold, you're supposed to act as if you don't notice. Since people tend not to take care of themselves, this must make the colds last longer.

(Edna thinks I am exaggerating on these points. Perhaps she's right.)

The list goes on to include reticence, privacy-modesty, absence of intimacy between friends, a rule against malicious gossip, formality in visiting and social life, rule-complying... And there are still more traits on the list.

In the beginning I thought of these as culture traits or social customs. The people were following numerous codes of behavior or cultural rules.[1] Now I am not so sure. The codes and rules do probably lie behind the behavior. But there is less than perfect agreement on what the rules are; there are exceptions; everyone doesn't follow them, all of the time. And of course we don't know, fully, what is in the people's minds, and how many different ideas they have, of what the rules are.

Since informants' accounts and observations, here, are mostly of the middle class, quite possibly what I have to say is truer of the middle-class villagers.

At any rate, these "traits" would be best thought of as characteristics of the people, which are trends, tendencies, with exceptions.[2]

In describing the Traits, I have left out some really delightful ones. The people's antiquarianism, their awareness of things past and of historic

happenings – the daily reminders of the past, in the buildings around us – this is an important theme in village life. Their keenness for gardening – this is important to them also. But these really do not have enough relevance to our central concern – which is social relations, community relations, how the people relate to each other – so these do not receive any attention. By the same logic, other less important topics have also been left out; for example, the (usually) well-mannered British ghosts.

Other traits appear later in the book. Avoiding conflicts and confrontations comes up in the next chapter. Other traits that will appear later are their moral scruples, and the emphasis on nurturance and "kindness," people's willingness to inconvenience themselves in order to take care of other persons.

Reticence

> *"I can cope with anything as long as no one else knows about it."*
>
> – Jennifer Wase.

> *Doreen had finally died of breast cancer. The cancer was extremely far advanced before it was discovered by the doctors. Even her husband didn't know; or he wasn't saying. She must have felt shy about mentioning anything. A friend says that, in retrospect, she thinks Doreen once was trying to bring herself to tell her. But it was so roundabout that the friend didn't realize at the time.*

George Wase says: "We don't live in each other's pockets." And Jennifer adds: "We don't really know that much about each other." An example she gave was: not knowing what a friend's husband did for a living. Good manners dictate that you don't ask.

And it was true. People didn't ask me personal questions about myself; not even when I was pressing *them* with what must have seemed like uncomfortably personal questions, in the interests of my fieldwork. As they say, "We are private persons." Yes, some taboo seems to attach to fairly innocent-seeming personal disclosures. Liz Frior said that her mother had told her, when she was a little girl: "You must never tell anyone what your father does." – and, following from that – "You must never ask what *their* father does." As a result of this restraint upon disclosing some commonplace facts, "As a child, I went through life half-understanding things

that were said."

Back in America, I said, there is a get-acquainted sequence that people go through: first, an exchange of life-facts which are fairly trivial; then, gradually, a *quid pro quo* of more sensitive disclosures about themselves. I divulge something about myself; and it is your turn next, to come forth with something about yourself. In the village, there is less of this. Some persons are more open than others; but overall, there is less. This "private" style has its costs. Since there is such caution about personal disclosures – and also caution about saying anything negative about someone else – there is probably more small talk, more gracious twitter, and less real communication. I think it acts to isolate people from their friends and loved ones, even when they need support the most.

We argued the relative merits of American openness versus British secretiveness. The ladies said that they did not want to be told other people's secrets. Liz said, a secret to keep is a burden.

Liz said: "Privacy is very important to us here in Britain. However close and friendly we might be, there is this reserve… You still do not let them into your innermost thoughts." She said that after her son Christopher was born, he was colicky. She had some "post natal depression." She said, "I would have died of embarrassment if I had had to say to someone, 'I cannot cope with this baby.'" So evidently she didn't ask for help or confide to friends. She didn't even go to the doctor to get medication for her depression.

"It is very difficult to break that barrier, to say, 'I need help,' because that would be a feeling of failure.'"

Jennifer said: "You hide things. You put on a brave front."

– And this, as we'll see, keeps friends from coming to each other's aid. Probably we in America are somewhat the same; but here, it is moreso. Edna has deep affection for Jennifer and the Goodings and other old friends. They care very much about each other; and when there is a need, they want to help. However, they usually have to stay helplessly on the sidelines at such times. Privacy stands in the way.

Edna interjects: friends stand on the sidelines, ready to help when they are permitted to do so. And, she says, sometimes they can give help and support in subtle ways. We will later see some examples of this.

As I say, even dear friends, old friends, do not exchange intimacies. There are not too many heart-to-heart talks. Patricia Jeynes was the only one of the informants who described a friendship of this nature. Liz spoke of "gossiping" with her friend Rita Jewell, as they polished the brass in church – working side-by-side, looking ahead and not at each other, talking about other people, about their children, their families. She said that in similar fashion, she confided to her husband. This sounded

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like a medium degree of intimacy, with some things still kept private.

Karen the vicar thought that the older people tended not to confide, and that younger persons were less inhibited. The dividing line was about age fifty; and it was perhaps compounded by social class. That is to say, older middle-class persons such as Edna and Jennifer would be most this way. Another similar opinion – voiced by Liz's husband Mike – was that not confiding was the traditional pattern. But this was now breaking down.[3]

Of course with a trait like being "closed" – how can you know? This entire topic concerns matters that are confidential. In my own fieldwork, I felt that some persons were more forthcoming, others were less so. There were individual differences. (This is an example of a "trait" that is, in fact, a trend that admits exceptions.) My sense of the old-fashioned quality of life in the village, with the milkman leaving his bottles on the doorstep, and the ladies wearing dresses, would include this dimension. People don't seem to have been influenced by the popular psychology writings of the past fifty years, that encourage the expression of feelings and the discussion of personal problems.

Edna objects: they are *not* old fashioned. Rather, she and her friends are *different*. She believes that a deep cultural difference is involved. The people are simply more private. Barriers of secrecy are important. I speak (below) about wanting to get to know other persons. She said: that sort of intent, to want to know someone better, might be considered impertinent. Why do I want to do that?

I said: because that is the friendly-American way. We will visit and reveal things about ourselves, bit by bit, and get to know each other better. Besides, it would help with the study.

She said: if the people I talked to had known that was my intent, it would have put them off.

It is hard to know how widespread such a reaction might be. One interviewee pointedly avoided me after our initial visit: afraid of confiding too much, or offended that I had tried, or something of the sort.

The popular psychology advice *had* reached the people, Edna said, but evidently the advice had fallen on barren ground. Psychotherapy–"going for counseling"–is known. But, she says, people find this "puzzling." The attitude is, "Why do they need *that*?" A person should keep a stiff upper lip and suffer her own problems, and not go running to tell a counselor.

Unburdening one's self to others, even seeking counseling, seems to be tolerated in certain special situations. But even then it would be difficult for many persons. Inhibitions would have to be overcome. Grief-counseling has been introduced; and it has had some acceptance. Also,

some persons go to the vicar to unburden themselves. We don't know how many people do this. However, this is a traditional avenue which is open. David Lockwood, who used to be the Clevelode vicar, says "I have a thousand secrets in my head... carrying them around..." – people's awful secrets that they had told him, in the manner of a confessional. Penton Mole, who had been a vicar elsewhere, agreed that some people would talk to him in this way "by the hour." But only a minority of his parishioners would confide in this manner.

Karen, who is the Clevelode vicar now, says she gets quite a few solicitations for counseling. People come to her for support during bereavement, and for marital counseling, and with trouble with money, or for problems with their children.

Villagers also come to Carole at her shop. Of the many kinds of support she gives, especially to the poor and to the single mums, this includes listening to their troubles and giving counsel.

Finally, the family doctor must hear some confidences too. Sometimes this is probably hard to avoid. Edna thought that, traditionally, like the vicar, the doctor was someone whom people might turn to.

So: some persons, *in extremis*, might go to the vicar, or to their doctor, or to Carole. But others – many others, we think – would keep it bottled up.

Hating to Make a Fuss

Edna says: "Any expression of strong emotion, negative emotion, in the presence of other persons, is very much disapproved... upsetting." This is part of *stiff upper lip*. Not only are people trained to be stoic; they become uncomfortable in the presence of outpourings by others.

The parish has had a vicar in the past who was full of Jesus and who wanted to stir the congregation to evangelical celebrations. The people politely demurred. Church members are willing to go through with a normal church service, even kneel and take communion; and they devotedly work for the church and give their money. But "public professions of faith – that sort of thing just doesn't go." Garrison Keillor's description of his Lutherans, who reservedly come to church and bring a cake for afterwards, would fit for Clevelode.

Liz says: "I *hate* crying in public."

"It is all too raw. It makes you feel vulnerable, I guess; weak."

Edna: "...because you are revealing yourself, I suppose..."

Liz: "We are taught from a child to curb our tears. Not to be able to handle..." [one's grief or upset is embarrassing].

Then I asked about weeping at funerals – those ritual high points

of village life, when everyone turns out and goes to the church, as Liz had described for the butcher's funeral, rivers of people flowing through the streets toward the church. In those great demonstrations of caring, do people shed tears? –Yes, they do. Tears were held back, leaked out, quickly wiped away; singing a hymn was interrupted, choked by tears. But in the outpouring of grief, the people still tried to control their tears. There was no wailing.

I can remember seeing an *extremely* upset woman: red face, red eyes, silently squeezing out a tear or two.

A farmer's wife voiced the opinion that it is not always right to choke back the tears; and that times are changing, people are learning. She told the story of the year everything had gone wrong for them. She and her husband had moved to a new farm. They didn't know the neighbors, there were all kinds of problems, the children were sick and then – finally – she had a miscarriage when her pregnancy had almost come to term. Her private grief she tried not to admit to herself; and she couldn't talk about it. "That's the way it was in those days." With her children, she glossed it over, explained in a calm manner that the baby wasn't coming after all. She "pushed it under the rug." And, she said, that had repercussions later on. The bereavement counseling that is now being done: she thought that was an improvement; people are taught to do grief-work.

We discussed the relative merits of keeping a stiff upper lip, versus coming out with it – crying, expressing grief, letting other persons know about one's upset, confiding. Opinions were mixed. Something more was said in favor of grief-work. "But then you are burdening somebody else with your grief. That isn't on." Edna herself was in favor of burying it. David Lockwood agreed: "Most of us – we bury it." Sometim (it was admitted) trying to talk about it might help. But at other times, British-style "getting on with it" (suppressing one's feelings) seemed to work just as well. Edna was outspoken in favor of suppression, even *re*pression. I think there was a good deal of silent agreement to this:

To be living with tragedy, and to remain "cheerful" – this seems to be approved, even admired. ... "You would never know there was anything wrong."... A person can be "cheerful" while living a life of desperation. We went to visit Edna's old acquaintance, Nell, who was dying of bowel cancer. She was gushingly cheerful. Some wedding pictures were shown around. Nell was exultant; how happy the new couple will be.

Mavis Braybrooke had suffered a series of losses: her husband, then another close relative, then her dog. She said she had remained "brave" through the first two bereavements; then she broke down and cried when her dog died.

Although this seems to be the dominant and traditional pattern,

the alternative style of expressiveness does occur too. Denise Cheatham said that she herself had grown up (elsewhere in Britain) in a family who spilled it all out; fought, wept, hurled accusations back and forth. Later she learned how to try to work on emotional problems (in the manner of the popular psychology writings). Karen said yes, with this, too – the expression of feelings – some persons were not closed.

The people, generally, also choose to "bury it" when it comes to anger, argument, occasions for confrontation. Edna says, "We would do almost anything to avoid it" (–to avoid a fuss, an open conflict). Therefore, as David Lockwood says, "We put up with things. We never complain."

This leads to many complications, which will be touched upon soon in the *Dampening of Conflict* chapter. These include attempted maneuverings around possible conflict; and refinements of tact within organizations such as the Women's Institute, to minimize clashes; and the art of anticipating and redirecting, if possible, a potential conflict so that it never ripens into an open fight. There are a few persons in the village who are not so inhibited, who maybe even welcome a fight. They are treated warily, humorously, as "loose cannons." The code of tolerance is stretched, to cover them.

Personal inhibition in this – hating to make a fuss – is very important, I think. Much is involved in keeping the village as peaceful as it is. But if the people are a bit over-socialized in this respect: well, this does help to keep the peace.

Don't Complain

Time after time, Edna let herself in for extra trouble and inconvenience, because she couldn't speak one little word of objection. Stiff upper lip; anger-avoidance; and also something else were involved in this, I think. Consideration for others, not wanting to hurt someone's feelings, I think, kept her from saying "I don't want that" or "don't do that."

- *When we returned to her house after an absence, the heat would not come on. There had been house guests; they must have done something. Edna could not determine what was wrong with the furnace. She tried to phone a repairman but it was the weekend. I asked her why she didn't just phone David, the guest, and ask him what he'd done. "No, because then he would feel awful." However she said she was going to phone him and thank him for the present of chocolates he had left her.*

Guests are forever giving her boxes of candy, which she dislikes

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and doesn't eat. They do this, of course, because she never tells them otherwise. But then the candy is useful to serve to other guests, or to donate to a bring-and-buy. Similarly, her kitchen was full of bottles of vermouth, which had accumulated over the years, for the same reason. Old guests, who had come time after time, continued to bring candy or vermouth, never having been told otherwise.

I don't know how typical she is, with this. But we do have evidence that, time after time, people allow themselves to be victimized. Some of the incidents, as we shall see, are not so innocent. Serious exploitation is involved. If a person is taken advantage of, by (for example) a neighbor, he is apt to silently submit. Orin Sadler's reaction to this, was that the people were ripe for assertiveness training.[4]

Once more, there are some conspicuous exceptions here: vociferous complainers, and persons you would not want to try to take advantage of. Also, Edna (and other public-spirited citizens) will stand up and complain when it is a matter of principle. Public-complaining, "whistle-blowing," reporting sins against the public at large, by a government department, or by a large company – this is a citizen's duty. So they feel obligated to do this; even though they might submit and not object, when such a principle of citizen's duty is not involved.

Denial

The "closedness" includes, I think, not only being private and not confiding; and being embarrassed and uncomfortable in the presence of anything like crying or other expressions of strong negative feeling; and hating to make a fuss, trying to skirt around any outburst of anger – it also includes trying not to admit all this untidy business to one's self. If you were to suggest to someone that he or she was angry – and of course you would never say this, because it is extremely bad form; but if it *were* said – "Why no, of course not; I'm not angry at all. I cannot imagine why you should think that." The taboo on expression of anger and other such feelings would extend to admitting them to one's self. ("Are you all right?" – "I'm just fine," in a miserable voice.)

This is complicated, I know, and there must be many kinds of exceptions – denial about some things, personal insight into others. Denial and nondenial, I imagine, exist in differing constellations, in different people. There is room for much variety. It is a patchwork. But my guess is that the villagers, overall, as compared with other groups of people, are deniers.

The Emporer Has No Clothes

What with unmentionable topics, unthinkable thoughts, unutterable words, and good manners – denial can extend to denying something is happening, while it is happening before one's face. The terrible *soiree* that took place under a *marquee* on the grounds of Cowdell Hall – which I will cite later as an ultimate in good manners and social stoicism – is an example. The music was incredibly bad. People composed their faces and listened seriously. The food was bad. People complimented the food. More of this later. Two more examples. There was a bad smell in a bathroom. A dead rat in the wall? It would be indelicate to say anything. So life went on, nothing was done. The other example: Mrs. X was fat and getting fatter, gaining weight at an alarming rate. She must have been upset about this, and embarrassed. Her family was very upset too – so upset, that the subject could not be mentioned. So nothing was said.

There are reasons for not saying anything negative or critical. Discussion of a party or a social event, for example, after it is over, is apt to be bland. Any more pointed remarks would be unkind, ungrateful, an offense to the host and hostess. Even to one's self, there is an inhibition on saying that negative or critical thing. ("I did love everything about the party.") There must be a sort of psychic economy working here. It is more economical simply to deny, at the beginning. Then one doesn't have to be insincere.

A man led me to understand, that throughout his long married life, he and his wife had never had an argument. This puzzled me. This was none of my business; maybe he was just shutting the door on my inquiries. But then maybe he really believed it. Was he rewriting history and "forgetting" the arguments? I'd guess that any arguments really were rare. Maybe open disagreements never happened. Then had his wife been so submissive, and both of them so good at suppressing their anger, that they never argued? How about feelings of strain, awkwardness, obvious ill feeling? I'd guess that the wife really was submissive. Perhaps the dominant party in a relationship is often unaware of unhappiness down below. To be otherwise, would tend to undermine the dominant position. At any rate, there are some more possibilities. Perhaps husband and wife were very compatible and there was a natural harmony between them. Perhaps traditional sex roles kept them within bounds, so that one person decided about certain things, and the other person decided about the rest. Or, finally: maybe they were so exquisitely considerate of each other that this helped to keep the peace.

Whether or not this is really possible – going through life without

a single argument – this sounds like a different kind of marriage. I can imagine a British couple coming close to this. There would be disharmonies between them, conflicts of interest, the occasional bad moods, maybe a few differences of opinion. But these would remain unspoken. And I can even imagine that none of this would be remembered, or even "noticed" by them at the time.

Delicate Speech

> *...yea presentlie sometyms, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies which I will not name for the honor that I beare them...*

Tact and refinement of speech are highly developed. Mention is avoided, of numerous unmentionable topics. Euphemisms are used, rather than saying negative things directly. To some extent this must be true almost everywhere, that conversation proceeds with care; touchy subjects are skirted around. Here in the village, people go very far with this.

In Kazuo Ishiguro's novels, set both in Britain and in Japan, delicate speech serves to protect people's dignity, and to avoid topics that would be embarrassing or shameful, or – when such a topic cannot be avoided – to sanitize it, neutralize any possible source of embarrassment. The world that Ishiguro describes is, of course, different from our village. But there is a real parallel. Protecting people's dignity is important in Clevelode too. The respectful manner of address; the tact, the euphemisms; the avoidance of unmentionable topics – with a different accent, in a different language, this is Clevelode too.

In the village, people speak carefully in order to say something negative without acknowledging that they have done so, or to blunt the impact of a negative statement. A woman is said to be "awkward" in regard to some matter, which means you cannot talk to her about it. To say that a person is "difficult" is even a stronger way of saying –"be careful with him." Edna herself is "puzzled"... "finds it strange" ... that, for example, we Americans are so ready to get divorced if there is any trouble; and that we are quick to seek counseling (– common misconceptions about us it seems). A selfish and unprincipled man is characterized as "a businessman" – which he is. This means, I think, that the constraints, the consideration for others, which regulate Edna's and her friends' behavior, do not apply for him. (Other business persons are thoroughly trusted and admired; but for this man, I think they feel that his business interests override other considerations.)

Speaking in this fashion, it is possible to voice disapproval, while denying to one's self that one does disapprove. (If this is possible. And

evidently it is possible.) This also verges over into the taboo on malicious gossip. As Pat Jeynes says, "We would not deliberately upset people." And –"We try to avoid talking about [negative] people altogether." Liz points out, too: one reason for this careful terminology is that relationships are so interconnected in this small community. That person you are talking about may be married to your cousin.

Here are a few more. "She's usually rather busy." (It's no use asking her to help out with a community project.) He or she, or a child, was "naughty." And some ways to refer to promiscuity: "He has a way with the ladies." "She's fond of company."

Much of the delicate speech is more subtle than this. It goes beyond euphemisms. Liz said: if you know someone well enough, you can know what they mean without their saying very much. She referred to people "speaking in code."

And there are exceptions. There is coarse and insulting terminology, too. The working-class men might speak this way, playfully – "that miserable old bugger." And sometimes this is serious, not merely playful.

A "Closed" Factor, Cluster, or Syndrome

Quite a few of these characterizations of the people –denial and repression, hating to make a fuss, delicate and euphemistic speech, stoicism and "cheerfulness" so that one's distress is hidden, not confiding to friends or developing intimate friendships – these all look like they might be different facets, different expressions, of a common underlying style. Two more traits, yet to be discussed, might be added: the emphasis on privacy and modesty.

The problem with knowing about any such "closed" factor is – to repeat – since the people are "closed," they aren't saying much about it. Even if they were not so closed – since this pertains to private matters, personal sentiments, goings-on behind closed doors – it is fairly inaccessible. So we don't know how many exceptions there are, how much variability there is. But we do know that there is some. Some persons are different, not so "closed."

When writers have tried to characterize the British in a general way, as in Philip Mason's *The English Gentleman*, they have mentioned various of these traits as being part of the cultural tradition.

(Here are a few. From *The English Gentleman*: "don't show your emotions... repress all signs of emotion... mask of stoicism..." and avoid anything that would "rouse emotion."[5] From a *Daily Telegraph* poll in 1996: "the British" are characterized as "reserved." From *The New Yorker* magazine, Hermione Lee, "Good show," reviewing Angela Thirkell's novels

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about village life: "stiff-upper-lippery... dislike of fuss...English repression...Though a huge amount is said, it hardly ever expresses what people are feeling: 'Again the conversation ran lightly over secret depths.'... The worst thing they can possibly do is to make a fuss about their emotions. Better to have a conversation about paper clips when your heart is full. The strongest relationships are those in which 'neither would trespass on the other's reserve, now or ever.' ... Characters who go on about their feelings or – worse still – express an interest in psychoanalysis are marked down as ridiculous or 'neurotic.'... they can express their feelings only in letters, never face to face.")[6]

Mike Frior, Liz's husband, says that a person was expected to "just soldier along." You were not supposed to tell anybody – about your pains and ailments and problems, or your personal life or your feelings. This evidently was the old traditional way. Now, he admits, there are new people who are different.

In Defense of Denial and Repression

Maybe stoicism such as this is an admirable trait. But massive denial of one's own feelings, and repression – that is something else. Not to "see" what is happening in front of one, to be out of touch with one's emotional life – perhaps we all do this to some extent; but when this reaches an extreme, it disarms us. We are more prone to mistakes; and we are living less fully. To be blind is *not* a good thing. Ishiguro's *The Remains of the Day* illustrates the misdirection and loss that can result, from denial and repression. There can be gross misunderstanding between intimates and loved ones, between couples. Denial stands in the way of communication.

The alternative way of behaving is to name what is happening; to express those disturbing feelings; to work on interpersonal problems by talking about them. This has been an article of faith with me, and for my American friends whom I've gone through life with. I remember in the past, how helpless my parents were, in the face of interpersonal problems. They really had no way to deal with them. All they could do was seek reassurance in aphorism and prayer. My parents lived in that era prior to the popular-psychology social revolution. Unlike ourselves, they had no verbal labels to describe their inner lives or their problems. Lacking the concepts, there was nothing much they could do. But now the concepts are available to us, by way of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and popular books, not to mention college courses that we've taken.

Trying to be fair, what can be said in favor of being "closed?" A

psychologist friend says: "We're all deniers anyway. [but] I guess I'd want not to deny sometimes." He thought there were many individualized styles.

Another thing that might be said – after a lifetime's experience of discussing problems – is: many times this seems to fail. So perhaps this – labeling the negative feelings and openly discussing the problems – does not offer such a huge improvement. Maybe it represents progress over my parents' way of doing things; but the successes promised in the books might not be realized in people's actual lives.

Probably, if we only knew, certain selected personal problems can be helped by facing them honestly, and discussing them – discussing them in some particular way, and with particular kinds of other persons. And in other situations, maybe most, it seldom helps to work on problems in this fashion. If something like this overall picture is indeed the case – then maybe this is still better than simply thinking reassuring thoughts. But this approach might not work in a particular situation.

Another thing might be said in favor of being "closed" in the British style: This is one part of an overall culture pattern, which has worked well enough. More than that; I think it's been a magnificent success. Where, exactly, might it have helped – to be closed, noncommunicative, uncomplaining, "cheerfully" bottling up one's distress? Perhaps this, added to loyalty and faithfulness, and doing one's duty, added up to stable family life. This kind of stable if repressed marriage might not be one we would favor. But then it *was* stable. Children did have two parents.

Considering the overall culture pattern: maybe being "closed" combines readily with the British emphasis on duty. Our own relative openness, perhaps, combines with an American emphasis on personal freedom. We will see, in the chapters to come, the benefits of duty.

Stepping back for the moment, from British-style repression, and from the more "open" style, which I would favor: I wonder how this is handled in other cultures. Living together in families and communities, having conflicts, getting upset – this has to be dealt with in some fashion. How do the more expressive and spontaneous people do it? And how was it handled in the primitive societies?

I can think of two things that would have helped in primitive societies. One is faith healing, which must often have worked. Problems were cured in this fashion. Also, large kin groups tended to be important in primitive societies; there were *many* "family" relationships, not just husband-wife and parent-child. So less depended on these.

So much for speculations of this nature. To move on to other possible benefits of the repressed style:

Edna offers a defense for being "closed," and a criticism for "open-

ness." She speaks of the power of words, of putting thoughts into words. Words can so easily hurt. "It makes [whatever is wrong] more real if you put it in words. Then what you have said can never be unsaid." Bringing [the problem] out into the open, naming it, talking about it – she likens this to adding a new problem or difficulty. It makes (whatever is wrong) more entrenched.

If you don't say it, if you don't label [whatever is wrong], then maybe the problem will fade and become less real. And I think she is right; this must happen sometimes.

This goes for personal awareness also – saying things to one's self, versus not saying them. If you feel bad, if you have a pain or a worry or a bad mood: then if you don't tell yourself you feel bad, you are able to soldier along, not give in to it, feel less distressed, act "normal." –The stiff upper lip.

The "closed" style has still another benefit. This is looking ahead, to the rule against gossip. See-no-evil/hear-no-evil/speak-no-evil. Since negative material for conversation has been ruled out, what is left to talk about, tends to be bland, superficial, skirting the negative material. Even *thinking* about friends and neighbors probably tends to take on this bland style.

The benefit is this: Persons know that they will be treated charitably, more or less, in other people's conversation and even in their thoughts. So people who would ordinarily be insecure in social situations, and persons who (elsewhere) might be regarded with amusement – these persons can enter social gatherings, feeling more secure. I can say for myself, as a person who is sometimes shy: I've been grateful for this, in the village.

(As a matter of fact, there *is* some mean gossip; and there must be some mean thoughts. This rule only partially protects us. The people cannot stick to it completely.)

If the conversational style is bland, and people habitually don't say anything negative, then it is a shock when someone does otherwise. One of the informants said, later, that it "shriveled" her when I jokingly criticized her French. Then she didn't want to speak French in my presence any more. Similarly, after I had discussed our hosts after a social gathering, Edna said, later, that she didn't feel like taking me to any more of her friends.

We'll move on now, although much more could be said. I think they see our "openness" as self-indulgence. In their view, we are ready to spill it all out, tell our troubles to others. The British reserve, the stiff upper lip, the stoicism, is more dignified. Also, part of stiff-upper-lip is not admitting to one's self that something is wrong. To be self-aware, of per-

sonal complaints, is thought to be self-indulgent too.

And as regards their blandness – not speaking ill of other people, and even editing thoughts so as not to think ill – this, they say, is simply kindness. And they are right: it *is* kindness, gratefully received.

Graciousness

Graciousness can mean courtly manners from a gentleman: as with Sir Brendan saying farewell to Edna, accompanying her to her car and opening the car door for her; or Nigel Field doing the same for me. However graciousness (in my mind) has much to do with delicate speech. The term applies to a refined person, who is sensitive to the needs of others in social situations, and who takes pains to make them feel comfortable. Dodie Beresford, it is said, can pitch her conversational tone to various levels, finely tuned, to make the other person feel comfortable.

> *At Saint Giles School's program for new parents, Mary Pigott presided. She welcomed the (predominantly lower-class) parents in, saw that everyone was served a cup of tea. Her queenly presence, and the fact that this was in the school, was enough to make some parents uncomfortable. And she set a high tone. The new children's schooling was serious business; their preparation for school was important. And she went through all the ways the children needed to be prepared (and might not be well-enough prepared). –More, to make parents feel uncomfortable. However, her manner was welcoming. She enunciated the theme: that she and the parents would work together collegially, to further the children's schooling. Her manner, greeting the parents, was (I think) subtlely comforting.*

Graciousness means making an effort, going out of your way to make someone comfortable. I can give three examples from the same formal *soiree*, held on the grounds of Cowdell Hall. The first example is in the afternoon preparations: Michael Gillis really doesn't want to be there (I don't think); but he lingers without much to do, trying to give some support to the man who is in charge. He and I, two socially uncomfortable people, are shy with each other. In his discomfort, he goes to some lengths to try to make me more comfortable. Second example: Later that evening, during intermission time, people are standing on the lawn, making a cocktail-party sort of conversation. Sir Brendan has come with Dodie; they are to make a brief, obligatory appearance, then disappear. He sees that I am not talking with anyone. I am fairly sure he would rather not get involved

with me; but he comes over and initiates some chatter, probing (I think, like Dodie) for that appropriate level to pitch the talk at. The final example is the evening performance. The high school orchestra is *terrible*. It is painful. It is (cruelly) funny. The entire audience sits seriously, attentively. There is not a single pained expression, not a sign of impatience; not a single snicker. They all stay to the bitter end. So as not to make the children feel bad. The food is very poor as well. No one complains about that either. So as not to make the preparers feel bad.

If "graciousness" means consideration in social situations: then in the *soiree*, this took the form of being stoic, suffering the occasion without a flicker of displeasure. Often it means: coming to the rescue of someone, to make him feel more comfortable, to make him welcome.

I have witnessed many such scenes: Edna at a social gathering, alert for anyone who looks like they need rescuing; then going to them and making conversation. Liz points out that this is difficult and requires effort, thinking of something to say in the uncomfortable situation. And I agree (with my own social discomfort in mind). My inclination is to look for a rescuer for myself. Liz says that she is seldom up to doing this any more. She just wants to stay with her friends. But Edna, gallantly, continues to scan the crowd for someone who needs welcoming – in the manner of Sir Brendan at the *soiree*.

> *Lady Marguerite, Brendan's mother, was legendary for this. Edna said: at her own first Women's Institute meeting, over twenty years ago, this very old lady came in, falteringly found her way to a seat next to Edna, and sat down. She said "Hello. I am Marguerite Beresford. You're new, aren't you?" They conversed about gardening, and starting a new home, and Edna's and Cyril's design for their new garden. "Look here. Come down to Strensham Court and look around in the garden, and take some cuttings, and take some little plants. You can start your garden from our garden." Edna never went down. Lady Marguerite was such an old lady, Edna thought she would not remember. At any rate: a welcoming gesture.*

For the hostess, entertaining guests, serving the tea, wheeling out the trolley, or taking in house guests – making people comfortable is part of the effort of hospitality. The gracious hostess whom I've seen the most of, is Edna herself. In her watchfulness for persons who need attention, she has brought home *terrible* guests – dotty old ladies, compulsive talkers, the Bradburns who stayed for weeks and in their blindness spilled the sugar into the carpet, spilled the coffee, lost their teeth under the mattress.

In addition to these guests, and her formal entertaining, serving tea, inviting people to dinner – she hosts any workman who comes, with kitchen coffee and biscuits; Joe the Post, the window-cleaners, persons who work in her garden, and, of course, her beloved cleaning lady. Part of every cleaning session is a visit over coffee. When she volunteer-taught at Saint Giles, she brought home the slow readers with their mums; the children played in the garden. As I write, she has recently brought home the family of an unemployed miner she had met. Their sullen little girl took a while to warm up. But Edna gave her books and games to take home, and spoke with her; and finally, everyone seemed to feel at ease.

So this is quite a span of situations; hospitality in many forms. I cannot say how the other people would compare. The Fields would be similar; and (I would guess) most others of her friends. The practice of entertaining any workman who comes to the house is a village custom I think.

Is there a social class difference here, with respect to graciousness and hospitality? The people whom I've observed doing this are middle-class (and upper-class, the Beresfords). Quite possibly there is a difference in style. Perhaps the working-class villagers have their own version.

Formality

This middle-class entertaining matches with Michael Bell's description of visiting among his middle-class villagers in Childerley: formal visits, and none too frequent.[7] Likewise for Clevelode: friends meet under rather formal circumstances; often formally dressed, the ladies in dresses, not in slacks. Even in their own homes they dress this way. When a neighbor comes over, tea or coffee is served, the trolley is rolled out with cakes and biscuits. The hostess goes to some trouble.

Day-to-day visiting, back-fence gossip, "dropping in," gives way to this kind of formal visit. (I think this is the dominant pattern. However one of our informants, Clifton Fletcher, said that he does "drop in" on neighbors without waiting for an invitation or an appointment. And a few of the middle-class villagers are more informal in other ways. They are more free and unguarded in their conversation; and they wear slacks, even blue jeans.)

The people stay in their houses (often with bad weather outside) or they work in their gardens. Friends meet at the social events; and they get together, working in teams to prepare for the events. They meet at the village shop. They see each other at church. Friends entertain each other at home, usually in this formal manner.

This formality acts further to put distance between people. The

elaborate hospitality, rolling out the trolley, tends to cut down interaction. I wanted to get to know Edna's friends and neighbors. But going to their homes meant putting them to a good deal of trouble. Inviting them to Edna's home meant, first, this all-out hospitality by Edna; then they had to respond in kind. My suggestion to Edna that I visit with a familiar neighbor, a long-time friend, brought a hesitation. This was a weighty matter. I went ahead a few times anyway, with these complicated results. But in the end I didn't talk to people as often as I would have wished. I do not think the people themselves have a high interaction rate with each other.[8]

Liz discussed how formality might inhibit the free flow of talk. When she and her friend Rita Jewell were polishing the brass in church, working side-by-side, they would chatter away. Talk was freer. Looking straight ahead at what they were working on seemed to help. Crafts class, with the ladies working on their crafts projects, was the same. Doing handwork, side-by-side, not necessarily looking at each other, the talk flowed out. Also washing the dishes. Another instance was: she and her husband, driving along, eyes on the road. Liz's point was: avoidance of eye contact, and an informal workaday situation, removed some inhibition; and I would add, only two people together.

Edna, on the other hand, as an advocate of formality, spoke of it as "a framework in which to live... almost a protection to hide behind." If one feels secure in the knowledge of proper form and etiquette, then one can be more confident in social situations. And I think she is right. Her training in formality is one reason she can be more generous in social situations, and endeavor to rescue other persons. (And conversely, my imperfect grounding in formal etiquette is probably one reason for my lack of confidence on those occasions.)

Beyond this – beyond the confidence that comes from training in etiquette – I think there is a British liking for ritual. Edna spoke of "the comfort of ritual." Her love for the church, and for the pageantry of courtly life (mostly state occasions viewed on television), is probably connected to her comfort in formal social occasions.

Privacy

To move on – the code of privacy, respecting others' privacy, seems to have many ramifications. Probably I do not understand them all fully.

First, to look at privacy in the sense of persons' personal space, in their homes: When there was a coffee morning at a particular home, the ladies flooded into the house, women helped out, set up the bring-and-buy table, served the food, later picked up the teacups and the dirty plates. And that was fine. But two women, in their eagerness to help, took charge of

the kitchen and washing the dishes. They had somehow overstepped the bounds of privacy. The hostess was miffed.

Their breach of etiquette had been rather subtle, and perhaps it was subject to some differing understandings. The hostess felt that they had "taken over" without asking. As a matter of fact, another woman had been assigned to take charge of the kitchen. Later, Pat Jeynes commented, "You have to be *invited* into the kitchen. I myself would prefer, even with my own family [her relatives]..." that they come in and visit with her while she does the kitchen work; or maybe that they ask first; but not, just come into the kitchen and start helping. Liz said: "You don't want someone else to be too familiar with your territory. Most people are very careful when they go into someone else's house." You ask, but you also attend to unspoken cues. Michael Bell reports something like this too, for his middle-class people in Childerley. They had to be careful not to violate the hostess' personal space. (By contrast, again, his working-class villagers were free-and-easy.)[9]

Another privacy-rule is *don't look*: at someone who is in some kind of embarrassing posture. You yourself would be embarrassed to be gawked at; so (out of consideration) don't gawk. This will be mentioned again in the chapter on morality. The example is the crowd of onlookers after an auto accident. (Actually I don't know how many situations the *don't look* rule applies to, or how much disagreement and unclarity there is about the rule.)

Here is another kind of privacy. Arthur at the Clevelode Garage is a benefactor to Edna and to the village at large. His mission in life is to take care of Edna and the others, with respect to their automobiles. In the 1995 interviewing, Arthur was discouraged about oppressive EEC regulations and rising costs. It was a familiar small-businessman refrain. He didn't see how he could stay in business much longer. What made it particularly serious for Arthur, I think, is that he did not charge enough.

I urged Edna to do something, to head off the catastrophe of Arthur going out of business. She didn't respond. Later, after repeated urgings, she spoke to Arthur and took the first steps toward alerting his customers. This evidently was a major breach of his privacy. (As she had known it would be.) He seemed to have been mortified, that there would be general concern about an intimate detail of his life such as this. He assured her that everything was fine; he was fine; in other words, *stop*. So of course she did, and the matter was allowed to drift.

I think this illustrates a poignant conflict. People care, keenly, about each other. When one of them is experiencing a crisis, as with Edna during Cyril's six years of Alzheimer's disease, it must be painful for friends and neighbors to simply stand by. But the code of privacy means you must

be careful, restrained, about any interventions like this.

Jennifer Wase said: "We knew that the last thing Edna wanted..." during Cyril's illness – was any intrusion.

Patricia Jeynes said: "People are very proud... You let them know that you are there if help is needed..." – that is to say, if an occasion arises where they can bring themselves to ask for help. She herself finds it *extremely* difficult to ask for help.

Jennifer said: you "don't notice" that sort of embarrassing difficulty that some other person has; but then you jump in to help, of course, if you are invited in any way.

Modesty

Also related to the privacy code, perhaps: people were especially reticent about anything that might seem like boasting or bragging. When I first went out to interview, I hoped to proceed as I had done in my American and Canadian studies. I would find out about generous things people had done, by asking them and asking their friends. Edna said no, it wouldn't help to ask. They wouldn't tell, at least not about themselves. And so it was. To hear them tell it, they did nothing. Otherwise, people were hospitable and had some interesting things to say about other matters.

Gossip

Edna said the people do not gossip either. I was incredulous at this news. After some investigation I can report: this is not completely true. People *try* not to gossip. *Most* people try not to gossip. There are a few enthusiastic gossips.

(Gossip would be defined as saying things about another person that would upset that person if he knew.)

What we have here is a cultural rule against gossiping, with people following it more-or-less. Even villagers such as Edna and the Goodings and Wases, who try not to gossip, do make exceptions.[10] And I think the exceptions are governed by other rules and conventions as well.

An informant said: "We keep it close." Among friends, particular criticisms may be made, of certain selected people. Miss Skipp, Edna and Cyril's malevolent former neighbour, had been such a target. Among workers for the church, the vicar is sometimes an object for criticism. Among the caregivers, the outrageous old ladies whom they care for are targets also. Having listened through several of these gossip sessions, I've found them repetitive, and rather harmless and benign. Only a few limited things are said, usually in a joking tone. (Since the conventions of delicate speech

obtain, one cannot consciously and deliberately say anything mean.) This gossip, if one can call it that, sounds conventionalized.

Then there are the exceptional villagers who *are* malicious gossips; and they aren't restrained by any such constraints.

There is another kind of exception. Sometimes people talk about persons they know, who are not present. And this is "personal" talk, which ordinarily would be taboo: someone is acting depressed; or someone else doesn't seem to be very attentive to his ailing wife. The ladies are practiced at tiptoeing through conversation, keeping it bland, avoiding personal commentaries such as this. But sometimes, even for them, the temptation is too great. Again, people vary.

Sometimes the people come right up to the brink. As in other small communities, the villagers are intensely interested in each other. Local news is seized upon. Non-private news about someone, such as for example that a person has had to go to the hospital – this is eagerly exchanged. Also bad things can be said about outsiders – personages in the news, politicians, the EEC. (The European Economic Community.) As an example, after the invasion by thousands of ravers and New Age travelers onto Castlemorton commons (which is nearby), there was excited talk about the invaders' barbarities.

When talking about a fellow villager, a speaker may be led right up to the edge of a sensitive subject – something which *is* personal and negative. An example would be: a husband's poor reaction to his wife's serious illness, not being attentive to her. The speaker goes right up to the edge of that topic; and then no more is said. Listeners are left to finish that line of thought in their own minds.

If the line is crossed and something negative is said, then the speaker may hasten to excuse the behavior. "Well he must have so much on his mind these days. It has been hard for him too."

Outright, flagrant, malicious gossip is strongly disapproved. "Such bad form... embarrassing.... an affront to all the rules." But a few persons simply cannot resist. They are malicious gossips anyway.

Liz said that a remark about someone "which was really unkind" would only be made to one's husband. And she re-enacted this, with its careful language. "Don't you think that [X] is [something negative]?" "To your husband you say all those little things..." [that cannot be said to other persons]. Of course there is no way to know what the general rule is here, if there is one, as this all happens in private. My own guess is that some other couples are more careful in their talk, even with each other. If you censor what you can say even to yourself, to the point of blandness, then you might do that too in your conversation with your spouse.

Gossip-news, negative and uncomplimentary news about persons in

the village, tends not to travel. David Lockwood says of his years as vicar: "Terrible scandals went unknown." We were privy to two mildly scandalous stories, which seemed not to have spread beyond the persons who were involved; other people evidently didn't know about them. This is more evidence, we think, that the sanction against gossip has some effectiveness. The American and Canadian complaint about small communities – "everybody knows your business" – this seems not to be a problem in Clevelode.

In the next chapter – *The Dampening of Conflict* – one of the "dampeners," I think, is this rule against gossip. Enmities and feuds can really get rolling, if people can talk about each other and say bad things. If this is interdicted, then a damper is put on; feuds cannot gather momentum.

Following the Rules

"Meekly wait and murmur not."

People follow the rules right down to the T. In driving, waiting their turn, and elsewhere, they obey the rules for the situation, whatever those might be. An example is their conscientiousness about door-locking, which I found so inconvenient – locking the house, locking the garage, locking the car, going in and out, locking and unlocking, searching for the keys; all this, in their safe little village. There had been some burglaries, presumably by thieves who came in from the outside. But there was more to it than that. The police had spoken to them. The police "had asked us" to do this.

Conscientiousness about the rules, which we've seen in the children, evidently starts early in life. And it is fundamental to their good citizenship and the resulting trust in the village, as we'll see. In a way, it's nice to live among people who are such sticklers. But then the visitor himself runs afoul of the rules. Driving, I occasionally wandered slightly over the center-line; occasionally I cut the corner a bit, when turning; and that was wrong. Worse than that: I once misunderstood about the queue for beer at the pub, and I was scolded by the publican himself.

Their faithfulness to the rules is a bitter joke to the people, when it comes to the myriad regulations of the EEC (the European Economic Community), which so encumber the farmers and the small businessmen. The joke is: in England, the people will meticulously follow all these rules and restrictions, as the EEC bureaucrats continue to pile them on. The Belgians, French, Italians, whose nationals made the rules, will ignore them. A traveler to southern Europe told of a shop in which cheeses and meats were on display in the traditional style, uncovered. When this was pointed

out to the shopkeeper, he laughed: "Oh those rules are for the British."

Patiently waiting... murmuring not – in queues... and in other situations as well. Children wait in the doctors' waiting room. They wait and wait, as their mothers converse with each other, not bothering to try to entertain them. The children wait as their mothers do their shopping, deliberating at a shop's counter. British dogs, tied by their leashes in front of the library, in front of the supermarket, their masters nowhere in sight – they look soulfully up, but there is no appeal; they patiently wait. And dogs, waiting silently, dignified, crammed into a car. (There are, it is true, a few yippie little dogs for whom something went wrong. The good British training evidently didn't happen; or it didn't stick.)

The morality of fair play, not taking advantage, the wrongfulness of departing from the rules of the game – this lesson of childhood seems to have stuck. Similarly, for overall training in self-control, for children as well as for dogs.

Punctiliousness in meeting obligations, being painstaking not to disappoint, trustworthiness, conscientiousness– this is basic, I think, to other admirable features of the society. The moral code of good citizenship; the system of trust; civil society – owes much to this, I think.

Is this a "high-superego" populace? The people are strict with themselves. However they are lenient toward others.

Tolerance

> *"We don't worry about that none, that's just the way old Billy is."*[11]

One of our stereotyped images of the small community is that it is bigoted, narrow, intolerant. We think of Sinclar Lewis' *Babbitt*. Whether or not this might have been true at some time in the past, in the English village – no more; at least not here.

One looks in vain for signs of intolerance or nonacceptance – toward eccentrics, toward troublemakers, toward outsiders like myself; toward the newly-arrived unwed mums and new council-house people. Is this simply a matter of people being polite and discrete and monitoring what they say?

Perhaps, partly. We think there is a keen awareness of class differences. I'd guess that the people at the bottom of the class ladder are, especially, touchy about this subject. Yet I rarely discerned any signs of resentment toward the people who were "above" them. From the people "above," I almost never heard condescending comments. However, two families have been criticized for being snobbish. They have a hard time getting

gardeners.

More is involved, here, than just being discrete. I think the people are genuinely nonjudgmental. Furthermore, there are many signs of reaching-out. Repeated efforts were made, to involve the new mums in village life. The troublemakers and eccentrics who make special demands, are still invited in to village activities. The several mentally handicapped persons are treated with kindness and tact, both by children and by grown-ups.

> *A severely handicapped youth, in his twenties, lives in the village. He was taken to the Ewe and Lamb by Justin Jeynes and several other of the Young Farmers. He became frightened by the crowd and wanted to sit on someone's lap. Justin took him onto his lap. There was not a raised eyebrow from the bystanders.*

Thievery within the village – by villagers – is said to be extremely rare. We know of two cases. These two women, also, were tolerated to an amazing degree.

> *Mrs. X has gone on occasional shoplifting sprees. When this is discovered, the police go quietly to her house, collect the stolen items as best they can, and return them to the shops. We were told: no one had ever pressed charges; she was never punished, beyond this; and the awkward matter was kept quiet. Later we were told that she had finally been brought to trial.*

When the shoplifting stories came out, the people excused her. After all, she was having such a difficult time in her life at home.

In the other case, a domestic worker for old persons had been stealing from them. To victimize aged persons (who couldn't trust their memory, had they lost something or had it been stolen?) seemed, to me, a serious act of betrayal. But she, too, got a lot of sympathy in the village, and she was not ostracized.

Then there is the matter of alcoholism, which is rare, despite the pub-going and European-style drinking of wine and beer with meals.

Gordy Tum is the village drunk. He is also the pet of the village. ("Oh, Gordy's a gorgeous character!") He can be seen at the village green, and at Carole's shop. She tries to see that he has enough to eat after he has spent his money on drink. He also (of course) can be seen at the Ewe and Lamb. And, despite his unreliability, householders occasionally hire him for gardening work. Edna says, approvingly, "Gordy is a good gardener." If he had lived in an American city he would probably be in a homeless

shelter; or (in the recent past) on skid row; or, more likely, he would be dead by now. Here, he has lived his life comfortably in a council house, with his garden; and he is valued as one of the village characters.

A vignette: Gordy is at the village green, giving directions to some visitors. Wendy comes to the door of Carole's shop and calls for him: "Gordy!... Your coffee is ready."

Gordy is red-faced; he suffers periodically from gout; his liver is failing (from eating red runner beans, he says). "He's not short of help when he's ill." And he gets the normal full attention from the doctors at the Surgery.

The concert by the Welsh Male Choir, at the Wintergarden at Malvern, was an important fund-raising event. Much work had been done to sell tickets and prepare for it. We all were there. Gordy showed up with a crony. They were so drunk that they made a lot of noise, caused a disturbance, and were on the verge of being thrown out by the ushers. But Clifton Fletcher left the hall with them, put them in a taxi, and sent them home.

Eccentrics

Getting to know the village is to gradually become acquainted with the eccentrics. There are different kinds of them. Gordy exemplifies the out-in-the-open "characters." He is much in view. And as is perhaps typically British, the "characters" are prized, perhaps encouraged. Then there are eccentrics whom one never sees, who are recluses. One, a smoldering young man, with occasional outbursts of temper, is spoken of as "mental." He is, possibly, dangerous.

(An example of the British tolerance for eccentrics, to the point of encouraging them, is *The Daily Telegraph Book of Obituaries: a Celebration of Eccentric Lives.*[12] Upper-class people predominate in this book, perhaps because they felt more confidence and scope, to be odd.)

Then there are the troublemakers whom we will encounter in the next chapter; and the outlandish, demanding, old ladies – whom we will encounter too. These persons make considerable claims on the villagers. They, perhaps, are the truest test of their tolerance, they are treated with such patience.

Finally, there are a few persons who seem odd, "different" – at least to me. But this may be just my American perception. They, too, I

think, are a tribute to the people's broad-mindedness.

Trying to understand this, I had thought: we all must live within certain boundaries of conformity, in the way we look and act and seem to others. Here in the village, there is more leeway; the constraints are less.

Willa Cather has written about what a strain it was for her, to be "different," and to live under small-town scrutiny; and she was referring to her Nebraska home. I don't think there is a trace of that here.

With the greater permissiveness toward oddness and differentness – I don't believe mental illness figures very importantly as a reason for eccentricity. Probably for several of the eccentrics, like the smoldering young man, it plays a role. For others – I think they are simply giving their differentness free rein.

Social Tolerance

One way I aroused Edna's disapproval was by talking about social occasions, afterwards, and by talking to her about visits we had made to other people. If I said anything that was the least bit critical, this upset her greatly. At one time she said she wasn't going to introduce me to any more of her friends. This editing-out of anything negative, in comments about other people, and even in one's own private thoughts – I have criticized. But it has its positive aspect too. As Edna says, "You know that nobody is going to pick you apart."

In this tolerant, benevolent, even bland, milieu, people do not have to worry about rejection. You can relax. You are not going to be laughed at, snickered at, talked about. This is stating it in a crude and extreme form, whereas actually there are many subtle shadings and degrees of rejection. Rejection can occur without any overt impoliteness; nonetheless, it can be keenly felt. You simply don't fit in. What you say is somehow wrong.

This does admit to some exceptions. In the village as a whole, there are some persons who do say unkind things at times; so rejection is not totally unknown. (And in Britain as a whole, personal attack does occur – witness, the newspapers.) Nevertheless, I think, this is another cultural difference. For persons who (potentially) would not fit in, in some situations, this means a luxurious degree of social ease and trust. And I don't think this means just a few misfits. Most of us, maybe all of us, would benefit.

I myself, a product of another culture, have been on both sides of this: thinking and expressing negative thoughts about other people, and also, occasionally, feeling rejected (to varying degrees, sometimes subtle). To be freed of this would be a wonderful relief. – To be in a social gather-

ing and, at worst, to be an awkward misfit; but to know that others' attitudes are benign, accepting.

In this instance, I'll concede: the bland British style is best.

Haven for the Minimally Competent

As the village is a refuge for Gordy, and for handicapped persons, and for the shoplifter lady, it is very much so for a variety of faltering old persons. People of marginal competence can still live in this sheltering environment, even though they probably could not manage for themselves in the city. This is for several reasons, I think. The logistics are fairly easy, for getting around and getting what one needs. (There are two disadvantages. There is no bus service for shopping in nearby towns. And the little village shops do not carry everything a person would need.) On the other hand, shopping and getting around in the village makes few demands. Other people are not going to take advantage of them. Quite the contrary, there will be help and consideration from all sides. Carole's shop and post office will deliver pension checks and grocery staples to anyone who needs this, when they cannot come to the shop or when the weather is bad. Infirm old persons are the beneficiaries of all kinds of special attention. However, for elderly persons such as Edith Lamb and Miss Skipp, this is not enough. Some of them, as we'll see, are very hard to live with, and outrageous in their demands. And the demands are met. People treat this humorously and take care of them.

It is also a sheltering community for children, as we've seen.

Freudenburg comments, similarly, on community-wide caregiving for the minimally competent, the frail elderly, drunks, and so on, from his research in American small towns. This includes community-wide responsibility for the children.[13]

What Goes Into Civility

If this had been done by a different fieldworker, who talked to different informants, who was not helped by Edna, and who organized his observations under different concepts, using somewhat different words to describe the people's traits –then what might he have concluded? We can only guess. I think the overall drift would have been similar –*if* he had an insider-informant such as Edna to guide him. Otherwise he could not have penetrated very far.

"Very nice people," he might say. "A bit inhibited in some ways... Always ready to help..." And village life overall – a high degree of civility, or decency, or whatever he decided to call it.

Looking at the traits: some of them have no obvious connection to civility. This might be true for the people's secretiveness, and their modesty and need for privacy. With other traits such as tolerance and trying not to gossip, the connection to the civility of community life, overall, seems more clear. There is a sort of civility-core, with traits such as these; and then other more peripheral traits, and a few irrelevant traits.

Some of the traits we might have predicted, simply from the description of the child rearing. Fidelity to the rules is one of these. This isn't true for some of the other traits.

Some traits are certainly helpful for the dampening of conflict: hating to make a fuss, trying not to gossip, tolerance. Others of the traits have no obvious connection to peacekeeping in the community

Similarly for other aspects of village society. Trust is dependent on people following the rules. They *do*. You can count on them. So people are trusting of each other.

Many connections such as these could be made: between the way people are (or at least the way many of the people seem to be) and the way society works – the social arrangements. To trace such connections would be a speculative exercise. I will not go any farther with it.[14] However I think there are many such connections.

Just to summarize once more, how I imagine the causal connections to be: there is a certain amount of flow, from childrearing, to how the children are, to adults' traits, to various social arrangements which we will review in the chapters to come.

There are implicit codes and rules that most people (with some disagreement and differences) try to follow. There is also an underlying moral code that is important in all this. So, the traits are partly a product of socialization; and they are "held in place" on a scaffolding of social rules. A moral code underlies the social rules.

For the topic of the next chapter, *The Dampening of Conflict*, the personal trait, hating to make a fuss, seems a beginning point. The people – most of the people –hate to make a fuss. Also they are very tolerant; and most of them try not to gossip. Then there are further social arrangements that help to keep the peace. Most of the potential conflicts that do arise, are diverted, nipped in the bud. In other words, to explain the peaceableness within the village, I would start with these personal traits. Then I would add these other peace-keeping customs.

CHAPTER EIGHT. THE DAMPENING OF CONFLICT

"What does civility have to do with the civil society? ...Civil manners contribute in many situations to the peaceful working of the institutions of civil society and to the relations between them. The absence of civil manners introduces an unsettling effect on institutions. ...

A society possessing the institutions of civil society needs a significant component of ordinary citizens and politicians who exercise the virtue of civility. How large must that component be? How much civility does a liberal democratic society need to be a civil society? Where in the society must civility be located?

Of no society can it be expected that all its citizens will have a very high degree of civility ... ...civility... is probably unevenly distributed within any society. There are some persons in whom civility preponderates; there are others in whom it is usually at low ebb."

–Edward Shils[1]

There are a number of possible reasons for the peace and harmony in the village. One is: the people are so averse to angry confrontation that they back away from it at any cost.

Edna disagrees with this – with "at any cost." But you can see what you think, after you have heard some stories.

Another explanation is: conflict is minimized by the people's tolerance, and by a number of cultural rules or codes. These are: try not to gossip; no niggling, don't criticize the leader and the leader's decisions after the decisions have been made; don't retaliate when attacked; and "no hard feelings, nothing personal" when there is a disagreement. These codes are real enough for some persons, such as Edna; but other people don't follow them and do not even recognize them as rules of behavior. But they are followed enough to help keep the peace; these, along with the people's reluctance to say something unpleasant and start an argument.

One place for community conflict is within committees, councils, and deliberative bodies. For the village, this would be the parish council, the parochial church council (the PCC), the governing boards for the schools; and the leadership and committees for the PTA, the British Legion, the Women's Institute (the WI), the Women's Fellowship, and the Senior Residents' Club. Leaders of these groups – such as Edna herself – have ways of heading off conflict, not letting it get rolling. This helps, too, in keeping things peaceful.

The village does not have a perfect record for peace and tranquillity. For one thing, there are a few troublemakers and *provocateurs* who do not have the usual inhibitions about making a fuss. These people have to be dealt with; and they are. And it is interesting, how this is done.

The deliberative bodies and committees, the parish council and the like, are where people *bring* their controversies. These might be thought of as nodes for trouble. Hence the importance of leaders' skills, in disarming conflict before it blossoms into feud and factions.

Outside the village, back home, we can look around us and see social arrangements that *invite* conflict. They encourage feuding and battles over personal turf. Universities, with all their committees, seem to me to be organized so as to encourage squabbling.

This is an example of structural reason for conflict. It is social organization that invites conflict. That is to say, it encourages not only disagreement and controversy, but also some "hard feelings," clash between persons. Maybe we can never get away from this completely, since there always will be some kinds of committees and councils. But one might ask: is *all* of this necessary? Are the provocations to conflict, which are in the *organization* of the village (or, in other examples, in the organization of a university or whatever) – are these all necessary? Are they really worth the trouble? For Clevelode, there is one institution which I think is not worth the trouble; but I'll say no more about this.

However, looked at overall, the village is not organized for conflict and disputation, the way (it seems to me) our universities are. In addition, most of the people will bend over backwards, trying to be civil. And finally there are these extra peace-keeping measures.

So in the pages to come, I'll give examples of people running away from confrontation. And we will also examine ways of handling disagreements, keeping them from escalating. This is not an easy subject to investigate. The people will tell about what they do to avoid conflicts, or to minimize them. But there is some reluctance at describing the fights themselves. Also, the deliberative bodies meet behind closed doors. Battles over church affairs, for example, within the PCC, can be kept secret.

I went looking for conflict. I inquired for stories about it. With all that was happening in the village – the events that were being planned, the committees, the organizations such as the Women's Institute, in addition to the governing boards and parish council – there must be many chances for disagreement. Some people must be thwarting other people. There must be enmities out there somewhere.

As Patricia Jaynes had said, about her own term as Women's Insti-

tute chairman: anyone in any office has to either displease someone or walk a tightrope down the middle and try not to take positions on issues. Some past WI leaders evidently did try to do this. They went out of their way so as not to offend anyone. Very unpopular practices in the WI, such as the endless business meetings, went on through the years and were never changed, probably for fear of offending someone. So the ladies continue to sit through these boring and interminable announcements; and they grumble; but it goes on.

From my studies of voluntary organizations in Canada and America, I had come to expect conflict within the leadership. People who work hard and invest their lives in, say, the League of Women Voters, come to have a personal stake in its policies. When opinions differ, sometimes this does degenerate into a personal clash. Edna at first claimed that this didn't happen in Clevelode. Differences of opinion did not lead to fights. Instead, the leaders searched for a way to ease around disagreements and disharmonies between individuals. There were no power struggles. There was no backbiting.

I could not imagine that all of this was true. Then how could she believe it? – I think for a two-fold reason. First: it really did come near the truth. The proceedings of the organizations were remarkably mild. Edna herself had been one of those leaders who knew how to disarm potential conflict, nip it in the bud.

Also, a certain amount of denial comes into play. People sometimes are (ostensibly) unaware of conflict, even when they are right in the middle of it. Charles Gooding, who has been the most important organizer of events in recent years, was unaware of any trouble. I *know* he has been embroiled in some unpleasantness. Maybe it is a matter of definition of terms; he didn't consider the conflicts he had been caught up in, as "conflict" or "trouble" or "unpleasantness." I don't know. Similarly, Nigel Field, who has been the target for some resentment, since he has been Planning chairman and has held other offices over the years, claimed to be unaware of any personal hard feelings.

As persons may not "see" that anything has happened, so they might not retaliate or confront, explaining this as beneath their dignity. Edna says that some (potential confrontations), many people think, are "not worthy of" making a fuss about, or getting upset about. So they don't give them cognizance. I have seen her do this herself. Something has obviously upset her. But when I ask about it she says it "is nothing, not worth saying anything about, not worth getting upset about."

Liz said that women, especially, learn to react to provocation as if it were not happening. "Women are brought up to avoid confrontation. It

is not seemly to get openly angry. So they learn to dissemble, to put up with a bad situation." [As to why the Women's Institute cannot make a rule to limit the long, boring business announcements:] "Sometimes I think they're talking to a lot of puddings really." [– that is, to an audience that just sits there and doesn't respond, doesn't object to anything.]

To give the flavor of the fierce battles that rage within the Women's Institute, power struggle, ego clash – when Pat Jeynes became the WI chairman, she came up against Ethel Bullock who had been chairman of the catering committee. Ethel Bullock had her own way of doing things, and she was upset by tiny changes that Pat and her co-workers were making. She objected that a hot dinner was being served at a March affair – contrary to tradition, in the past it had always been a cold dinner. And she objected, during the food-preparations: "But you're not buttering the corners!" All this came to a head, there was a vote, Ethel lost, and Pat went ahead with the new regime. Ethel was asked to help with the next WI dinner, but she declined.

So how did it turn out? There was no more trouble. Ethel Bullock continued to come to meetings; everyone was pleasant; there were no more flare-ups.

Here (below) are the stories of conflict which I was told. Since people have this tendency to deny trouble, or to minimize it, and if possible to ignore provocations – perhaps things are a little worse than this. But this is what I was told:

The PTA had been trying for several years, to get the parish hall committee to allow parents to park on the parish hall grounds, next door to the school. Pat thought this was the biggest and most serious conflict in her twenty years in the village. It seemed an unimportant little spat to me. However, both sides were inflamed, the parents believing that their children's safety was at stake. There are different versions of what went wrong and who was at fault (as is usually the case). I suspect that mishandling of the conflict is partly to blame. At the beginning, a wise leader would have found a way around it. Normally, I think, this would have happened. Something went wrong this time.

The threat of a new housing estate being built in the village, comes up periodically. This is serious business. It moves people to turn out for the parish council meeting (which they wouldn't do otherwise), or to drive up to the district council meeting, wherever the builder's application is being argued. Some council members bear scars from these meetings. When Andrea Ball was the parish council chairman, she endured a long siege of abuse from a council-house resident. What he objected to was: new council houses were being proposed – near *his* council house. The

bombardment from this man went on and on – phone calls at home, accusations at meetings. But she never responded in kind (so the story goes). The issue finally passed into history. (The building plan was finally defeated. Later a *worse* building plan was put in its place.) Her term as chairman came to an end, life went on. There was no retribution.

This is *don't retaliate*, which is one of the ways for preventing feuds. Or as Edna says: "Don't lower yourself to his level."

There were several other cases like this, in which the injured party did not respond (so the story goes), and as a result, nothing much happened. One of these was a land deal; people kept on being friendly. It was as if the people had no way of dealing with such a situation, so they went on as if nothing had happened. (Edna objects: "That isn't true. We *do* have a way of dealing with the situation. *That* is our way of dealing with it.")

Here is another case in which people were being taken advantage of; and they seemed at a loss. A fund-raising committee was presented with a large (and unjustified) financial demand, by an outgoing official. It was his final meeting; they had bought a present for him; and then he sprang this demand on them. To comply would mean that their charity fund-raising efforts – all their work, the money which people had given – would simply go to this official. They were aghast. They were embarrassed. They complied. This, too, is a strange case, hard to understand. It is as if the committee members were disarmed. They were suddenly and unexpectedly thrust into this confrontation-situation; and they couldn't stand up to it.

There was one other public policy issue that people told about – the recent closing of the nearby incinerator – and a few other stories about the inner workings of the organizations and committees; and a few spats between individuals. Liz cast her memory back, to "silly little feuds" such as an old argument between the fishing club and the Sea Scouts over use of the quay on the River Severn. Gwyneth spoke of "little hiccups, the occasional person takes umbrage, disappears [from a committee which is planning something] if their suggestion isn't taken up."

These are all conflicts that came up within the committees and organizations and governing councils. To turn to fights which occurred outside these:

There were a number of family feuds. These were all *within* families – that is to say, within extended families or between in-laws. None were reported, *between* extended families. I think this might be unusual for a small community. No reports, might be simply because this did occur but it was not reported.

There was also the trouble that revolved around the troublemakers – soon to be discussed.

Then there were a few disputes between neighbors; and neighbor-provocations, which (because of the other neighbor's restraint) did not lead to disputes. This could be considered a "structural" basis for conflict in the small community; or in any community. There just will be some jurisdictional clashes between neighbors.

As to the stories about obnoxious neighbors: Edna and Cyril had Miss Skipp next door. She was legendary. "She would have a row with anybody. She caused us much amusement." Andrea Ball once had a contentious neighbor who feuded with another neighbor. Several other people had really terrible neighbors. But typically, these persons never complained, never responded to the instigations from next door. In three cases that we know of, the people's health or safety was being threatened. Perhaps they should have complained to the authorities, but they never did. In two of the stories, the neighbors had to go inside and shut the windows, and not use their gardens, because of the disturbance from next door.

People explained why actual complaining was so rare. Liz said, "If you win, you've lost." Clifton Fletcher said, "In the end you have to live with your neighbors." Here they were talking about – not standing up to a next-door neighbor – but rather, defending their rights within the village. The rationale for neighbor-appeasement seemed to extend to the village as a whole.

There are genuine divisive issues. Neighbors do have their real clashes. On the serious matter of new housing being built: as upsetting as this is, some people have reason to favor it. (It means their grown children will have a better chance to find a house and live in the village.) Office-holders cannot always avoid a decision that will thwart someone – as with Pat's example of tiptoeing down the middle, in the Women's Institute. Nigel Field said that the parish council had to deal with about one serious issue per year. Sometimes these could be deferred, postponed, disarmed; but for some, divisive conflict within the village could not be avoided.

The dispute between the PTA and the parish hall committee, over parking, is an example of such a dispute that gathered momentum. No early settlement was reached. As time passed, factions formed; more and more people were dragged in. There were protracted angry meetings. The combatants became more and more committed to their points of view. In the village, people ordinarily try to disagree amicably – "no hard feelings." And this was described for this dispute also. However, try as they might, this gave way to "things getting personal." An informant said that this PTA dispute "divided the village."

And how was it resolved? The PTA stopped trying; there was a lull; then election time came up for the parish hall committee. A few new

members were voted in who were more amenable. And the problem was over.

Nigel Field said that this was an example of waiting for time to pass, in order to resolve or even eliminate a conflict. If the PTA had been more patient, maybe much of the fighting could have been avoided.

(This process, of a dispute escalating into a community conflict, between factions, has been beautifully described by James Coleman.[2] Coleman's cases were American school board disputes.)

Karen Leigh, the vicar, spoke of the troubles in the various parishes she had worked in. She said: the vicar, of all people, knows about conflicts in the community. (David Lockwood agreed.) Sometimes, you yourself are the object of hard feelings. At other times you just hear about the complaints. Clevelode is very peaceful compared to other communities she has known. But, she said, suppressed conflict and the potential for conflict – it is there.

Karen thought that the harmony in the village, and the civility, was precious. She believed it would be "easy to shatter." Looking at their methods for peace-keeping, and the lengths people will go to, to avoid a fight, we would disagree. On the other hand, there is a cleavage now within the community, between the newly-arrived council-house people, and the other villagers. Nothing much has happened yet. This cleavage, two subcommunities, might be a basis for serious conflict in the future; but not so far.

(As far as small communities in general are concerned: Freudenburg has analyzed, the advantage small *homogeneous* communities have, for peaceful cooperation; but how, when newcomers enter the village, this creates a cleavage that can be the basis for community conflict.[3] This is just the situation in Clevelode.)

It could be that Clevelode is not necessarily typical of English villages, when it comes to its peaceableness. One of the neighboring villages is said to be so conflict-ridden that community projects can hardly get done. The necessary cooperation and trust has been undermined.

Troublemakers

Now we come to those village characters who are actually inclined to *make* trouble. Perhaps all communities have a few personalities such as these. One problem for the Civil Society is how to deal with them. Under a repressive regime, they can be kept down by terror; or, they themselves might become part of the terror apparatus. Here in our tolerant village, people have adapted to them. They do a small amount of damage. Several of them do good.

I'll just arbitrarily sort the troublemakers into a high-to-low scale, based on stories about them that I have been told. At the top of the scale are three vengeful old ladies, now deceased, whose memory lives on; also Andrea Ball's attacker and her feuding neighbor; and an irascible man who has recently moved back into the village. There are probably a few others who could be put here – prickly personalities – whom I don't know much about. Finally there is a farm family it is best to stay away from. They had so terrorized a neighbor that she moved away. One of them "took a shotgun to" walkers on the public footpath which runs through their farm.

Somewhat below them on this arbitrary scale, are a number of good citizens who have been active in community affairs, trying to do good, who nevertheless get angry and depart from the rules of civility. They seem to revel in a fight. At least they don't shrink from it. Since they have been part of the village's leadership, they have brought this into the committee meetings. Discussion of differing points of view crossed the line into "getting personal" – with a vengeance.

Below these on the scale: two "awkward" women with sharp tongues, who are also valued as contributors to the village. "Mrs. X has rubbed me raw... But she's a good soul." There is also a genuinely awkward woman, not sharp-tongued, who causes trouble with her clumsiness.

At the bottom of the scale are two women who are over-eager to help, rush in, have a tendency to take over, and have to be dealt with, with tact. "You do have to be patient with these funny people."

This is all very arbitrary, of course. And I'm sure we have missed a few. But the important thing is not the identities of the troublemakers, or even what they do, but the fact that the village does have a few; and people accommodate to them.

Most of these persons work on projects for the village, and they are appreciated for what they do. I had wondered what it was like for these people; especially, for those persons who had served on committees, who had been part of the leadership. They are fighters; yet nearly all the persons around them wouldn't respond to provocations. What can they do? For one thing, they can still fight each other. (One rule of leadership of, say, the Women's Institute, is: "be sure to put Mrs. X and Y on different committees." Sometimes the fighters can be kept separate, like this; but at other times they do collide.)

One of these persons talked to us about what it was like. She said she stands up for what she believes in, but she has suffered for this. She gets very upset; she might be unable to sleep on the night before a meeting. Another one of this group seems to be invigorated by the excitement.

But both of them seemed embittered now. Both have withdrawn in disgust from the offices they once held.

Sitting at the Ewe and Lamb with the village's most prominent complainer, I listened to his litany of grievances, and his re-telling of old arguments from the past. This parish council member, and that one: what villains they were, what harm they had done. And this tradesman: he was a bad person too. As far as we could determine, these were one-sided feuds. The other side was not feuding back.

Edna likens the position of fighters to "hitting your head on a feather pillow." Personal defamation, like this, is nevertheless very upsetting to people. It goes against the code, never to let disagreement become "personal."

"He would shout in a meeting, get personal, get nasty... I used to get jittery before a meeting."

Liz described the depth of people's horror at talk of this sort. She and her husband visit friends in Switzerland. This Swiss couple has screaming arguments. She described how she and her husband would cringe away, try to disappear, during these times. Then the next morning everything was fine; they had made up. This was simply a cultural difference; to people like themselves, talk like this was a very serious thing.

The "awkward" people don't seem to be very upset by any offense they have caused. Sometimes they are probably fairly oblivious to any trouble.

When hurtful things are said, people try not to be offended. They laugh it off if they can. [Mrs. X] "...rubs me raw. But she's a good soul." "It's just her way." "She didn't mean anything." "It's just old [X]. That's the way he is. I can get along with him just fine." Or, in reaction to downright malevolence: victims of Miss Skipp seem to have shared a certain camaraderie. They exchanged their stories and laughed about them.

Avoidance is another method of dealing with a troublemaker. People stay out of the way. Also yielding, giving him his way; it's easiest – as with potential trouble between neighbors. But avoidance does not go so far as ostracism. Persons might step lightly out of the way of the "loose cannon," and avoid confrontation. But the troublemakers are still invited to gatherings. They are not excluded.

One of the "awkward" women is blunt and contentious, a "character" – people laugh and make allowances for her – but she is also competent. She can organize events and manage money for an organization. She is called on to do fairly important jobs. People are willing to put up with her abrasiveness. Partly, I think, this is because her particular sort of talent is in rather short supply. If she won't do it, then whom else could

they get? They could probably get someone eventually; but for the big jobs, sometimes recruitment is not easy.

(As the Roger Barker group in Kansas has shown: in a small town or a small high school, personnel is in short supply to do all the things that have to be done by someone. Musicians in the school band, players on the basketball team, whatever; if you can't get the people, then you cannot even *have* a band or a team. Therefore people are urged to participate. Shortcomings are overlooked. Everyone is needed. So with the "awkward" persons in the village: this is an extra reason to include them. However, the people are so tolerant, they would probably welcome them in anyway.)[4]

To conclude with the troublemakers: we really have different types of people here; and, probably, they make for different kinds of trouble. There are inconsiderate neighbors; and the blunt and "awkward" persons, who give offense, seemingly without realizing it; and people who show their anger and are abusive during meetings; and, one could probably mention other types. I think Clevelode is fortunate in that it doesn't have any *really* bad troublemakers. In a neighboring town, and in a village that is also nearby, there were troublemakers who were more formidable. These persons were extremely active in the community. They went to meetings, and they raised objections, and were obstructive, and made life miserable for the leaders. A truly formidable troublemaker, such as this, can get in the way of a community doing its necessary business, and make it harder to get persons who are willing to hold office.

To summarize, reasons why the village is relatively peaceful: hating to make a fuss, or to offend anyone, seems to be at the heart of it. Most people, it seems, will put up with a lot in order to avoid confrontation. And this majority of persons is able to absorb those odd persons who are different.

A fuss is so upsetting; better to yield and avoid it. Edna says, "We so hate to make a scene, we would rather yield and keep the peace, than win an argument." So the people yield; and they don't argue back. She describes a major committee that she and Jennifer and others of her friends have sat on. In a typical scene, the leader chatters on and on. The others sit silently. They all disagree with the leader – totally. But no one raises her voice to let the leader know about it. They suffer the tiresome monologue. "But we're not getting steamy about it."

The dampening of competitiveness, as with the description of the children in school, may also play some part in the suppression of conflict. – People tend not to stand up and defend their turf.

In North America, conflict within organizations seemed (to me) to

be, sometimes, ego-driven, power struggle. I suspect that there is a bit of this in the village – but less. This is conjecture, of course.

Then there is tolerance – as with the handling of the troublemakers – refusing to be offended, laughing it off instead. This helps, also, in the suppressing of conflict.

Trying not to gossip helps too. This keeps a potential conflict from gathering momentum.

Good management within the organizations can head off conflict. Don't put Mrs. X and Y on the same subcommittee. Look ahead and nip trouble before it has a chance to get started. Make sure it doesn't start from misunderstanding and poor communication. Find a way to satisfy both sides of a potential dispute. Find face-savers; be tactful; even be insincere. I have seen Edna nodding in agreement to a speech that I know she disagreed with. Later, she will find a way around that suggestion or demand; or at times she will yield.

This is the "feather pillow" approach. Yield, don't resist, be polite. There are stories of newcomers to the village and to the organizations, who were gradually tamed down, finally fitted in, after an earlier difficult period. Their socialization to how things were done in the village was gentle.

Finally, one thing the leaders do to avoid trouble is: refrain from deciding about anything that is apt to offend someone. So, to repeat, year after year, the Women's Institute continues to suffer through the boring recitations of skittles scores and the like, at the beginnings of their meetings, rather than reform their agenda and shorten the "business report."

No niggling

> *"Quiet moans and groans. Whispers of outrage."*
>
> – David Lockwood

When I raised this topic – not second-guessing a decision or a leader – Karen, thinking of her vicar's meetings, said oh yes, it was such a relief to be here in Clevelode parish. Decisions can be made and people accept them. This is the first PCC she has had where a decision is debated, considered, finally decided on; and then when the council members get outside they don't rehash it and unmake the decision they have just made. – And where people don't complain once the decision has been made.

Edna agreed: people abide by what the leaders decide, and support the leaders they have chosen. It is bad form to criticize. This is a matter of loyalty. You don't ask someone to take responsibility, and then not back them up. Besides, today one of her friends might be in charge of

something; tomorrow she herself will be in charge of something else. They need to support each other. It was right that they support each other. (This refers mainly, I think, to persons supporting each other in their charity work, as described in the *Jam and Jerusalem* chapter.) Liz amplified on this. She spoke of webs, networks, of loyalties, old loyalties from the past, "like spider webs," connecting clusters of people.

However, there *was* grumbling and criticism about policy decisions that had been made. The parish council clerk said that there was a lot of this *after* a decision had been reached. "Local people get excited and complain among themselves." But, she said, they seldom come to meetings and put their arguments before the council. Other persons also described grumbling of this sort, about other committees' decisions.

Evidently some people didn't share Edna's ethical principle about supporting the leaders and not second-guessing them. They might not criticize to a person's face, or put forward an objection at the appropriate formal meeting; but they did grumble, outside the meetings. People gave us examples.

The vicars, past and present, also spoke of persons who didn't object when the decision was being made, but who did grumble, privately.

(Quiet moans and groans.)

A few persons also spoke of "backbiting" within organizations such as the Legion. This must mean saying negative things about persons, behind their backs.

(Whispers of outrage.)

How Feuds are Avoided

Feuding must be extremely common in small communities – even in some of the English villages. It is interesting that we hear of it, even in a couple of the villages that are nearby. One neighboring village is said to have a history of trouble. Another, maybe twenty-five miles away, is reported to be torn by discord. These villages must have some of the same cultural elements that have gone into making Clevelode such a peaceful place. But this has not been enough to save them. I imagine feuding, factions with lasting bitterness, to be a process, an unraveling. Clevelode has been spared this. Karen thought that Clevelode's peace and harmony was "precious," and that it could be easily shattered. We disagreed, being mindful of all the peace-keeping mechanisms. But then Karen, in her career, has come to know other villages much better than we have.

From my readings in the ethnographic literature, I know, blood feuds were so common in the primitive societies. They went on and on,

vengeance by one side necessitating a balancing act of vengeance from the other side. In small communities of our own Western society (which are not so well reported), I know, long-lasting enmities can also occur; and they can drag in more and more people, entire families, factions.

And there are milder forms, and more in the way of personal enmities rather than large conflicts between factions. There is not-speaking. Liz and Edna agreed that there was none of this in Clevelode. I think that things were not quite this perfect; there must be some milder forms of personal avoidance and dislike. But the lasting, bitter feuds had been avoided. Maybe someday, a dispute like the PTA/parking controversy will set off something like this, and then Clevelode will be peaceful no more. But then again, maybe not.

Feuds can be headed off by not retaliating, as with Andrea's long-suffering patience with her attacker; and as with the lack of response to the defamations by the "leading complainer." This is one factor, preventing feuds. Liz and several other informants, discussing this, brought out more.

Evelyn Pink, who had been a party to the PTA/ parking lot dispute, had described how, on the day after a stormy meeting, she had greeted a leader of the opposition. (This had been Carole, who was on the school's board of governors and who took the side of the PTA.) Evelyn started talking to Carole in a friendly manner, as if nothing were wrong. This is the "no hard feelings,""don't get personal" approach, which the people try to keep to. Yes, Liz said. "People compartmentalize disagreements. They might not agree on something, which might even be important. But – you *know* that person. She is a good person. You like her."

(In Coleman's description of the process by which controversy becomes a fight between factions, this would be a turning point. People in a faction talk to each other more, and they tend to avoid persons in an opposing faction.[5] Continuing to talk to the people on the other side, respecting each other's humanity, would be to resist this process of polarization. Hence the importance of "no hard feelings, nothing personal, I *know* her, she is a *good* person.")

We discussed instances in which persons made no response to attack, occasions where they were clearly wronged but they did not complain – and this no-response had headed off any conflict. "Yes, you don't complain unless maybe you are close to tears. You try not to complain." And we discussed near-problems between neighbors. One neighbor had infringed upon another. But the wronged party had not complained. So there was no conflict. Perhaps the neighbor who was at fault didn't even realize that anything was wrong.

This led to a discussion of complaining – what happens, then, when

a person does complain. Maybe our friend Orin Sadler is right about assertiveness training: if you don't want to get stepped on, you have to speak up. However, I wonder how many married couples, for example, can do this between themselves, and have it be a constructive process.

One of them speaks up; the other answers; the back-and-forth begins. Sooner or later, one or the other says something critical or hurtful. The other person counter-attacks, perhaps as a defense against blame. (As with: it's not my fault, you started it.) And the discussion degenerates from there. There are ways to get out of this, once it has begun; but this is not easy.

The rule, *don't retaliate*, not only prevents feuds; at a "micro" level, in daily encounters, it can keep this interactive process from getting started. Liz said: "What it's all about [the principle to strive for] is: try to deflect, to absorb, [an angry attack], rather than [strike back] and generate all that energy, that indignation." In other words, don't let that back-and-forth process, leading to entrenched positions, get started.

Here is a vignette:

> *The Surgery's waiting room has books and toys for children. Two little boys, aged about three and two, are waiting with their mother. They have discovered the books and they are leafing through the pages and looking at pictures. A slightly older boy, maybe four, sits with his family and watches them. He comes over, joins in. Shortly he grabs up all the books, takes them away, holds them in his arms, stands, challenging. During all this he never speaks; neither do the two little boys; neither do the parents, not a word. The two little boys step back, look at him quizzically, hesitate. Then they go over to the toys-pile and begin playing with toys. The older boy stands, clutching the books. Finally he drops the books, goes back, sits down.*

"The Tall Tree Catches the Wind"

One problem for democratic society is that office-holders and leaders need to be protected from abuse. (And of course, in national politics – in Britain even moreso than in America – they are *not* protected.) Protection from abuse means, first of all, that they are reasonably civil to each other – as with Uslaner's description of the old-time norm of civility in the U.S. Congress. If the norm of good manners really breaks down, then this interferes with the necessary business getting done.[6]

But really more is required than good manners. People can sit

across the table from each other, coldly hostile, but well-mannered. There may be no way to completely eliminate this. If some modicum of trust remains, there can still be some cooperation, and business can go forward. However, *bad* manners and insults do inflame hostility and make it worse. If the proceedings are kept civil, then people may disagree without viewing the opposition as the anti-Christ. Polarization is less extreme.

Office-holders also need some protection from abuse from the public. (And from the press.) The kind of treatment that Mr. Clinton and Mr. Blair and Mr. Major and Mr. Trudeau have received, in recent times, must surely have distracted them from doing their jobs and making wise decisions. Besides, who would, knowingly, step into such a position and become a public whipping-boy? Perhaps someone could always be found. But other worthy persons would decline.

In the civil society that Shils describes, there is a norm of good manners and consideration for others, which prevents this kind of abuse. Leaders are civil to each other most of the time. And they are treated with reasonable kindness by the public. So they can do their jobs without this distraction – making allowance for a few flaws, some enmities, a bit of incivility here and there.

So how does Clevelode stand with respect to this? I think, pretty much as Shils describes.

Going into the fieldwork, I had the expectation that persons in high position would draw some attacks upon themselves. They are more likely to be the objects of envy. And decision-makers must occasionally thwart other people. Even timorous Women's Institute officers, as in Patricia Jeynes' example, trying to tiptoe down the middle of the road and avoid taking positions, so as not to offend anyone – even they must occasionally come up against the Ethel Bullocks. So I expected more criticism of Nigel Field, the longtime chairman of the planning committee of the District Council, who had figured in countless decisions involving new building – or decisions not to build – facilitating for some persons, frustrating others. Similarly for Sir Brendan. And I expected some criticism and gossip and stories of past troubles, to revolve around the vicar, simply because the vicar played a part in so many community decisions. ("God help the vicar!") Also the parish council members and chairmen, past and present, and the schools' governing boards, and officers of other groups such as the Legion and the WI.

What I found was this: the few gossips in the village did tend to target one or another of these personages. And stories of past troubles? I was not told too many of these stories; they were no doubt under-reported. Stories that were told, tended to be about these people. (And they also tended to be about the troublemakers.)

The main reason for public controversy, and attacks on leaders, was the threat of new building. The parish council had had its occasional flare-ups when a new building plan was brought before it; as with the occasion when Andrea Ball was attacked. Nigel Field said, about his (higher) planning position: "You get a lot of protests from everybody, you can't please everybody." He said his "telephone never stopped ringing" on the night before a decisive meeting. But he said he had experienced very little personal unpleasantness. "A few nasty phone calls" was all, he said, that he could remember. Evidently people disagreed, tried to persuade him, and perhaps they complained about him behind his back or outside the meetings; but they rarely insulted him to his face.

The parish council clerk said, similarly, about the Clevelode parish council: discussion was civil, calm, not heated. They didn't stoop to personal abuse. As with the Gilbert and Sullivan refrain – "Never?... Well, hardly ever" – there had been occasions where that line had been crossed. We have those several parish council members, in the past, who had gotten carried away, who could not conform to the civility code; and we also have the story of attacks from the audience upon Andrea Ball.

For the parochial church council: Charles Gooding says that people are always polite; the civility code is always followed. There have been tensions and clashes within the PCC. But evidently, no matter what, people were polite.

So it seems that the deliberative bodies had been decorous in their proceedings, and this protected their members from unpleasantness – with the occasional breakdown of the code.

Outside the meetings, however – after the meetings had been adjourned and the decisions had been made – the "quiet moans and groans" could be heard. The parish council clerk complained about this, for the decisions of the parish council. Also, grumblings, lingering resentment – these tended to trail after the leading personages of the village.

How heavy was this burden of enmity, on the community's leaders? Some of them, such as Andrea, had had their bad times. But overall it was not too great, I don't think – not too great, if one accepts that this is a necessary price a person pays for holding high office.

What we don't know very much about are the private clashes between them, in their committee meetings. Most of the political dramas are behind closed doors. The decision-makers are in a realm of their own, beyond the reach of us ordinary folk. David Lockwood said, for his years as vicar: protracted conflict had been played out, and persons lived with enmities, carried their arguments against each other through the committee meetings, over the years; and the public at large never knew.

How much of this was there? How much should be added, to the few complaints and stories that I heard? I don't know.

How great a price have people paid, personally, for holding public office? I'd guess that several were unlucky; but for most of them it has not been too bad. They have not had to suffer very much, from abuse from the public at large.

Then how has Clevelode escaped what has happened to our national leaders? It looks as if the norm of civility, and all the things we've been reviewing, here, which keep conflict down, have protected our village's office-holders as well. Also the village, being small and inconspicuous, escapes the attentions of the national press; and it doesn't even have party politics. (The Tories are active in the county; but in the village, people don't stand for the parish council as party representatives. They are asked – please – to stand; usually unopposed; and they don't represent a party.)

CHAPTER NINE. A NONVIOLENT SOCIETY.

The potential for violence is here in England, as it probably is everywhere. It comes out at particular times and places – as with the soccer riots. However, for whatever reason, this is a relatively nonviolent society. England has evolved to this peaceable condition, out of a more violent past.[1] It is too bad that no useful conclusions can be drawn from the lack of violent crime, that could be applied back home in America: just how does one reduce the rate of violence?

(England doesn't allow the public to own hand guns, and this must help. But this might be too much to hope for in America. Also it is not the entire answer. Not all nonviolent countries ban guns. And actually, quite a bit is known, now, about violence in America, and its causes, and – theoretically – what might be done about it.)[2]

Unfortunately, observations in Clevelode do not help with this question of how to reduce violence. However, as to the *results* of nonviolence – some of the results are obvious. People can relax. Women can walk after dark. If you see a group of loud, unruly-looking youths, you need not avoid them; you can walk right through them. Children are safe from abduction or attack.

Pip Osbourne and her mother can, by themselves, take charge of the Ewe and Lamb, no matter how boisterous the crowd. Motorcycle strangers come in off the highway. No matter, it is still safe.

> *One evening while the folk singers were singing, a deranged and drunken patron was making a disturbance. He seemed on the verge of being out of control. He interrupted the musicians. They finally shouted at him to shut up. But he was tolerated, as is typical. Mrs. Osbourne talked to him in motherly fashion, told him he shouldn't interrupt.*

I ask Pip: couldn't she use a man on duty, to protect her? At first she doesn't understand the question. I ask: hasn't there ever been an incident? (Pause.) No, there hasn't. One customer does get very drunk; then he goes to sleep. People help him home. If anyone ever did become threatening – she laughs at the unlikely thought – she supposes the other customers would take care of it. Later, Constable Finnian agreed with what she had said.

The police benefit enormously because the threat of violence is gone. Police play a helper role, rather than an enforcer role. Not being potential targets, they don't have to be on the defensive.[3] People come to

them for various kinds of assistance.

Delivering Meals on Wheels, we got lost. We went to the Upton station and the officer in charge, who was a girl, got out the maps. The police puzzled over the maps with us, and finally got us straightened out.

(Over much of our Meals on Wheels route, there were no street numbers. Instead the houses are named –"Rose Cottage" or whatever. Edna's house is "Mossford Bank." This is fine – unless you don't already know the house you are trying to find.)

As Constable Finnian points out, if an officer is unlucky enough to be posted in the bad parts of Bristol or Liverpool, then he is more in the enforcer role, and he must be more on his guard. Or – moving down the scale from dangerous to safe, untrusting to trusting – the bad part of Worcester, is less bad; or the bad part of Malvern, still less; or Upton still less. Out here in the country – Clevelode parish has no regular police at all.

Constable Finnian himself has spent most of his career in the city, and he has never used his weapon. He carries a truncheon that he has never used. A gun? – He would never carry one.

In other words Clevelode follows the national trend; and being a village, out in the country, it is probably even safer than the average. Clifton Fletcher, who is a magistrate, can remember no cases of violent crime; nor can he remember the police ever being called out to the Ewe and Lamb or elsewhere in the village to stop a fight. Once two schoolboys had accosted his aged mother and demanded money. This single implied threat of force is all he could remember.

Constable Finnian, likewise, could remember no cases for the parish. Carole said the same. (Although later she herself had an incident.) The police had never been called out to the pub or to the Legion hall. Once they were called to a wedding reception at the village hall, that had become rowdy; but these people were "not from the village." Carole mentioned family arguments that had been loud enough for the neighbors to hear. We don't know if any of these family fights involved hitting. (Later, I did hear two stories of wife-beating, not in the village, but in the immediate area.)

Carole has the village post office in her shop. In nearby post offices there have been several armed robberies. She has been prepared, by the Royal Mail, to be on the alert for this. She says she watches the door for strangers.

(Later, after this interview, she had her robbery. It was a single holdup-man who entered her shop, brandishing a knife. One of her other customers tackled him and quickly disarmed him. She had been rescued by one of the village's bad bicycle boys, who had now become a hero. The holdup-man himself said he was trying to raise money to return home, so

he would not violate the terms of his parole.)

Safe though the village may be, some persons are still fearful. Some husbands "won't allow" their wives to walk alone after dark.

> *"Harry won't let me walk home in the dark." Harry's opinion was: "It's not the folk from the village but the yobbos passing through."*

Other persons pooh-poohed these fears; I think, properly.

The newspapers featured stories of murder, rape and kidnap, which occurred – somewhere – day in, day out, and these seem to have had their impact.

> *"The young mums now are more fearful than we were when we were young. They are more protective of their children." (The informant described how she herself used to go cycling for miles in the country. Women and girls were not afraid in the old days.) "It has closed in now."*

For the fearful people – it is probably true that there is something out there to be afraid of. I've mentioned the smoldering young man who lives in the village. He has occasional outbursts of rage. Maybe he is a *bona fide* threat. Then there are the "yobbos passing through." This sort of extremely low-probability immanence of violence is no doubt everywhere. This is enough for the fearful parents. They keep their children off the streets.

The genuine threat is from traffic on the two minor highways that pass through the village. A girl was killed as she got off the bus in front of her house, in 1981; and there have been several bloody accidents at the main intersection. Saint Giles School is on one of the highways, and that is another danger spot.

And other crime in the village, other than violent crime? Constable Finnian patrols a large area; Clevelode parish is a small part of it. He tried to remember. The village was "very peaceful." Vandalism? Someone had smashed one of the benches at the village green, broken a few windows at the parish hall. This would have been the bad bicycle boys, I suppose.

Disturbing the peace? We heard stories of rare incidents: a rough family that was finally moved from its council house some years ago; also, we were told of the occasional domestic dispute, overheard by neighbors. Mr. Finnian said that one or two of the council-house boys had owned "fizzer fifties" (motorbikes) that were noisy.

We asked Constable Finnian about the parents' fears. Abduction of their children? Never happened. Drugs? Yes! and Mr. Finnian gave his alarm-speech on drugs in the high school. But this evidently came down to marijuana: no evidence of "hard" drugs.

The image of the village as an island of safety, surrounded by menace around the edges; with incursions into the village from the outside? (There were stories of several drug incidents at the new council houses; and thefts that were thought to be raids from outside thieves.)

What the police say probably reinforces this belief. The police have an education campaign to alarm the villagers about theft, so people will lock *everything* and have Neighborhood Watch. The police also help with the schools' programs that I've mentioned: drug-education, and so on, and "don't speak to strangers." That probably reinforces the picture too.

The people (with a few exceptions) lock their houses and garages, and latch their garden gates, and lock their cars. This too is an exaggerated response, I think. It is sad, indicating a decline of trust, and fearfulness. (They say they didn't do this in the past.) I find it irritating (as I fumble with keys and locks). But it is for some reason. There really are burglaries. The Wases had their garage burglarized. Several days later the thieves came back and took what they had left the first time. Ian, next door, had his garage burglarized too. Harvey and Marjorie Pierce-Brown had their house raided for antiques. Carole's mother, living across the road, had a similar burglary. This is all along Druggers End, Edna's neighborhood, within the past year and a half.

Mr. Finnian said yes, the new motorways do expose little villages to thieves from the outside. They can come from some distance, look around, come back, burglarize a house, and then sell the goods some distance away. Real professionals – villains, he called them – like to do their burglaries away from home. However the police also knew of several teams of burglars in Malvern.

Some robberies, he said, are simply opportunistic, spur-of-the-moment. However professional burglaries, done properly, are by "hardened villains." They come to a village; they might be pretending to sell door-to-door. They usually have a van. They can work very quickly. If they are surprised in the act, they are prepared with something to say.

Mavis Braybrooke, aged eighty-something, had an attempted burglary. Her dog Tigger jumped the thief while he was still outside. She came out, pulled the dog off the villain, and inquired what he wanted. He asked for a cup of tea.

That attempt failed. But afterwards he or someone else came back. She was burglarized.

Cranford had so long piqued itself on being an honest and moral town that it had grown to fancy itself too genteel and well-bred to be otherwise, and felt the stain upon its character at this time doubly. But we comforted ourselves with the assurance which we gave to each other that the robberies could never have been committed by any Cranford person; it must have been a stranger or strangers who brought this disgrace upon the town, and occasioned as many precautions as if we were living among the Red Indians or the French...

The Cranford people respected themselves too much, and were too grateful to the aristocracy who were so kind as to live near the town, ever to disgrace their bringing up by being dishonest or immoral; therefore, we must believe that the robbers were strangers – if strangers, why not foreigners? – if foreigners, who so likely as the French?

– from *Cranford*, by Mrs. Gaskell[4]

CHAPTER TEN. TRUST.

She never seemed to think any one would impose upon her, because she should be so grieved to do it to them. I have heard her put a stop to the asseverations of the man who brought her coals by quietly saying, "I am sure you would be sorry to bring me wrong weight;" and if the coals were short measure that time, I don't believe they ever were again. People would have felt as much ashamed of presuming on her good faith as they would have done on that of a child. But my father says "such simplicity might be very well in Cranford, but would never do in the world." And I fancy the world must be very bad, for with all my father's suspicion of every one with whom he has dealings, and in spite of all his many precautions, he lost upwards of a thousand pounds by roguery only last year.

– *Cranford,* by Mrs. Gaskell[1]

The people do lock their doors, and when they go out into "the world" they lock their cars. Beyond that, they are trusting. There is an atmosphere of trust. Trades people can say "pay me later;" customers don't count their change; farmers shake hands (and no more) to seal a bargain on the sale of a cow.

Edna and I go to Mr. Gibbons' home in a nearby village, so that she can pay him. He had done a job in her garden some time ago, and he had never asked for pay. We meet him at his doorway; Edna hands him the money in an envelope. He puts the envelope in his pocket without looking at it. (There is no mention of a receipt, of course.) And he eagerly takes us to his garden to show his fuschias.

When Edna left on a trip she told Nigel, the young man she had just hired as her gardener: "Tell me when I get back how many hours you've worked, and I'll pay you."

Edna, as a shopper, is so trusting. She seldom asks how much an item costs. She proceeds as if the tradesman is honorable and will give her good value. I had thought (like the father in Cranford) that this might work in the village but not out in the world. But Edna could shop in the nearby towns and the trusting style of shopping still seemed to be honored. She would sweep into a shop like a fine lady; and the clerk would assume

the reciprocal role. When a shop did not have exactly what she wanted, the shopkeeper would phone another shop and direct us to it. Ginty's, her dress shop, would urge her to take frocks home to try, before she had decided about buying them. At Hunts' Fruiterers, charges are hurriedly scribbled down on one of the paper bags; then added up; very unbusinesslike, no checking of their accuracy. Edna never seemed to examine a receipt; never comparison-shopped with cost in mind. Perhaps if she had calculated the cost more carefully, she might have saved a bit in pounds and pence. But the luxury of such an expansive manner in the shops is certainly worth something.

"I'll take three of those and two of those, thank you."

"Yes, Mrs. Ward."

On the shopkeepers' side, they too can be trusting because of the honor code. A person would never cheat. It was not the done thing. This comes under the more generalized ethic – *don't take advantage*– which holds for queueing, and following various other good-citizen rules, as well as being honest in money matters.

If the bus driver doesn't see you get onto the bus, you pay him anyway; or you leave the money for him. Patti said: if the driver should miss you when you get on the bus, you might then hurriedly get off at your stop and leave your money with the person sitting next to you, to pay him. Patti remembered one man who forgot to pay. He got off the bus with his money still in his hand, then realized what he had done, and was running down the road after the bus, waving the money.

Similarly at shops: if a busy clerk overlooked you as you waited to pay, you always left your money anyway. Some roadside stands had the honor system and (therefore) no clerks at all. Clive's Fruit Farm had a tray set out where you left the money. There might be "notes," paper money – and not small denominations – in the tray. You managed as best you could to make proper change.

Simon the hairdresser, in Malvern, doesn't have proper change. He tells Edna, "Pay me next time."

Lauren at her butcher shop cannot make proper change for Edna, and other customers are waiting. She says "Oh pay me next time," and Edna leaves with about twenty pounds' worth of groceries.

Liz said she had once told Lauren that she thought she owed her some money. Lauren said she "always felt so embarrassed" to remind a customer of that; so she hadn't said anything about it.

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Carole says that at her own shop when she says, "pay me later," she always writes it down. But several of the ladies disputed this. For trusted old customers, at least, she might not take the trouble.

Sometimes "pay me later" amounts to extending credit for considerable periods of time. Carole does this for her newspaper customers, for their daily deliveries. The occasional customer does take advantage and is slow to pay. Arthur at the Clevelode Garage doesn't ask his regular customers for payment when he repairs a car. You can drive it out of his shop without paying. In Edna's case, he delivers the car to her driveway. Sometime later his wife will send a bill.

So this is a trusting milieu. Perhaps if a person comes to feel that everyone around her is trusting, then she loosens up and becomes that way herself. Jenny Creaser came to the village, watchful, counting the cost. When Patti came to clean for her, Jenny never left her alone in the house. Time passed; perhaps the mood of the village took over; finally Jenny was following the common practice, leaving Patti in her home unaccompanied.

Misplaced Trust

Here we should have a picture of Gordie the village drunk, asleep on Edna's garden bench. Underneath on the ground would lie an empty cider bottle.

When she was fairly new to the village, Edna naively hired Gordie to do garden work, paid him thirty pounds in advance, then offered him a drink. Edna says in her defense that Gordie ultimately did do the work; he *is* trustworthy. But to give him the bottle in advance – that of course was too much.

Edna says that for all her trustfulness, "no one has ever diddled me." And this includes shopping outside the local area, in cities. She says for her mother, who lived in Birmingham and who was similarly trusting – the same was true for her. Actually I have heard mixed reports for cities – some stories of trust confirmed, but also stories of "fiddles" and reneging on payment. Several people said that in urban, lower-class milieux, this standard does break down. "If you don't get caught it's all right." Our guess is: in these "bad" neighborhoods there are still honorable people. But with some bad apples – without reliable trustworthiness – the trust-system breaks down.[2]

However in the small village, persons have the luxury of trust. Edna says, and Gwyneth Gooding agrees: there is no one here whom she distrusts.

People were asked to recall, back into the past, for any instances

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of breaking faith. Edna laughed, remembering one from long ago, for the children. Laura, the vicar's daughter, didn't pay the bus driver. The other children were incensed; they evidently shamed her; and (the story goes) she never did it again.

There was a possible case of a dishonest milkman (come in from outside the village) who had once padded the bills. There were the two other cases I've just mentioned, of shoplifting and thievery. Carole thought she'd had two more shoplifters, teenagers, but she couldn't prove it. Then there were stories of crime and swindles outside the village. Brian told of "gypos" who had taken advantage of an old lady in the village of Guarlford. As for Ginty's, urging Edna to take clothes home before she had decided about buying them – Gwyneth said that this was because Edna was a regular customer. "They have to know your face." And Gwyneth told of how Marks & Spencer, in Worcester, had been victimized in such a policy.

Four stories were told of families who had moved from the village, leaving bad debts. Gwyneth said that "people who move a lot" were more inclined to do this. Carole agreed, and supplied even more stories: of people who ran up debts, moved, and started again in their next home.

In other words, not only a small community, but a small community with a stable population, would be advantageous for trust.

Arthur at the garage, with his pay-me-later policy, had fallen victim to people who ran up debts, then moved away. Probably this is a hazard for the other trades people too. It is all very well for Edna and Gwyneth, who are solely customers, not business-owners, to say that they trust everyone. But the business people are more in a position to know about these occasional hazards.

Carole says that at her shop, she is on the alert. Customers are coming in from off the highway and from the caravan park. So from her standpoint, she is not in a secure little village; she is out in "the world." Carole is in communication with other shopkeepers in the nearby towns and villages. They warn each other of bad-debt families. She said that her father, when he had been the shopkeeper, had been more trusting. He had kept "a slate." (– As with "Doug, just put it on the slate." – "Sure, mate.") The pub keeps a slate, to this day. Carole herself has resolved to be tougher. She keeps no slate; she feels she cannot afford it. She says she is strict with customers who ask for goods on credit.

However, by all accounts, Carole might resolve to be tough, but she is a softy. Her special role is to be a supportive friend to the poor persons in the village, to the unwed mums, the newly arrived council-house people. She not only lends, she gives.

At any rate, for Carole the shopkeeper, trust is more problematic than it is for Edna and Gwyneth who are only shoppers. Carole must be

wary. For other trades people the situation must be similar. The farmers have a trusting style and shake hands to seal a bargain. But as Nigel Field says, "I wouldn't do that with just anybody."

Reasons to be Honest

These are possible reasons for trustworthiness. We think they all operate in the village to some degree. Some are more important than others.

First of all there is reputation, which can be everything for a businessman; especially in a small community.[3] For private citizens, too, reputation can be important. To be caught being dishonest, damages one's reputation; and it is hard to recover.[4]

With reputation, punishment is involved. Break faith and you're out. People lose confidence in you. They might not deal with you again.[5] A norm (honesty) is enforced by a sanction (threatened exclusion for a breach of faith).[6] The degree this is so, depends on degree of "closure."[7] In a tight little interaction system (which might be a village, or traders in a market): if you break faith, people know. You suffer the penalty. In a more open situation – a larger community, people coming and going – the news of wrongdoing does not spread to everyone; other victims can be found.

This particular reason for trustworthiness–reputation – is the one which is mentioned in the literature. We think it is not so important in Clevelode; that it takes a back seat to Honor. That is our guess.

Honor is our second reason for trustworthiness. "An Englishman's word is his bond." To go back on your word, not to pay, to take advantage, is dishonorable. And there is moral fervor in back of this: as with the children's outrage at Laura when she didn't pay the bus driver.

A third possible reason: trades people in the village live by a service ethic, we think. They tend to see themselves as taking care of their customers. This must interfere with any temptation toward dishonesty.

The fourth reason for not cheating is provided by Liz: "These are people I *know*. I wouldn't think of hurting Arthur [by not paying]."

The final reason is from *Cranford*, as in the above quotation. If you are trusting of other people, you might be able to make them more trustworthy. I see this as a matter of everyone doing this together, creating a trusting milieu, a trust-system: being trusting / being honest / being trusting / being... and so forth. This should be easier to sustain in a small community without too many strangers about.

Reasons to be Trusting

These are reasons mentioned in the literature on trust and social capital. Mostly, they have to do with small-community.

Luhman distinguishes between "personal trust" – trusting particular people whom you know – and "system trust," which is what the overall mass society needs in order to keep running smoothly: faith that the money is good, faith in the predictability of traffic patterns, law enforcement, the routines of buying and selling.[8] So we are talking here about "personal trust," face-to-face, trusting people whom you know.

Gambetta writes that trust can be a byproduct of friendship and personal familiarity. You deal with a person a lot, so you come to trust him. Also, trust can be a byproduct of moral-religious values which are taken seriously.[9] The Puritans were probably fairly trusting with each other.

Trust is nurtured by "instances of past cooperation." You take a chance each time you trust someone. (Theoretically, at least.)[10] Each successive trial builds trust.[11]

As we'll see with gentleman's agreements and partnerships: by trusting, and making yourself vulnerable, you are able to accomplish more. New possibilities open up. And, in everyday life, the converse of this is true. If you are untrusting, life is constricted. You must be on your guard. Security measures can be cumbersome, expensive, making certain things impossible. And life is less pleasant.

Edna, reading over all these reasons for trust and trustworthiness, said yes, all that is true. But she never thinks of any of this (when she is dealing with someone such as a shopkeeper). She just trusts, without any such calculations. In other words, she is part of a trust system. She has gotten into the habit.

Circle of Trust

Usually you don't make a leap of faith. You know the people to whom you are extending your trust. But sometimes, some people, do make the leap. Liz spoke of several instances in the past, when she and her husband Mike had lent money to strangers; and what a good feeling it was, when the money was repaid through the mail. Edna told the story of how she had once lent the beads she was wearing to another customer of Ginty's. The beads were returned.

Nigel Field spoke of how trust was necessary for business. Good business was based on trust. Doing business was not possible unless you were willing to trust whomever you were dealing with. I said, Is that right? Not having any personal experience of business myself, I had sup-

posed that in a mass-society situation, there were added safeguards, precautions, security arrangements. (I had read about the "transaction costs" that at times are so great that they stop people from dealing with each other, in situations of insufficient trust.)[12]

I asked: how did he decide that he could trust someone? He said that in the farming community, they had been dealing with each other for a long time. In other words he knew the people. Reputations were established. (And there were a few people whom he would not deal with.) Did he ever deal with strangers? Oh yes. That past week he had gone to Oxfordshire and purchased a piece of farm machinery. The dealer had given it to him on trust; he had taken his check.

(I told this story to Martin King, who runs a computer-parts manufacturing business. He said yes, it is the same in his field. For ordering, maintaining an inventory, dealing with customers and with vendors: you build up some trust with the firms you are dealing with, and this keeps the wheels rolling. It would be too slow and inconvenient otherwise. When you receive a shipment you might make a partial payment in advance; then you make full payment sometime afterwards. He then went into the complications to this system. It had been stretched to the limit in recent years, with international markets and more long-distance dealings. There was less trust now, more awkward precautions. I then related this back to Nigel Field, and he said yes, it was the same in farming. Tomorrow morning he expected to find a huge check in the post: partial prepayment for a crop still standing in his field.)

I asked him: How did the farmers know to extend trust to strangers? He wasn't sure. You just did it. "Instinct." Maybe you go by appearances; you have a feeling about a person.

My guess about this situation is that even in this fairly widespread agricultural community, which reaches far outside Clevelode parish, betrayals are few. Therefore the farmers are in the habit of occasionally dealing with strangers and not going to the inconvenience involved in not extending trust. And they have had so few bad experiences, that they continue. The trust-system persists.

I told Ian the banker about the farmers shaking hands at market, to seal an agreement. He nodded; that was true. He had heard of only one farmer who had taken advantage, at a distant market in Wales, some years ago. (The farmer sold cows he didn't own. And he suffered the classic penalty. People would no longer deal with him – so the story goes.)

Ian said: if business fields were put on a trust continuum, the farmers would be at one extreme, trying to avoid paperwork with a handshake. At the other extreme were "commercial building contractors." There just seemed to be so many chances for misunderstandings, recriminations, ac-

cusations, with building a house or doing major repairs, that his advice always had been: get everything in writing. Don't just rely on trust. In other words, there are different kinds of transactions, with differing demands. Even in an overall trusting milieu, in some instances it is stretching faith too far, not to have a contract.

Up to a point, a trust-system can survive some cheating here and there, some taking-advantage, especially if it is known who the cheaters are.[13] But too much, and the system is undermined.

Whereas trust is a circle, a system, a matter of feedback-loops – with successful trials building trust, and other people trusting you so that you are encouraged to trust in return[14] – the opposite holds too. *Dis*trust is a circle. There are instances in which trust can't get started. The famous case in the literature is the political system in southern Italy.[15]

Leader-betrayals are blamed, for decline of public trust in the mass society – as with the Nixon/Watergate case.[16] Cynical gossip, negative press, is also blamed. Can talk alone hurt the trust-system? We don't know.[17]

Could trust in Clevelode be undermined? We have listened to malicious gossip against community leaders, which certainly does nothing for public trust. There is another kind of talk that goes on, which is probably harmless – at least so far as trust within the community is concerned. It is connected, we think, with the viewpoint that sees the village as an island of decency, ringed about by threat.

> *Joe the Post comes in for kitchen coffee. Brian comes in. They talk and tell stories: of the "gypos" who took advantage of that old lady in Guarlford; of other cases of crime and scandal in the news. What is this world coming to? People shake their heads. It is a style of talking.*

A more serious threat to trust, I think, is the gradual suburbanization of the region. As Clevelode becomes even less a village set-apart, more a suburb with comings and goings and newcomers – and "closure" becomes less and less – the small-community advantages should dwindle. As it is now, we see Edna and Gwyneth and others of the ladies, going innocently about in their shopping, luxuriating in their trustfulness. Carole in her shop, who is at the forefront of change, must be more watchful.

But right now, the circle of trust continues to go, around and around. For a highly principled person, whose friends are that way too: it would never cross her mind, not to do the right thing in a transaction. The trades people are taking care of her anyway. So everyone can relax. The luxury of trust, community-wide trust, is available to all – even though a few persons may not deserve it. And basic to this, we think, is the people's

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morality. This is more important, we think, than concern with reputation.

The Benefits of Trust

Benefits that are mentioned in the literature are enhanced sense of well-being, harmonious relationships, a secure feeling. Trustful people tend to be happier and better-adjusted.[18] You can let down your guard; as with Jenny Creaser, finally leaving Patti alone in her house.

Trust facilitates getting things done. Cooperation flows from trust.[19] People can get together for joint projects which would not be possible otherwise. Social capital – that unseen wealth of communities that enables work for the common good – is in large part composed of trust, and the consequences of trust, and the requirements for trust.[20]

"Transaction costs" are lowered, made unnecessary, with trust – as with the case of the farmers.[21] Another example of this is the fund-raisers for the charities and for the church. There are no proper accounting procedures, no receipts.

> *After a coffee morning at Edna's house the money simply stayed there, with Edna. Days passed before Andrea Ball finally came around to pick it up.*

> *Charles Gooding – Gwyneth says – would meet someone on the street who gives him money. And Charles would say, "I must remember when we get home to credit that money to [the proper charity]." He might put on a jacket he hadn't worn for awhile and find money in a pocket. He'd wonder, what was that for?*

Trust enables business partnership; or rather, a businessman might be tempted into a partnership, making a leap of faith. Numerous enterprises aren't possible without taking a chance on a partnership – for example, starting a shop or a pub. Among the local farmers there are now three partnerships, and there used to be more. Two of these are family partnerships: one is said to be harmonious, and the other is rancorous – one of the wives is said to work hard, the other wife doesn't. Thus, one of the risks of partnership. Shopkeeper families have had family partnerships too, in the past. In one shop, a brother had taken money from the till – another risk of partnership.

From Italian friends, we have heard other stories of family partnerships. In these stories, people are taken advantage of; somebody refuses to cooperate; there is gross unfairness, lasting bitterness. The misunderstandings between the people were so grotesque that I wondered: am

I understanding this correctly? – as these stories were filtered through the language barrier. But Edna said with her sense of British superiority: this is the way it is with peasant families in these Mediterranean countries.

So – whatever may be involved in these Italian stories – if people are capable of trusting and being trustworthy, of reaching clear agreements and sticking to them, then so much more is possible. Life is easier. And in other instances, things can get tangled when the agreements break down.

I have collected other, lesser, instances of cooperation and helping between persons who are in business. These are not quite partnerships. Some trust is involved, but less.

Carole is one of a group of shopkeepers who refer customers to each other. (If she doesn't have what the customer asks for, she phones another shop.) They also warn each other of bad credit risks.

Among the farmers: in the past, some of their farm machinery they owned jointly; and they did some work-sharing. (Example: first we shear your sheep, then we shear mine.)

In these instances, there would be less vulnerability than in full-fledged partnerships. This seems to be the defining point, for trust: if the other person reneges, then how much do you lose? There are many possible arrangements, and degrees of vulnerability, and (therefore) degrees of trust – for high stakes (shared access to the money in the cash register) or for lower stakes (shopkeepers referring customers to each other and sharing information).

Gentlemen's Agreements

That's what it's called, Nigel Field says, when farmers shake hands to seal a bargain. It probably began in the days when farmers seldom could sign their own names. The traditional term for it was "a gentleman's agreement." It was regarded as binding. And even today, the claim of a handshake has some legal force.

In Holland, in the markets, they slap hands instead – Betty Field interjected – first one hand, then the other. She demonstrated – a sort of high-fives, preceded by spitting in the palm of one's hand.

At this point I want to digress from Clevelode, and discuss some other cases in which businessmen and professional people trust each other, make the leap of faith, and as a result profit and make their lives easier.

These gentlemen's agreements – between Canadian lawyers, U.S. Congressmen, Egyptian bazaar merchants, diamond salesmen in New York – are all collegial arrangements between fellow professionals. They are informal understandings, tacit agreements. They are all backed by the

sanction, the unspoken threat: break faith and you're out.

The lawyers, adversaries in courtroom trials, make it easier on each other by waiving certain of the court's procedural rules. Some of this is even spelled out in the barrister societies' handbooks.[22] There are various points of etiquette, such as not taking advantage of an omission or a mistake by the opposing lawyer, without warning him. It is also tacitly agreed that lawyer A will waive his right to object, so that lawyer B can do various things in order to make it easier for himself – such as asking for an adjournment at a particular time so that he can talk to his client. Other formal court's requirements are waived; for example, that a particular form be filed, or that a particular waiting period be observed.

The essential points of this *modus vivendi* seem to be these. (1) The attorneys make it easier on each other by waiving some of the rules. (2) As you waive the rules for your adversary in one case, you know that the same courtesy is due you in future cases. (3) Presumably, anyone who doesn't play the game is out. (Actually we do not know about any cases of this.) (4) While each lawyer may rail against the other side during the court proceedings, in private they are civil to each other; very possibly friendly; maybe chummy. Their clients might be shocked to hear them.

The next case comes from Uslaner's *The Decline of Comity in Congress*. "Comity," here, means "civility" in Shils' sense – not only politeness, but also according legitimacy to your adversary's opinion. Thus the U.S. Congressmen, while they make angry partisan speeches, are cordial in private. Democrats and Republicans treat each other with respect. This makes possible an exchange of favors.[23] Factional splits are not so thoroughgoing that they prevent collective action. (Unfortunately this has broken down, Uslaner says; hopefully, only temporarily.)

This, when it is working, sets in motion a trust-system that reaches across the parties and factions. Favors are exchanged more freely; promises are made and kept. Congressmen have more leeway to make legislation, and pass it, and also to forward their own careers.

The essential points (again) are: (1) Trust. You build trust by keeping your word; and you remember past favors. (2) A legislator who is not reliable, here, presumably becomes a maverick, to some extent outside this.[24] Some collective action, compromise, the passage of needed legislation, is probably only possible under this system. Presumably when it is withdrawn, something approaching gridlock is the result.

According legitimacy to the opposition's point of view, and acting in a cordial manner, is also part of this. This is what "comity" *is*. Probably one has to behave well toward the opposition, in order to make the rest possible.

The other point for the Canadian lawyers' arrangement – adver-

saries agreeing to waive some formal procedures – is this operative in the Congress also? It may be; we don't know; we do not know enough about the details.

The next two cases – involving merchants – are taken from James Coleman's writings. These businessmen are not adversaries exactly; although I suppose they are in competition to some extent. In both cases, the merchants are heavily trust-reliant. And in both cases trust is backed by the sanction: break faith and you're out.

Coleman describes bazaar merchants in Cairo, going back and forth between each other's stalls, borrowing, lending, making change for each other, referring customers to each other, doing favors. As he says: a system of mutual dependency is being built. All these favors that are being offered, Coleman terms *credit slips*. They are putting out credit slips. The credits are out there, a resource for the merchants; when needed, the credits can be called in.[25]

(In this case there is less involved than in the previous cases of attorneys and Congressmen. They are not adversaries. There is no waiving of procedural rules. No civility code is mentioned; although quite likely there is one.)

Coleman's other case involves wholesale diamond merchants in New York City. In their dealings, they take this risk: they hand each other bags of stones to be taken away and examined. So they are heavily trust-dependent; and there is the usual sanction. If one of the merchants ever fell under suspicion, he would presumably be out of the circle of business dealings. Coleman points out that this makes their transactions much easier. A security system for their stones would be cumbersome and slow.[26] This is another instance of the bypassing of transaction costs. (On hearsay: the same arrangement between diamond merchants is in force in Britain; and very likely elsewhere.)

These examples shade off to others in which there is less trust-dependence, where the parties are less clearly vulnerable to betrayal – as with Carole and her fellow shopkeepers, exchanging referrals and warnings. As another example: Michael Stephens supposes that law enforcement offices in different branches of government – a county sheriff's office, say, and the state highway patrol – probably often have informal arrangements to pass information and otherwise cooperate and help each other.

We might continue in this vein, to other examples which are less and less trust-dependent: for instance, networking between secretaries and office-holders within a bureaucracy, to cut through red tape and get things done. At any rate, these are some of the ways that people have found to get

their work done, based on agreements to cooperate. Some of these working relationships are heavily trust-dependent, others are less so.

Keeping Your Word

"An Englishman's word is his bond."

Nearly all the examples, up to now, had to do with money matters – shoppers and shopkeepers, financial dealings. However, trust extends into matters that have little to do with money. This would include: marital fidelity; arrangements and understandings within the family; keeping a secret; and dependability, being on time and punctual, agreeing to do a certain job by a deadline-date, and then doing it. The obverse of this – being untrustworthy – would include marital infidelity, undependability, missing deadlines, and seeming to agree to something that later turns out to have been a "misunderstanding." Men of affairs, partners in business, co-workers, friends and family: at all levels, people depend on some degree of trustworthiness from others,[27] and they are vulnerable to breaches of trust, to others' undependability. What does social life look like when this kind of trustworthiness is lacking? In Oscar Lewis' *La Vida*, persons would arrive at a meeting place – say, the airport – and no one would be there to meet them. Previous arrangements had evidently been "misunderstood."

The people in Clevelode are just the opposite of this. Volunteers for the church and the charities come up to a high standard of reliability. For the flower rota, Jennifer and Edna schedule the ladies six months in advance. No one ever lets them down. If a woman needs to change her date, she calls them in plenty of time, reschedules, maybe finds a replacement. Joan Pearson says the same is true for Community Care drivers.

Liz's opinion is that this kind of conscientiousness about keeping dates is "strongly middle-class." (I wouldn't know how true this is. Our experience is that workmen in the village are reliable too.) The small community helps too, she says. "Where you know each other, you don't want to let them down. You would be lowered in their estimation." And she continues: "And I would feel guilty. 'Your word is your bond' means doing the right thing." Here, I think Liz is coming close to another reason for the people's reliability and punctuality. As we'll see in the next chapter on morality, there is an emphasis on being conscientious, doing one's duty, being mindful of one's obligations. This (presumably) is passed on in the child training. And this, I'd guess, has something to do with their dependability.

Liz continued: "It makes things easier if you know that [someone]

will do what she says." And Liz gave examples: making arrangements for group projects. At the school that she had headed, there was one woman who was full of enthusiasm and ideas when they were planning something. However, she couldn't be counted on to follow through. Liz had finally learned to take this into account.

Several other informants spoke in similar vein. Joan Pearson said that she had learned over time, on her committees in Upton, who was reliable and who was not. "Of course you don't know this in advance. Then after they get on the committee, after awhile you *wish* they would resign." She spoke of how "tiring" it was if an untrustworthy committee member volunteered to, say, bring the milk for a tea. Then Joan would go ahead with the other arrangements, never knowing until the last minute if that part of their tea would be provided. Nigel Field agreed. This kind of trust – that someone will be on time and do what he had promised – is based on experience. In FOAG (which is the farmers' organization for aid to Uganda), several of the FOAG members, "their hearts are in the right place but... you have to make allowances."

Liz said: untrustworthy persons are "like grit and gravel thrown into the works." It saves a lot of time and effort if you make arrangements and you know people will do what they say. On that odd occasion when a person doesn't come through, "it is a rude shock."

Breaking trust, being unreliable, starts a downward circle. "It weakens the community." The ladies spoke of a neighboring village that (in their minds) was an example of this. This village's reputation was: people had a hard time getting together to do collective projects.

When the circle of trust runs down, I imagine it going something like this. There would be times when people didn't do what they had promised to do. So the coordinators for events would try not to ask those people again, because they couldn't count on them. Since there were now fewer persons whom the coordinators could delegate jobs to, the burden on the remaining workers would grow heavier. It would get more difficult to persuade people to volunteer to do the work. Resentments over "misunderstandings" about who-does-what, and when, would also make it harder. And it would become more difficult to get persons to coordinate an activity in the first place.

(I once belonged – briefly – to a group that wouldn't quiet down, in a meeting, so that the leaders could make announcements. This makes a leader feel: "Why bother?" The end point, when trust runs down, would be something like this. People who had taken responsibility in the past, and who had been treated this way, would, more and more, say to themselves, "Why bother for these people?")

But then I know I am over-simplifying too. That neighboring vil-

lage where people can't get together, has some effective organizations in it too (so it is said), which don't have those difficulties. Also a person might be unreliable (in one sense) and be perfectly reliable (in another). (As with "the late Andrea Ball," who nevertheless gets the job done, and people count on her.)

"Remembering" to do something you promised to do; remembering to keep a date – versus forgetting – probably depends on at least three things, possibly more.

(First) When there is a "misunderstanding" and an agreement or an appointment is broken, this may be because someone was not really listening when the agreement was entered into. Someone was not paying attention. There are persons who cannot do this; hence the connections of modern life, by way of the calendar and by the clock, are not for them. David Lockwood described houseguests he once had, a writer and his wife, who were in "an alcoholic haze." They didn't know when their train left; they couldn't seem to keep dates and times like this in mind. When they finally got ready to go, they simply went down to the train station and started waiting.

(Second) Liz says: the little children at her school might give a cherished possession to a friend, then try to take it back the next day. The ability to look realistically into the future had not developed yet. She would tell them: "Lend it instead. Lend it for a day."

(Third) Writing it down helps too, of course, for remembering. School children, listening to the teacher giving an assignment, writing down the instructions, then doing the work so they can produce it (in writing) at a deadline-date, are in training for the kind of reliability which is required in our modern-day society. It probably is not easy for young children to actually listen to all the instructions, and understand them, and then to write it down.

I did fieldwork once in a Spanish village. People would agree to keep an appointment with me. But evidently this was not really taken seriously. (So they didn't keep the appointment.) Daily life went on in the village, in the square, in the streets and lanes. When you met someone, then you were reminded; and you did whatever you had agreed to do. In this undemanding environment, punctuality was not expected. People didn't write it down.

I think, here, people were not going by the clock and by the calendar. Other sorts of promises *were* taken seriously; but not the sort that required writing it down.

The people of Clevelode, and we ourselves, are geared to the modern life-pattern which runs by clock and calendar, and by agreements which are detailed enough to require writing it down. The Spanish villagers rep-

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resented a different, pre-modern, pattern. With them, if you happened to meet that person you had agreed to do something with, then you were reminded of it. This is a very different way to live. Oscar Lewis' Puerto Ricans in *La Vida* were (I think) caught between the two realms. Ready or not, prepared or not, they had to face the requirements of airlines' flight schedules, of employers' time clocks. Doubtless there are many persons, who live on the margins of modern society, who are so disadvantaged.

I had the same experience in the Caribbean. People seemed less burdened by the clock – by obligations of punctuality. I've heard and read this too, from other travelers outside the modern-Western countries. Nigel Field says, of the FOAG projects in Uganda: agreements to meet (for example) at three o'clock, might be followed by the query, "White man's time or African time?" (He also says: FOAG funding is doled out to the Ugandan recipients by VSO, the British agency, "because the local people cannot manage money." This, to the degree that it's true, would be another kind of trust-deficiency, and still another stumbling-block to economic and political development.)

In *The Ends of the Earth* (and in his other books), Robert D. Kaplan writes about his Third World travels – to African countries, thence to Turkey, Iran, and India.[28] These struggling nations have their occasional successes. However he also describes situations that seem hopeless. One recurrent theme from Kaplan's travels has to do with the articulation of society's parts. Consumer goods flowing from producers to retailers, train schedules, water supply, roads and traffic – we in the West take all this for granted, but it is problematic in these lands. Reading about the new societies' deficiencies – as they are experienced by a traveler – gives a feeling for what the Civil Society *is*. What it is, partly, is the absence of these problems; or rather, when the Civil Society is strong, these uncertainties recede. A lot of the deficiencies have to do with reliability, dependability – of money, trains, the supply of goods, the workings of government, and so on. While much of this seems to be system-problems, institutional deficiencies – still, individuals' fidelity to the clock, to appointments and deadlines, plays a part as well.

We in the West have been socialized to the clock and to appointments and deadlines. The societies we live in are fairly demanding in this way. This transition, evidently, has not been completed yet in the Third World.

Likewise for the Civil Society and the demands it makes on its citizens. We must be conscientious about keeping appointments. We have to be predictable enough, as citizens, as drivers of autos, and as parties in transactions, to enable mass-society trust.[29] Other sorts of trustworthiness and conscientiousness are helpful too.[30]

CHAPTER ELEVEN. THE MORAL SUBSTRUCTURE

Reading James Q. Wilson's *The Moral Sense*, in which he writes about the moral sentiments of Sympathy, Fairness, Self Control, and Duty, I had thought: This is Clevelode.

The people's morality seems something like our own, only moreso. After all, at some distant time, we all did derive from a common tradition. But, sadly, in America and in parts of Britain too, the standards have slipped. Wilson writes of the "collapse in the legitimacy of what once was respectfully called middle-class morality."[1] We can report: here in the village, that morality is still respected.

Much of what we've reviewed, having to do with trustworthiness and civility and consideration for others, seems held in place, tied together, to some extent based on, moral scruples. In the latter part of the book when I discuss taking care of other people – the same could be said for that as well.

Also there is the matter of Honour. I think there is something like a personal sense of honor, which keeps the people at a high level of honesty and trustworthiness. Trust depends on the people being trustworthy; this in turn rests on a personal standard of honor. Similarly for other forms of conscientiousness: fulfilling obligations, following rules, waiting one's turn, being considerate of one's neighbors.

In trying to imagine what it must be like, to be so extremely conscientious, I would guess that it works something like this: You see yourself as an honorable person. Your self-esteem depends on this. A breach of honor would threaten this. So, as a result, the people are sticklers for meeting their obligations. Later, we'll see Lady Neidpath rising from her chair in horror, as she is told that she had committed a lapse, fifty years ago.

Cheating, being dishonest, breaking the good-citizen rules, would be a lapse of honor. So it would be sanctioned in this way. Philip Mason writes that the nineteenth-century Gentleman's code made this connection, between personal honor (and hence self-respect) and meticulous honesty.[2]

Sometimes this personal code may be seen not so much as honor, but as "living up to your own standards," or living up to "how you think of yourself," or fulfilling a responsibility that you have taken upon yourself. Liz said, " 'To thine own self be true' – because in the long run you know you will be more comfortable with yourself [if you meet your personal standards]."

However the people phrase it, the inner message to themselves seems to be in this vein.

But morality goes beyond being honorable. Moral considerations seem to be in the forefront of people's minds. For at least some persons in the village, moral principles orient them, guiding them through life. I think this is true for tradespeople such as Arthur and Carole, with their service ethic. Being in association with Edna, I gradually became aware that her moral nature was different from mine. She was much more concerned about what was the right thing to do, in the various situations that came along in life. In deciding what to do, she worried about the effect that possible actions of hers might have on various other people. She was much more ready than I am, to inconvenience herself, in order to do the right thing.

She herself would deny this. She says she doesn't think of herself as especially moral or principled or having a code of honor. The nearest she comes to verbalizing a moral code is in the expression, "that's not the done thing." –So she couldn't do that. "Oh no, you couldn't do that."

Other informants too, those who would talk about this, said they didn't think of themselves as particularly moral. I myself believe that they do, routinely, make moral decisions about what they should do. But somehow they don't see it this way. In addition, this is not something they would talk about with each other. That would be immodest. Liz said, you would look like "a pompous ass" if you tried to discuss a moral problem. And to find out very much about someone else's, would be an invasion of their privacy.

Still, it remained a puzzle, why the people had so little awareness of their own moral decision-making. After many efforts to discuss this with the informants, and after searching for additional informants, I think I have finally come closer to understanding this.

My first – mistaken – idea was that they based their decisions about what they would do, in situations that came along in life, on moral principles. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." "Thou shalt not steal." – and the like. There is in fact a bit of this, but I think that it is relatively unimportant. The main governing principles are two, of what Wilson would term "moral sentiments." These are: Consideration, trying to be kind; and Duty, Obligation, living up to self-imposed responsibilities.

Edna, in deciding what to do in a situation, tries to be kind. And she thinks about what effect her actions will have on various other people. But she doesn't think of this as moralizing. Similarly, she takes on obligations, then feels she has to live up to them. But these largely self-imposed obligations: here too, she does not seem to think of these as "moral."

Liz explained their lack of awareness into their own morality, in this way: "The extraordinary thing is that often you don't think about what [is responsible for] your actions. ... Your character has already been formed. ...[You have been through this kind of choice before.] You know this [choice] is right for you." She went on to say that they learned, by experience, that they needed to choose in a particular way, in order to feel comfortable with themselves.

The only reason why I found out much about moral scruples, and the thinking that lay behind them, was: I was going around with Edna, doing fieldwork, over the course of several years. She would do something – or avoid doing something – for example, she went out of her way not to walk past an auto accident. I would ask about this. She would try to answer. I would question further. She would struggle to answer. In this fashion, we penetrated into her moral scruples – to a few of them at any rate.

Other informants were able to discuss and give commentary, but they could seldom talk about their own moral scruples and the underlying reasoning. So when it comes to moral scruples, we are overly reliant on Edna. We don't have enough from the others. Methodologically, we would be on firmer ground if we had more informants who could go deeply, as Edna had done. On the other hand, it is a good thing that we do have her, to lead us as far into the intricacies of moral thinking as she has done. The combination that we do possess, what we have to work with, are Edna's fuller accounts, plus the commentaries and lesser accounts by others.

With the other informants, I didn't follow them around and seize upon things they were doing – and then try to get them to say why – as I had done with Edna. I questioned them about their own scruples, and their reasons for them; and about material provided by Edna, and about the community at large.

One important question is: can Edna be taken as representative of the village, or at least as representing one kind of person in the village – perhaps the more traditional, older, middle-class ladies? Or is she really unusual? Are the other persons not nearly so keen to do the right thing? This was one of my preoccupations, as I talked with the other informants.

This morality chapter breaks down into two major topics or areas for discussion: moral scruples, and good-citizen morality. With scruples we are most dependent on Edna. With good-citizen morality, more input comes from other informants.

Good-citizen morality is actually a collection of rules having to do with queueing and not littering and not disturbing the neighbors, and stepping forward to do what needs to be done for the community. Much of it

can be summed up in the dictum, *don't take advantage*. People can, to some extent, say what these rules are. Also, nearly everybody follows the rules. And there are plenty of persons who step forward to do what has to be done.

The morality which stands behind the rules has, as I said, something to do with honesty and Honour; not cheating; being mindful of one's obligations. Also, consideration is involved: thinking of your neighbors, keeping it nice for the others.

Don't Take Advantage

> *In the literature on social capital, "free riders" are persons who benefit from the system but who don't contribute to it. They can be accommodated if there aren't too many of them.[3] In the village, "free riders" would be persons who throw down litter; who violate the trust code; who don't uphold other parts of the good-citizen code. There is not too much of this, but it does exist. People try to be tolerant: "He is only a teenager." or "That must have been done by someone from outside the village." But, needless to say, this sort of behavior does go against the grain. Carole says: she sees litter left on the ground in front of her shop in the morning, and "it makes me sad."*

Under *good-citizen morality*, we will first review the *don't- take-advantage* rules. These would deal with queueing and littering, not disturbing the neighbors, walking the footpaths. The trustworthy behavior – honesty with money, not cheating, keeping one's word –these also might be included here.

Other rule-following and law-abiding might be put here, as with the rules of the road when driving. Edna is a stickler for following the rules and obeying the law. She always fastens her seatbelt. It disturbed her that I rode my bicycle on the sidewalk. Discussing good-citizen morality turned up some cultural differences between Clevelode and the USA – or at least between Edna and myself – but probably the differences are more broad-based. For myself, I am inclined to ignore some injunctions that I think are silly or unwarranted. She would always comply. My restlessness under the rules, presumably, signalled the cultural difference: the American emphasis on freedom, versus a collectivist emphasis in Britain and in Europe. It was explained to me: the ordinary citizen, here, living in close quarters, is more conscious of the public welfare – with respect to the consequences of what he does. In his everyday life, this awareness constrains his actions. In America we have much more space, and we

begin with a somewhat different social contract – so, the difference.

People mentioned the many bylaws that have sprung up in continental Europe, having to do with living with your neighbors, cheek-by-jowl, and not disturbing them. Liz said there was a bylaw in Switzerland against using motorized lawn equipment on Sunday. Here in Britain, people said, there were not so many bylaws. People were so considerate that the bylaws were not needed. Also people followed these unwritten codes of good citizenship.

To return to the previewing of the good-citizen morality topic: The rules that are grouped under *don't take advantage* are rules that everyone is supposed to follow. There are other good-citizen duties that only some persons have to perform. These include making citizen-complaints, and stepping forward to do the big jobs of the community. These will later be reviewed, along with whatever can be said about the moral reasoning that these entail.

Queueing

> *"I had such a silly dream. I was in a garden. Down a garden path there was a loo. I went into the loo and I sat down. ... I fell asleep. When I woke up I went out again, and there was a queue of people waiting – a queue all round the garden. –All those patient ladies." (laughs)*

Liz spoke of what a useful custom this is, if people queue, reliably, "properly, without any pushing or shoving." She remembered experiences in other countries with different customs: at a counter with Japanese tourists, where it was "every man for himself;" queueing in a Latin country, where people standing in line had actually touched each other.

A proper queue is a trusting queue. It can be ambiguous and loose, with people standing about higgledy-piggledy, with no line to queue up in. This was the situation in which I had once misunderstood, waiting for beer, and had spoken up with my order out of turn; and I had been scolded by the publican. Edna also once made this mistake, long ago, standing in the fish line on the village green; and she was reproved by the other ladies, with mild sarcasm.

> *At Carole's shop, customers are standing here and there; some are close to the counter; there is no standing-in-line. One customer is waited on, finally she leaves; it is someone else's turn. People say "your turn next" and "is this the end of the queue?" In such a situation in America, I had learned to be on guard that*

someone might push in. But there seems to be no anxiety about that here.

To take advantage in queueing would be to violate the queue, to push in ahead of someone else. People agree, this hardly ever happens. Persons stand docilely in line, widely spaced, not watchful that someone else will push in ahead. The "trust system" extends to being trusting while standing in queue. Other persons hardly ever take advantage; therefore you can relax and be trusting and forget about guarding your rights.

Standing in line back home, if a person pushes in out of turn, then it all breaks down. The situation then becomes: every man for himself. Does that ever happen here in England? People searched their memories. Never in the village. Liz said: theatre bars! Symphony Hall in Birmingham! Ian laughed and agreed. "We all do it there. We nudge in where the gaps are." This would be at intermission – in a theatre crowd without enough time, and not enough room to form a proper queue, and among strangers, and in the city.

But this is the odd exception. Everyone agreed: proper queueing is a British custom. Village, town or city, in all social classes, it is observed. "It is second nature for British people to queue."

How about the children? Do they queue? Yes, usually. School children will readily form a queue without being told to do so. Occasionally there were some violations by the rougher boys. One child told a story of starting out at the head of the queue for the high school bus, and ending up, thrown into the bushes.

Littering

(American: "trash;" British: "rubbish," something for the dustbin.)

The village looked neat to me. But as we were told, it was not perfect; the Youth Group boys, and high school students, threw down crisps' wrappers and the like, if they were not watched. And there are places where litter collects. Every April the Women's Institute ladies go along the verges of the highway and pick up trash thrown out of cars. Carole spoke of having to pick up litter outside her shop. I suggested that it must be children and teenagers who litter. She said some adults do it too. She told of a lorry driver who stubbed out his cigarette on the floor of her shop – an example (to her) of uncouth behavior.

In other words outsiders, and some teenagers (boys probably), were the culprits – a fairly standard answer. In this case, they can hardly blame the French.

When travelling in Provence, we happened into a village with narrow streets, high buildings – and boys on motorbikes, roaring up and down. I asked Edna if this could happen in Clevelode. She answered – Never! But what if it did? But it could never happen; the people are too sensitive to (not disturbing others). But is there a procedure for handling it if it ever did happen? Yes there was a procedure, she thought. And as a matter of fact there had been a rough family, some fifteen years ago, who after many disturbances and warnings were moved out of their council house and out of the village.

Subsequently we learned from Constable Finnian that disturbances are not unknown in Clevelode. Even boys on "fizzer fifties" have been heard on rare occasion. One boy, we were told, rode up and down, up and down; the noise made the neighbors shut their windows, not go out into their gardens. They complained to his parents but they were rebuffed. Evidently the neighbors never reported the boy, and this phase finally passed. So Edna was not one hundred percent correct about noisy motorbikes. Perhaps she was ninety-nine percent correct. These instances seem to be rare.

Don't-disturb-the-neighbors rules, not being written down, not being laws, do fall short of unanimity. Everyone does not understand them in the same way. Our impression is that this lack of unanimity is marginal, rather small and insignificant – at least among middle-class informants. But, as with other implicit rules that have been reviewed, disagreement does exist.

Two vestigial rules, from former days when the Sabbath was observed more strictly as a day of rest, are: don't work in your garden on Sunday; and don't hang out your washing on Sunday (at least not so others could see it.) Presumably, this might be offensive to neighbors or to passers-by.

Here are some more rules, which seem to have to do with violation of other persons' private space – by your own noise, smoke, litter, whatever. Don't mow your lawn on Sunday; the noise of the mower might disturb. Similarly, an uncontrollably barking dog would disturb, and was improper. Don't light a bonfire in your garden, at least not when the wind might sweep the smoke toward your neighbors, and they were outside in their own garden. When you are going to have a party, notify the neighbors (if there are going to be cars, parking, or noise); better yet, invite them. Don't play the radio in your garden, loud enough to disturb the neighbors. Similarly, don't play the radio in the park.

When asked, "Who does this?" – who makes a disturbance? –

informants couldn't think of anyone other than a few owners of barking dogs.

In addition to neighboring rules there was "the country code" that governed walking through farmers' fields on the public footpaths, and opening and closing gates: don't walk off the path before first asking the farmer; don't walk through crops; restrain your dog so he cannot chase the sheep or cows; re-fasten the gate; and so on.

Do these rather trivial-sounding rules qualify as morality? –Whatever. People comply with the little rules, with the attitude: "I must set a good example. I can't break one of these rules. That would set a bad example." Edna says: "You don't walk on the grass because you realize that if everyone did it the grass would get worn down." And similarly for the footpath-rule about shutting the farmer's gate. If the field were empty of cows and sheep, then shutting the gate might seem to be unnecessary. But not shutting it would set a bad example.

And this, setting an example, is important with good-citizen rules. To set a bad example would be like breaking into the queue. Then, the danger is, it would all break down – as with waiting at Symphony Hall. So, to preserve decency in the village, Edna and her friends think it is important to follow all the rules.

Citizen Complaints

Although the people are, generally, uncomplaining to a fault, certain persons will stand up and complain, as a citizen-duty. Edna is one of these. She will allow herself, personally, to be taken advantage of, and she will never object. Yet she is a conscientious citizen-complainer.

With complaining, there are some contradictions. As we saw earlier, the villagers really could benefit from some assertiveness-training. And when they do complain, sometimes it is only in mutterings to each other that do no good other than to vent their anger. As Betty Field said, about the grumblings (without any formal complaints) about noise and parking congestion from the high school – "That is the English way." Ian, likewise, criticized the people as long-suffering. He said they were unlikely to complain if, for example, the food was bad at a restaurant. Therefore, people would suffer the results of this noncomplaining. There would be more bad food and bad service. When at the end of the meal the cashier asks, "Was everything all right?" – Liz says that sometimes she is just not up to telling the truth. (But, she says, she feels guilty when she does not complain.)

Some of the awkwardnesses, discomforts, and inconveniences I found, as a visitor to England, I think were hardly noticed – and not re-

marked upon – by the people themselves. The bus seats, I thought, were fiendishly uncomfortable. I suppose the stoic passengers took them for granted and never complained, so the seats were not improved. So in some matters such as these, the people's stoicism probably keeps them from complaining.

However when it is "noticed," you should complain. It is a point of citizen-morality to lodge a complaint when a government department or a business –some agency which serves the public –does the public wrongly. You should complain formally. Edna usually writes a letter to the company's president or to the department head. She goes right to the top. She tries to avoid an angry tone. She is not insulting or abusive. And she acts like she expects an answer.

Other persons are not so conscientious about this. (This is probably one of those citizen-codes that do not have perfect agreement; some people don't feel it is beholden on them to complain.) But then, Edna is not one of the main complainers either.

Certain vigilant persons are ever on the lookout. Clifton Fletcher, for one, springs to the attack against any company or government department that might make a mis-step. He confronts them with what they've done wrong. Sometimes he threatens lawsuit.

A few persons play a watchdog role. When they sound the alarm, then other people come to their support. Edna says that about twice a year she is called on to sign a petition, come to a meeting, or write a letter of protest. For the periodic threat of new building within the village, the watchdogs have been the parish council clerk, and certain of the parish council members. Sometimes the people succeed and block an incursion into the village. At other times they fail, and the new building proceeds.

Another cause for complaint had been the dangerous highway intersection at the center of the village. After several bloody accidents and much agitating, this was finally fixed.

Other causes for petitions and letter-writing are environmental issues and animal protection. Clevelode parish has not had a problem with this in recent years. But when a problem does come up in the county or in the district, there are watchdog groups. This is an understatement. There are an *enormous* number of groups. Interest is keen. The county environmental officer said, "There are *masses* of groups. You name it, there is a preservationist group." The RSPCA – Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Malvern Hills and District Footpath Society. The Ramblers. The Civic Society. The Green party. Greenpeace. Friends of the Earth. Worcester Wildlife Trust. Local Agenda 27. Age Concern. Nature Conservancy Trust. Many, many more. She sent us a list of advocacy groups who were active in the county, and a separate list of environ-

mentalist groups, and a heavy envelope of their brochures.

In my involvements with the Sierra Club, the Audubon Society, and the like, in America: when we went to State Legislature hearings, or worked for various environmental causes, I had the feeling that we were one interest group, a rather small one; sometimes we were probably listened to by the politicians, at other times not. The great majority of citizens seemed not to care about what we were interested in. In contrast, in Clevelode parish and in surrounding Worcestershire, there seemed a much heavier weight of public opinion on the side of environmental causes, animal-rights, save-the-villages, and the like. *Many* people seemed to be enlisted in the groups. A good many people seemed really to *care* – about public beautification, as one would care about one's own house and garden.

> *We went to a meeting in Upton. The topic was threats to some water meadows. The meeting went on, with lengthy and (I felt) dull speeches. A great crowd was there – all these people, come out on a bad night – from somewhere.*

> *In America, we had stopped at a state park in Kentucky that I had loved and visited, over the years. To my chagrin a huge new air conditioner had been installed. The condenser's noise, like an airplane's roar, blasted out into the forest, onto a nature trail. I complained. But then it was probably too late for complaints. The thing had already been built. The park authorities answered my complaint politely; and they seemed concerned, but puzzled. They said no one had complained before. They were curious that I thought something was wrong. Edna opined that, back in England, something like this could never have happened in the first place. There would have been petitions passed around as soon as anyone got wind of such a plan.*

Granting that the watchdogs, the environmental groups, might be wrong at times; or that right or wrong might be a matter of opinion; still, a deadly calm like this is an ominous sign. Watchdogs (as in the British case), with a following so large that they are taken seriously – this is a sign of civic health.

(This is our opinion at any rate. However I must confess: back home in America I get out of the habit of complaining. I see something that calls for a public complaint; but I shrug it off and go on. I think: a complaint will do no good anyway. Why bother? I suppose I feel disconnected from the situation. This citizen-*caring* – caring as if the public

interest were my own, caring as if the public property is my own back yard – this has evidently atrophied in me.)

With citizen-complaints: some people, only, need raise the alarm; then a sufficient weight of other people need support them. Sometimes, supporters are not even necessary. Here are some other complaints.

As Edna entered Carole's shop she passed a lurid sign for a newspaper: "SEX SCANDAL..." She complained to Carole, who took the sign down.

Edna took her daughter and grandchildren to Dinmore Manor. As they went through the great halls, they were hustled out of a room, on several occasions, to make way for a wedding party. She later wrote a letter of complaint – and received an apology and a refund of their admission (– which she returned).

A third example: We purchased a word processor and were dissatisfied. We felt the sales clerk had misled us. Edna wrote to the owner of the shop; and she got an angry letter in reply from the salesman. This is unusual in that she would ordinarily not complain about an individual. Her complaint would be above and beyond any criticism of a person who dealt with her. Her complaint, instead, would be about a policy.

There are also complaints that are not helpful: trivial complaints (as with criticisms of how the Women's Institute's contests were run); and the mutterings to each other which were mentioned; and also some destructive, obstructive, complaints. As mentioned before: in a neighboring village there was a man who, it was said, "opposed everything." In Upton there was a woman who was frantically active, attending meetings and objecting to proposals, writing letters to the newspaper which defamed community leaders. Fortunately, Clevelode had no troublemaker so formidable as she, tying up endless committee time. A community leader in Upton said that she herself dreaded open meetings because of this woman.

There are also citizen *suggestions* that are not complaints. These would tend to come from civic-active, aware, persons. Joan Pearson said she had once suggested to the Upton authorities that they put in a street light at the bridge over the River Severn. Also, when she and her family had formerly lived in a town in Devon, she suggested a change in the bus route, to take in a village that had no bus service. The authorities took the suggestion. She gave several other examples.

Stepping Forward

In addition to the public complaining, and suggestions, some people must step forward to do the things that have to be done. This would include organizing community activities, holding public offices, serving on the boards and councils. A rather small core of people does this work. For office-holding, persons must be able to master government's procedural rules; and most of us are not up to that. Nigel Field has been the outstanding person in the parish, for service on boards and councils and commissions. Various of the parish council members must have good aptitude for this as well. For organizing community events, Charles Gooding has been the outstanding person in recent years. Asking why these persons let themselves in for all this trouble – I got the usual evasive responses from them. No one was going to say anything immodest. Nigel Field said, "Stepped forward? I was *dragged* forward." Charles Gooding said something to the effect that somebody had to do it; it needed to be done.

Bunty King did enunciate a community-service ethic. "Our family's philosophy is, if you live in a community, you contribute to it. You don't just take." We would guess that versions of this sentiment are shared by the community-active people.

This concludes the citizen-morality discussion. We now move on to moral scruples, problems of conscience.

Scruples

> *"I could not love thee, dear, so much*
> *Loved I not Honour more."*
>
> – Colonel Lovelace.

> *Lord Neidpath, reminiscing about the past, turned toward his mother. "You know where you fell from grace." The old lady, who must have been in her nineties, waited in alarm. "Lady Arbuthnot had paid a call on you. And you never returned the call." This happened perhaps half a century ago.*
>
> *She sat bolt upright in her chair. "I did? Really? I must set that right immediately."*

Etiquette and decorum held sway more strongly over the Victorians than they do for modern-day people. But some of these rules still survive. The ladies related quite a few, most of them their mothers' teachings. In the heyday of Victorian etiquette, persons such as the Neidpaths

were *on the alert*, not to miss, in any of these observances.

Persons such as Edna, who are scrupulous, have underlying moral principles in mind. In day-to-day life, they are alert to these. To be scrupulous, now, means being governed by their obligations, and by consideration for others, rather than being on the alert for particularized rules of etiquette.

As Garrison Keillor had typified the British as beset by politeness, I felt that Edna was beset by scruples: must-do-this, can't-do-that, morally searching, what to do in situations that come along. How typical she is, I don't know. Several of the ladies thought this was fairly typical of the middle-class villagers. However they could not furnish much detail about themselves. My guess is: Edna's particular scruples and points of sensitivity are probably, to some extent, her own. I think this is an area in which people have their own personal codes, rather than following cultural rules (such as the queueing rule). But I'd guess that Edna is not unusual in being scruples-ridden, and there is some commonality – probably quite a lot – in persons' points of moral sensitivity. Some of this *is* etiquette, probably come down from the Victorian past.

I say "beset" by scruples. But I admire it – even though I am not this way myself, nor would I want to be. It seems rather quaint. But the societal strength, the muscle and sinew, owes much to this, I think.

> *We are walking in town, and cars are stopped for a traffic accident. Edna wants to walk in another direction, so as not to be among the crowd of gawkers at the accident scene.*

> *Liz's mother had taught: you mustn't stare, you mustn't seem to be curious, you mustn't look at a crippled or handicapped person. Edna said, for a crippled or handicapped person, her own mother had taught the opposite. You did smile at such a person, and speak to them.*

With these examples, a higher rule having to do with consideration for other people, lies behind the special rule of politeness. Edna is sensitive about privacy – both her own and other persons' – thus she wouldn't join a crowd of gawkers. Something akin to this probably underlies Liz's mother's teachings, about not looking at a crippled or handicapped person.

These underlying considerations – protecting other people's dignity and privacy – are implicit; they have to be inferred. (Edna did not volunteer these as reasons.) This is generally the way, for the underlying moral principles.

Patricia Jeynes, upon hearing this story about the traffic accident, said, "Wouldn't it be awful to be looked at by onlookers, in a situation like that?" And she thought Edna was right.

"When you see someone being embarrassed, doesn't that embarrass you too?" – "Yes!" – "You always have to put yourself in the other person's position."

Empathy, sympathy; concern about not embarrassing the other person; trying to make the other person feel comfortable – this is the underlying reason, in some of these cases. I would put all this under the heading of Consideration – all the different kinds of consideration – including consideration for the other person's privacy, and concern for his dignity, and not embarrassing him, and being tolerant, and so on, as well as kindness and charity. This presumably goes back to childhood, children's capacity for empathy, as discussed in the earlier part on children's moral development. It grows by way of the "how would *you* feel if..." question; putting one's self in another person's place, imagining how he feels; and it branches out into these different kinds of consideration; and it becomes more refined with maturity.[4]

Thinking of the underlying reasons that govern the people's moral decisions: to repeat, I believe there are two broad types. One is Consideration in all its varieties. The other is Duty, Obligation. Honor your promises and pledges, be faithful to your obligations, don't cheat, act in an honorable fashion.

Wilson would term these: moral sentiments. And his names for them are Sympathy and Duty.[5]

A person's sense of duty or obligation might direct him to various moral principles that he felt bound by; and we will soon be reviewing these.

The good-citizen rules are sometimes followed, both for reasons of Principle ("do the honorable thing; meet your obligations"), and out of Consideration ("keep the community nice for the other people"). With other moral decisions, it seems, just some Principle is involved, or just Consideration.

The Golden Rule is stated as a principle. "Do unto others as...." But it really says: be considerate.

At any rate, the people go through life, encounter situations, and do the right thing. Most often this is automatic. The right thing to do is so obvious that no thought is required. A rule of etiquette can be followed. Or a tradition, what-my-mother-taught-me, provides a guideline. But other cases are not so simple. The person has to think about it.

This first example has to do with driver-etiquette: driving Edna's ponderous car, without power steering, in Malvern's cramped and awkward streets, in the rain. We are hurrying to her hairdresser appointment. I back the car into the tiny space in front of Simon's hairdresser shop. I crank the steering wheel, edge the car forward, then back, positioning it so that I can see to back the car out, after we are through. I turn off the motor, reach for the umbrella. Edna says no, move the car forward a few feet. This defeats my purpose. I won't be able to see as well. I ask her why. – So that the other car, parked next to us, will have a better view, backing out.

Here, we have an example of her extreme considerateness – running counter to my American-style driver-aggressiveness, and frustrating to me.

Next example: There was a period when, almost every day, the little girl across the road appeared at Edna's door, and wanted some attention. Edna would interrupt what she was doing, and attend to her. When it was time for her to go home, Edna accompanied her across the road. I asked: why? Her parents could come and get her. Edna said, "Oh it's no trouble." But it *was* a bit of trouble.

Later I tried to discuss this with her. I said: this was one of those times when –according to assertiveness training– Edna would have had a little talk with the parents. In the nicest way possible, she would have gotten clear the ground-rules for the child's visiting.

Edna objected to this: such an attempt would have gone totally counter to the style of the village. She said, the parents would have simply stopped the child from visiting.

I took this case to the ladies. They thought Edna was doing the right thing. As Edna had said, she herself was responsible for the child's safety until the little girl returned home; she had assured the parents that she would accompany the child across the road. Bunty said, "Yes, to take on a responsibility – I'm that way myself." Once saying you'll do it, you have to be unstinting.

With this example, we have our choice of underlying principles. I would say: Edna is simply being compliant. She would say: she is concerned for the little girl's safety; and a child had been killed, before, crossing the road. Bunty, and Pat, and Liz, and Edna herself would say: she pledged to the parents that she would do it; so she has to do it every time.

Honoring prior commitments, as a principle, will come up again, as a reason why people think they have to do things. Edna does things she absolutely hates and thinks are wrong, because of prior commitments.

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Next example. Pat Jeynes has a part-time job. She goes out of her way not to "steal" from her employer. That is to say: she gets to work a little early, and she leaves work a few minutes late. She is a stickler for giving all the time, and more, that she is being paid for. Her co-workers are not so conscientious about this, she says; but she is, nonetheless.

Neither would she "steal property" from the office – take home paper or pencils or pens. Several of us said that we ourselves had not kept to such a high standard in the past. When I was a professor, I took what I needed out of the supply cabinet, and I carried pens out of the office. Liz said she used her school's photocopier, sometimes, for non-school purposes. We all agreed we were scrupulous about not stealing from an individual; that was unthinkable. I myself had drawn the line between this, and taking materials home from the office. But for Edna and Pat, that was unthinkable too.

Edna told a story about when she was a head teacher. One of the fathers complained to her, that his child was having pencils stolen at school. He had given the boy these pencils to take to school; and the pencils had, then, one by one, disappeared. He was sure about the pencils, because he himself had brought them home from the office; they had the company's logo on them. Edna, as delicately as she could, confronted him with the fact that he had originally stolen the pencils. The father had not seen it this way.

Moral Decision-Making

Liz had asked Edna if her scruples were a burden to her. Edna first said, after a pause, "Eunice is a burden." Later she said, "It *is* a burden. I don't want to do a lot of things [which she has told herself she must do]... But having given my word...." Later still: "I do, in my mind, niggle over these [decisions]. Sometimes it can get ridiculous." She spoke of agonizing over the more complicated moral choices, where a number of people were involved and would be affected (in diverse ways, or in unpredictable ways), and it was hard to know what to do. She had to try to think through, the ramifications for each of these persons. One typical difficulty was: she knew what the ideal best choice was; but for some reason she couldn't do it. So she had to opt for the next-best choice.

In Edna's own moral decision-making, she sought what was "best for" other persons whom her action might affect. Consideration, or kindness, seemed to predominate in her calculations. Duty was a secondary theme, especially her duty to keep her promises and pledges. (Sometimes, I think, these "promises" were never openly stated to another person. They were simply her own private understandings of what she felt herself com-

mitted to do.)

With other persons who are less sincere, Duty is invoked in bogus moral argument. We all have heard this countless times. Someone is rationalizing, explaining why he "must" follow some course of action; and he claims it is his duty. Facile rationalizing such as this is on the one hand. Genuine moral choice is on the other hand, in which a person such as Edna decides that she *can't* do what she really would prefer to do. Moral decision-making is a difficult business, if it is gone about like this, in a sincere manner.

Moral conflicts arise, when two duties are at odds with each other, or duty clashes with another moral principle. Decisions are hard to reach when there is such a conflict, or when the ramifications for other persons are hard to gage. Also, we are so vulnerable to self-deception, to rationalization. How can we know that we are not deceiving ourselves, even if we think we are trying our best?[6]

Therefore some of the choices are difficult. It is hard to know whether or not one is doing the right thing. But, (to repeat), ambiguous choice-situations are in the minority. Most choices are automatic and probably require no reflection at all. Examples are instances of simply following the rules, queueing, being honest, being trustworthy and the like.

Then there are fairly straightforward choices where the answer is clear: perhaps not pleasant, but clear. Here is one of Edna's examples. An elderly widow, Eunice Pottle, had gone into a nursing home. Edna was responsible for taking care of her affairs. This included sorting through Eunice's personal belongings and arranging to have most of them sold. This was repellent to Edna. She was violating Eunice's privacy. But it had to be done.

Liz, listening to the story, nodded. She recalled when she and her mother were in this position, sorting through an aunt's corsets.

However Edna had to do this. Eunice was no longer competent; there was no one else. Somehow, the responsibility had devolved upon her, to take charge of Eunice's affairs. So, she felt bad about it but she did it.

Here is an easier choice. Eunice had left her raincoat and her sweater at Edna's house. Now that she was in the nursing home, she obviously had no more need for them. They were nice; and they fit Edna. Or, Edna could contribute them to a bring-and-buy. If she returned them, they would merely be sold to the house-clearer for a tiny sum. What to do? Certainly not wear them herself. Sell them with the other clothes to the house-clearer? That could be done. Edna will probably donate them at one of the bring-and-buys.

These more clear-cut decisions contrast with more ambiguous ones.

For the harder choices, her mother's dictum, long ago, was: if you cannot decide between two possible choices, then what you don't want to do is probably the right thing to do. What you want to do is probably the wrong thing.

Has she really been strong enough to live by this? Not always. In one particular major decision, she chose what she wanted, even though it was morally clouded. No one is perfect.

White Lies, Moral Tangles

However, Edna is willing to put herself in jeopardy, in order to do the right thing and do the kind thing. Faced with a choice between a comfortable, congenial alternative, and a very uncomfortable alternative – she is not deterred if the right thing to do is distasteful. Getting involved with Eunice is one example. She has been willing to dirty her hands, many times, in her caregiving to the elderly.

With the ladies, I discussed willingness to "take the stony path" (Liz's words) to do the right thing. I had seen this before, and admired it, in my previous work with altruistic persons.[7] An example that I posed to them, was stopping for an injured animal by the roadside, putting it in your car, taking it with you. The alternative would be to drive regretfully by. These sorts of inconvenient choices, I said, were what separated the sheep from the goats, the true altruists from the rest of us.

Liz said, "Sometimes it's almost foolish to get involved." She told some stories about "pitfalls." In two of these stories, kindness was extended to a desperately lonely person, who wanted more and more, finally forcing a rather brutal showdown. Other pitfalls involved telling white lies, withholding the truth or softening the truth, out of kindness.

(It should be noted that Edna's moral principles say nothing about withholding the truth, which she does frequently. Out of kindness and consideration, she is impelled to do this. Also, living as a conventional person, getting along with other people in a small community, being a pillar of the church – a certain portion of untruth seems to be an inescapable part of life's routines.)

The ladies discussed the dilemmas posed by white lies. Liz and Edna, veteran teachers (now retired), spoke of telling the truth to the parents, about a child's shortcomings in school. When do you decide to tell the bald truth, that the child has limitations and that not too much should be expected of him? How do you temper this with kindness? They argued this point. Sometimes a family has to face reality; it is unkind to expect too much of a child.

(Once again, I thought back upon my own laxity, in the past. As a

professor, I had glossed over my students' failings when I wrote letters of recommendation for them.)

Liz told a white-lies story. An American woman whom she met, wore garish, ugly shoes. The woman actually drew attention to them; and Liz was forced to say "yes I like your shoes very much," or words to that effect. So the woman made her a present. She bought her a pair.

White lies can lead to tangles. But just being scrupulous, leads Edna into moral tangles too. She ends up being in situations she abhors. Doing what she feels she must do, makes her do another wrong thing – as with picking through Eunice's personal effects.

"I've frequently wished I hadn't promised to do something, but that doesn't absolve me from doing it." Promises must be kept. When people are relying on you, you cannot let them down.

Prior commitments, moral conflict (being forced to do a "wrong" thing because of a "right" choice), and also withholding the truth, seem to produce the tangles. Sustaining a falsehood, as we know, can get more complicated as time goes by. It leads into additional falsehoods.[8]

Informants could not get very far into the details of this. Liz admitted, "In minor ways it happens to me." People alluded to the complications from white lies. However here is Edna's dream.

> *In the dream she lives in a building which must be an apartment house. The nice young man next door comes to her and appeals to her. "I've stolen...[or perhaps he has embezzled from where he works] ... Please help me. Hide me. Protect me." He appeals, she evidently agrees to help him. (Thus, prior commitment.)*
>
> *The police come to investigate and ask her questions. She finds them "horrid." (Normally in waking life she likes the police.) She lies and helps protect him.*
>
> *Then the young man's mother comes. The mother is distraught. Edna's heart goes out to her. (The dream is unclear here.) His mother appeals to Edna: where is her son? But Edna cannot help her; she mustn't tell where her son is, because she has pledged secrecy. So those are two withholdings of truth, and doing the wrong thing, in order to honor a prior commitment. And there is a third.*
>
> *Her neighbor Marjorie comes to her. In the dream, Marjorie suffers from arthritis. She asks Edna to take her to the doctor. But Edna must refuse. Evidently she has to stay near the nice young man.*

And that is the moral tangle in a nutshell: previous commitment,

withholding the truth, moral conflict. Actually in real life it probably can get even more complicated. For one thing, uncertainty about the validity of our moral reasoning enters in. Who knows? We may be rationalizing. It can get even more complicated. People may conspire, implicitly cooperate, to hide the truth. Bok[9] describes unspoken "pacts" between people, to sustain daily living lies, in order not to admit various embarrassing matters, to pretend these do not exist. We were involved in one case of this, with friends of Edna's. They disapproved of something about me; but this went unstated, and our visit proceeded "normally." Probably we were involved in more of these and I simply didn't realize it. In the British social minuet, this must go on all the time.

Moral Disapproval

I've spoken of the people's tolerance. They tend to be strict with themselves, but lenient toward others. Edna said that she would never condemn anyone's choice, unless she thought that their own convenience governed their decision. And even then, how could you really know? One possible reason for the people's reluctance to condemn is – having had their own moral quandaries, having lied and then been embarrassed, having sometimes decided and then been unsure that they were doing the right thing – they have been humbled by their own experiences.

Liz commented – in answer to my saying that potential disapproval can be a powerful sanction, holding people in line, keeping them following the rules – that she didn't think this was happening in Clevelode. Persons such as herself, even if they disapproved, might not be sure. And they certainly wouldn't *say* that they disapproved. So how could potential wrongdoers know about it and be influenced? "Often when you disapprove, you can't let it be known."

She gave a number of examples. All of these were complicated and morally ambiguous situations. At the nearby village school which she had headed, she sometimes disapproved of particular parents' behavior. But usually she refrained from saying anything, in order not to make the situation worse for the child. Or she had kept quiet because, she thought resignedly, the parents couldn't change anyway. Why be unkind unless you can say something that is beneficial in some way? One difficulty which came up was parents sending their children to school when the children were obviously ill. But maybe the mother herself couldn't get off work. So what could the family do? She recalled another family, a hippie family, in which the parents were taking drugs. (The teachers were "ninety-nine percent sure" of this.) But... What would you do? "You must temper your disapproval, accept the inevitable."

Patricia Jeynes spoke of "a line beyond which I won't go." When it came to "sexual morality," she disapproved of people who stepped over the line. This may be a common concern in the village; but again, what can people do? Most of the old-time villagers evidently kept to a conventional sex code; divorce and desertion were so uncommon. However, the sexual revolution has now reached Clevelode, as we've seen – in the person of the unwed mums, and even with some of the villagers' own children, who have moved away and now live, unmarried but "with a partner" and, in some cases, with children of their own.

This is a poignant example of Liz's point, that the disapprover cannot voice her disapproval. This situation must be deeply disturbing to older-generation parents. But what choice do they have? Do they want a continuing relationship with their children, with their grandchildren? Then they had better bite their tongues.

As for the little unwed mums: Liz said her own mother looks down on them. We don't know how widespread this attitude is. From comments I have heard, it sounds as if the mums expect this from the villagers. However, the custom of outward tolerance prevails. People try to keep any disapproval to themselves. Edna says: the attitude is, don't rock the boat. If someone openly criticizes someone else, it is he who would be censured.

There are exceptions to this, but I don't know much about this topic.[10] On rare occasions, I have heard persons voicing their criticisms. And there are several outspoken people who, in their personal style, are simply different. They *do* point the finger of blame. However even they are protective of the unwed mums.

How Unusual is Edna?

I tell her, joking, (but I am serious too), that she is more morally developed than I. She is more attuned to all these moral imperatives which are presented by situations that come along. She says no, she doesn't think so; she is probably just more restricted by etiquette. And she repeats some of the points of etiquette that her mother had taught her.

– But no, there is more to it than that. It's true, she is governed by rules of etiquette, and by good-citizen rules such as the queueing code. In some situations these rules tell her what to do. But when they don't give automatic guidance, then moral decision-making is required. This means looking to less clear-cut underlying principles. – And then *acting* on this, even if it is inconvenient. And in this, she is certainly more morally developed than I. I admire this. But I'm relieved that I myself am not this way.

In the previous examples, her underlying principles were: honor-

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ing a prior commitment; and doing what had to be done in a position she had been placed in; and numerous versions of Consideration – being kind, being sensitive to others' needs for privacy and personal dignity.

Then she seems to be so alert to moral reasons – for why she has to do something – and she is so willing to do unpleasant things because she thinks they are right.

The other informants thought that on this last point she was unusual: going to such lengths, inconveniencing herself so, in the interests of doing the right thing. Her daughter Judith emphasized that this was self-imposed. "She took responsibility onto herself. … I don't think many people do this, to this extent. It would be very uncomfortable, living like this." Judith's husband agreed: "It was her *own* [moral imperatives, what she told herself she had to do], not rules from the church or from some other authority, that had been given to her."

On the other hand there are echoes of this – self-imposed responsibilities – throughout the village as well. Later, we will see the farm families, first viewing the Ethiopian famine on television, and then organizing the FOAG charity for Africa, which has now lasted for many years. Also in the later accounts of caregivers: many other persons take on responsibility for needful old persons, although perhaps they have not gone to the lengths that Edna has, with Eunice.

With respect to consideration, and kindness, the informants said: there are many people who are very kind. And we will hear more stories of other persons who go out of their way to be kind. Also there is generalized custom in the village: taking care of other persons, being gracious and thoughtful in social situations, not gossiping, being tolerant, and so on.

Judith said of Edna: "She was oriented toward… thinking of others. And then, if she decided that the responsibility for whatever needed to be done, was hers – then she had to go ahead and do it." We know less about other persons' moral reasoning. I think that other people tend in this direction also. However, as I've said, most of the informants felt that Edna was extreme in this regard, and that she was not representative of the village, or the middle-class people, or England as a whole. There might be this tendency, but Edna went further.

On the point of honoring commitments even to the extent of doing very unpleasant things: when examples were given to the informants, they said that Edna was doing the right thing. The stories about Edna taking responsibility for Eunice, struck a chord with persons who had been caregivers themselves. Meriel Smith said: "I think many people get into the position of … prior commitment … [and she is thinking of herself and her husband, taking care of their parents], … trying to keep everybody happy and not being able to."

The story of Edna sorting through Eunice's belongings, and feeling that she was trespassing, struck home to Liz and also to Meriel. "I still hated to do it. ... I felt I had no right to do it. ... Horrible job."

David Lockwood nodded when he heard this story. He commented: "Seeing the job through." To him, this was a familiar point of principle.

To repeat once more, where we stand on the issue of Edna's representativeness or nonrepresentativeness: this is a problem, because we have very few other "deep" accounts, in which people give their reasoning in a moral choice they had made. We have enough information and opinion from other informants, to make me believe that Edna represents an exaggeration of a trend that is widespread among middle-class persons in the village. But, really, it is unfortunate that other informants could not say more about themselves, as Edna had done. (But this is hardly their fault. I had not followed them around and seized upon choices they had made in their lives, as I had done with Edna.)

Edna and most of the other informants are women. We may have a sex bias here, in which consideration, kindness, and caring are overrepresented. These sorts of reasons for choice may be more characteristic of women's moral thinking, whereas men's thinking might emphasize principle and justice instead. (This possibility is mentioned in the literature.)[11]

With respect to the question of how moral is the village as a whole – we have the outward manifestations. We've already reviewed the codes of good-citizen morality. Also trust – there seems to be enough morality to sustain a trusting atmosphere. Overall, the people seem to be very rule-abiding and conscientious. And we have the instances of kindness.

Going beyond the village to England as a whole: a number of writers, mainly Philip Mason, write about traditions of duty, and keeping one's promises, and also about the connection between Honour and honesty. These were traditional ideals, first for the upper class, then dispersed to at least the middle class. But of course it is impossible to know how prevalent the ideals were, or how much they were lived up to.[12]

Rules, Codes, and Underlying Principles

Liz, and Edna, claim that they don't indulge in moral reasoning; they simply feel impelled to do the right thing, and then they do it; and they've learned that living this way, they can go on feeling comfortable within themselves. Nevertheless, I think they must be responding to moral principles and rules, even if they are not aware of it.

Edna mentioned rules of etiquette, and it's true, sometimes they follow rules such as these, as well as other simple rules such as those that have to do with queueing, and politeness, and the like. Some of these,

Edgerton would term "moral" rules. For others, the term "moral" possibly should not apply.[13]

We have already gone over some codes of social behavior. There was Mrs. Harris,' that she imposed on her pupils at Saint Giles School. There is the "country code" for walkers on the footpaths. These two sets of rules have been explicitly spelled out. Other codes are implicit, unspoken, but evidently they are followed by almost everyone. The queueing rules would be an example.

Good-citizen morality would be made up of many such rules, with a few underlying principles which are also implicit, unstated: *Keep it nice for the other people; Don't take advantage; Set a good example, don't set a bad example.*

These rules are followed rather faithfully in the village. This we assume, for the examples we've seen, and from what people say.

Other moral principles are more the individuals' own, and not generalized rules that everyone observes. What Pat Jeynes said about "not stealing" from her employer – not stealing bits of time, here and there – in another person's opinion, this was "over the top." There was more agreement on the rule about never stealing anything from an individual, although it might be all right to take small things from one's workplace. When Judith heard the story about Edna, telling me to park at an awkward angle at the hairdresser's, so that the car next to us would have a better view – she said that sometimes she herself is considerate like this; but at other times she isn't. (It depends on the urgency of the moment, evidently, and also on how frustrated the driver is.)

I have collected stories of people's "idealism." These "ideals," too, tend to be idiosyncratic. Edna's friend Winnie had, long ago, stuck to a principle at great cost. She would not accept any part of the family fortune. (Her father had been an industrialist. His factory made pit-props for the mines in the Black Country.) When Winnie was newly widowed as a young mother, without a home of her own, dependent on friends, she struggled on. She would take no part of her inheritance.

Judith cited an older lady she had read about who, on principle, wouldn't purchase any item that had been advertised on television. Judith's husband remembered a Ban the Bomb activist who, on principle, would not take any kind of government job. Judith said that she herself, at one time, would not purchase fruit that had come from South Africa. And she mentioned the Greenham Common women who had camped and slept outside in the rain, while they were demonstrating against the Cruise missiles.

Some codes apply only within particular groups. The doctors have their code of professional ethics. Trades families, such as Carole's and Pauline's and Arthur's, have (I suspect) their service ethic. Francis Bennett cited a "don't let your mates down" code among trade union members. And there are codes such as the one among children which makes them reluctant to be tattle-tales.

The Constraints of Conscience

There are deeper reasons that underlie particular rules. (Or, put another way, they are more general principles that subsume the rules.) For good-citizen morality, *keep it nice for the others, don't take advantage,* and *don't set a bad example* were mentioned. These, I think, underlie the rules against littering and making noise and driving in an inconsiderate manner, and other such rules. They are implicit, unstated; they have to be inferred.

Underlying these – really, behind all the rules – is the force of conscience. There is a negative sanction that the people seem to have internalized. They would be uncomfortable if they didn't comply with the rules. Mike Frior described how he was once in his car, illegally parked on the High Street in Upton, waiting for Liz. He was becoming increasingly uncomfortable. He said he was afraid of setting a bad example.

The code of honor that Philip Mason wrote about, acted as an inner sanction. The gentleman would no longer be able to think of himself as an honorable person, if he stooped to dishonesty or if he violated the code of honor in some other way. Liz said, "Some persons lived or died by their sense of honor;" but then other people did what they wanted, and then sometimes they invoked Honor to rationalize what they had done.

Our informants didn't mention honor as the inner reason that impelled them; but rather, something more like conscience as it is ordinarily understood. "I would never forgive myself if"... if, for example, something happened to Edna's pesky little guest, as she was crossing the road, going home by herself. Liz had said that she tried to do the right thing, "in order to feel comfortable with myself." "This is what I've learned, over time – in order to feel all right about myself."

Judith felt that her mother's – Edna's – conscience was even more active than this. "She felt herself responsible" [for doing various things on Eunice's behalf, and on others' behalf]. "She took on responsibility" [for Eunice, for other needful persons, for the neighbor child]. Presumably the same inner sanctioning applied; to feel comfortable with herself, she had to do these things.

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The entire moral system (as I conceive it) is put together like this:

There are two moral sentiments. They are, to use Wilson's terms, Sympathy (that is to say, Consideration with all its many versions; kindness; caring), and Duty (sense of obligation, conscientiousness, and willingness to keep "promises," even though you only make some of these pledges to yourself and never state them out loud).

People act out of kindness. And, out of a sense of duty, they conform to the rules and keep promises; they honor codes of proper behavior, and they are faithful to their own moral principles.

This is enforced by conscience. People learn, over time, that to feel all right about themselves, they must make proper choices in life situations that come along.

Edna "takes responsibility onto herself" – mainly, to care for other persons – and she is willing to "take the stony path" in order to do the right thing. We don't know how unusual she is, here – how different, or how similar, the other persons would be. But we do have other stories of people inconveniencing themselves, and sacrificing, in order to do what they think is the right thing.

Who are we talking about? Who are these "other people?" The villagers? The middle class? Middle-class women only? The safer answer is: middle-class women in the village. But I think the moral system is more widespread than this.

How Is This Instilled?

This source of strength and decency in the society: how is it passed on to the next generation? – We don't know. It seems to be carried along in the British cultural tradition. Maybe it is more firmly ensconced in the middle class. Perhaps it is stronger in the villages. Maybe it is weakening; we hope not.

Within our village, the training of children put emphasis on consideration and kindness. Training for duty was less obvious, but I suppose it was there. The emphasis seemed to be on training for self-control. Perhaps the vigilant conscience is tied up with this.

This self-controlled, rather inhibited style would not be to some other persons' taste. Is there another way to get the desired results? – Maybe; we don't know.

Learning by example also seems to be very much involved. Children grow up in a community where they can see all this around them. People are trustworthy; their playmates are indignant at any instance of

cheating. Acts of kindness – they can see these daily; and charitable persons are admired.

The Societal Significance of Morality

Morality seems to some extent basic, the foundation, for other traits we have been discussing: conscientious childrearing, trust, peaceableness, and the rest. It is not solely responsible for the results that we see. But it is woven into the social fabric that produces these other traits. How, exactly? For trust this seems clear enough; and also for the good-citizen code, overall.

Conscientiousness about doing one's duty must certainly be important for society as a whole. Think of the transformation in our own society if public office-holders were, suddenly, overcome by a keener sense of duty; not to mention ordinary citizens, bosses and workers, lawyers and lobbyists, parents, and others.

It was suggested that sense of personal honor impelled people to be dutiful and honest. According to Philip Mason in *The English Gentleman*, if the gentleman made a slip, if he committed a dishonorable act, then this was threatening to his self-esteem. So he was a stickler for doing his duty. That was the ideal, at least. I think this operates today in the village, among persons such as Edna; it is not just an ideal for the aristocracy.

In other cultures, personal honor does not necessarily depend on being honest and conscientious. The gentleman might merely need to pay his gambling debts. Or perhaps he must act in an appropriately aristocratic and overbearing manner, and have a submissive wife, servants and children. Or honor might rest on loyalty. The British army in India had a code of honor within the regiments. Heroic rescues were attempted, and extreme acts of loyalty, in the name of regimental honor.[14]

Where the connection exists – between honor and dutifulness – it gives a motivational basis for good-citizen morality. Conscience, conceived as doing the right thing in order to feel comfortable with one's self, would of course play the same role.

If this is declining among ourselves, both in America and in the larger society in Britain, then why is this so? One explanation is that we are learning by example, and as a result we are becoming less naive. We hear stories, we see it happening. Prominent people commit dishonorable acts; and the point is, not so much their disgrace, but that they did get away with this. We hear the stories and we learn to be cynical. The actual answer to the question must be more complicated than this. Honor can be undermined, too, by competing values, such as Freedom. Urgent desires –

"I want," " I need" – with the idea that these wants are legitimate, can conflict with doing one's duty.

Also there must be countervailing forces in society which help to keep morality alive. I am thinking especially of Christianity. The sincere Christian must act like an honorable person, in that choosing to do an unChristian thing would be negatively sanctioned. So this would enforce, to some extent, dutiful behavior.

Then what should be done to shore up citizen-morality? I don't know. Moral education of children in the schools is part of the answer; but probably this is not sufficient in itself.[15]

We move on now, in the following Part Three, to discuss further: consideration, charity, and kindness.

PART THREE. TAKING CARE OF OTHER PEOPLE

Edna's dream: "In my dream I had organized a theatre party. Everyone from my entire life, I think, was in it – even a couple of boyfriends from the very early days. We were going to the theatre by coach. [By bus.] It was a Meryl Streep film. When we got there the theatre manager told me, 'I'm putting you all up in the Gods.' [In the balcony.] So we climbed the stairs up to the Gods. It was dark. And there were already some people up there, so my party was dispersed. I was fumbling around, trying to see that everyone was seated and all right. Eunice had lost her jacket. I was trying to see about that. Someone came up to me and said, 'Would you please give this package to Charley Watts?' [Actually the name was not really clear.] But I didn't know any Charley Watts. However the person said, 'But he is in your party.'"

(Anything else you remember about the dream?)

"It was so odd. I was trying to take care of everyone in my whole life. Running up and down the stairs. ..."

I had often occasion to notice the use that was made of fragments and small opportunities in Cranford; the rose-leaves that were gathered ere they fell to make into a pot-pouri for someone who had no garden; the little bundles of lavender flowers sent to strew the drawers of some town-dweller, or to burn in the chamber of some invalid. Things that many would despise, and actions which it seemed scarcely worth while to perform, were all attended to in Cranford. Miss Jenkyns stuck an apple full of cloves, to be heated and smell pleasantly in Miss Brown's room...

– *Cranford*, by Mrs.Gaskell[1]

Kindness is rampant in the village. Kind acts, large and small, are a part of daily life. Persons who are especially generous tend to be especially admired. Maybe this is generally true, not just in the village; a special prestige is accorded to the generous and benevolent persons. However if there is a certain gain to be had from this, it is also done at some personal cost. At times the kindnesses develop into dependency relationships. Some

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of these can be extremely burdensome and unfair. For Edna, this would be true with Eunice, and (to a much lesser extent) with certain of the Cowdell Hall residents and other old people.

In the village, many persons seem to feel responsible for taking care of certain other people. Back in America, this would be confined largely within the family. Mother takes care of her children, and to varying degrees she cares for her husband as well; and there can be other caregiving relationships, within the family. However, here in the village, caregiving reaches beyond the family. The Beresfords evidently feel this way to some degree, toward the families of their former staff, and toward Clevelode parish as a whole. The doctors, certain of the trades people, watchful neighbors such as Charles Gooding, other persons in addition to ladies such as Edna who care for the elderly, apparently share such a feeling as well.

Is there a special cultural tradition here? – Yes there probably is. Mentions are made throughout English literature; for example of the Lady Bountiful, who condescendingly bestows her largesse on unfortunates; perhaps even going to their homes or to the hospital to nurse them.[2]

So the village is crisscrossed by care-for relationships. Some persons are car*ers*, others (such as the dependent elderly) are car*ees* . And still other people are outside all this.

My previous book on altruism in America and Canada had ended with the question: what would we find, what other avenues for the expression of generosity, if we knew more about other cultures? What are the possibilities, for the channelling of altruism?[3] So naturally I was thrilled to hear about, and see in action, all of this caring-for. To me, it did seem like a different sort of cultural channelling for altruism.

Kindnesses and taking care of others is so emphasized here; even though the kind act is done quietly, it is noticed by others (when it is not totally secret) and it is approved. People with a "kind" reputation have, as I said, high prestige. Bunty speaks glowingly of Carole, in her shop, "always helping" someone. Nigel Field says of an old farmer couple, "They'll do anything for you," meaning, they are wonderful people. With this sort of encouragement, persons in whom the generous tendency might not be terribly strong, are perhaps nudged along in this direction. Also, I mentioned earlier the people's tolerance toward eccentrics and persons who, elsewhere, would have difficulty fitting in. If such a person who was "different" was also generous and giving, this would be a sure way to gain acceptance – and more than acceptance, prestige. (In fact this does occur in the village).

For purposes of discussion, I have sorted the persons who take care of others into two types. This is reflected in the chapters to come.

One type, "altruism on the job," includes persons who turn their jobs into opportunities to care for others. In Clevelode, this would include the doctors at the Surgery who serve the people in the parish; Jean Goldsmith who owns and runs Cowdell Hall; trades people such as Arthur and Brian and the shopkeepers; the vicar; a few persons such as Anne Blandford who live in Clevelode but who work (as a nurse) elsewhere; and probably some teachers – both at the local schools, and teachers who live locally but teach elsewhere. Probably we have missed some worthy person, since we don't know everyone.

I do not want to exaggerate here. Caring for others, in their jobs, combines with other interests. These people must earn a living too. Also, as you would expect, it is difficult to get these people themselves to say much about their good works; nearly all the information comes from other informants. Some of these persons are more conspicuously altruistic than are others; perhaps (we don't know) a couple of these nominations might be disputed. And of course these people have their own individual styles, their own private feelings and motivations. They do differ from each other.

In some of these occupations, it is socially expected that the person is caring and tries to help others. (Teacher, vicar, nurse, doctor.) For these it seemed to us: the persons who are mentioned go far beyond the normal call of duty. In other occupations it is not necessarily expected. (Auto repair, house repair, shopkeeper.) These ones are especially interesting to me.

The Beresfords might be put with this group too: caring for others, which (they feel) goes with their social position.

"Altruism on the job" is something that I had studied before, in America and Canada, and written about. This British manifestation of it has added so much that is new, that it has enlarged the topic considerably.

The other manifestation of taking-care-of is not job-related. These are the caregiver relationships. In these, a person begins with kindnesses, and this ripens into taking on some responsibility for another person. The watchful neighbor, the carer-lady who drops in on a housebound person occasionally to "make sure she she's all right" and to alleviate her loneliness, the carer who gives housebound persons rides in her car – cases such as these would go here.

This is a continuum. At the low end would be persons who are not very deeply involved (yet). They might be fairly casual visitors or givers of rides, to certain recipient-persons; other carer-persons share the responsibility with them. In this position, a rides-giver or visitor or watchful neighbor is not clearly "the one;" if she does not come through with (whatever is needed), some of the other caring persons may.

Moving up the continuum: perhaps she does more, and the responsibility is more clearly hers. Edna and some of her friends drive for Community Care; the old people whom they give rides to, would like to have their own "regular" driver. Community Care tries to protect their drivers from taking on another regular dependency relationship. But it happens sometimes anyway, a tacit agreement between driver and recipient; and the driver has moved up our continuum a bit.

The high end of the continuum is represented by Edna with Eunice, and also by Constance Oakley and Sylvia Simon with Mary Nibb– a sort of *in loco parentis* responsibility for a fragile old person who requires a *lot* of attention. In these extreme cases, the "kind" person has taken the place of a *bona fide* family caregiver, such as a grown daughter or spouse.

Lower than this on the continuum, are demanding old persons such as Major Bradburn who are accustomed to having their demands met – and the carers who comply with these demands..

In the chapters to come, these sorts of relationships are described in the chapters on caring for the elderly, and neighboring. The other kind is described in the chapter on the doctors and in the chapter about Arthur and Brian, taking care of their customers.

Connections to Previously-Mentioned Value-Emphases

Although caring for others has been set aside, here, to be discussed as a separate topic, much of this must sound familiar: kindness, consideration, responsibility for others. There is an obvious connection between the Morality chapter and this. Why do the caregivers do this? We can guess: consideration; awareness of others' need and thinking that they have to do something about it. And the caregivers must make moralistic statements to themselves also, at times. "We are responsible for each other." "He is depending on me. I mustn't let him down." With the doctors and others on their jobs, there would be professional ethics, and the service ethic.

Although the elderly are the most obvious beneficiaries of this, and although this often takes the form of dependency relationships – carer and cared-for – it enters in elsewhere, in other relationships. A neighbor child, as I said, "visits" Edna almost daily. Edna interrupts what she is doing and gives of herself. Certain "friendships" are a matter of some generous person suffering a tiresome person who needs someone to listen to her.

The solicitous carer brings forth a sense of entitlement from persons in need – as with Edna and her pesty little visitor. As I got to know about Edna's life, more and more people emerged, who seemed to feel

they had some claim on her, because she had encouraged this in the past.

One scene, on a Woman's Institute bus trip, captures this for me: the petulant, suffering, face of the cared-for old woman; the solicitous expressions of the other ladies, surrounding her.

When I discussed the caring emphasis with Karen the vicar, and how certain persons like the doctors had a special reason to play this role, she said "I don't think people in this village need an excuse for that. They do it anyway." And she told even more stories of caregiving. In one of her examples: four or five old ladies who live along Picken Road "look after each other." They "look in on" each other to see that they are "all right." And they are prepared to come to the rescue when any one of them is in an especially fragile state. (Actually I think the younger and more able woman is, on balance, looking after the rest.)

Caregiving and "kindness" takes in a broad swath. Much else could be included: for example, coming to the rescue of shy persons at parties; and being a friend to people who are badly in need of friendship, whose own companionship is actually a burden.

When it comes time to discuss the doctors, this value-emphasis has influenced them too. They work tremendously hard to give high-quality care, including house calls and night calls. This is partly because the institutional arrangements are such, in England, that doctors can still do this. However, they do this at some personal cost. It is not easy.

Women as Carers

There is an expression, "staying home and taking care of her husband" or "...taking care of her family." This is the caregiver prototype. Women start out in this fashion; then those who have the inclination, branch out to carer relationships outside the family. Or, women settle into stay-at-home domesticity – as in this saying – and then take in other persons. The Wase home is the center for extended-family gatherings; Jennifer's nurturing now takes in grandchildren, her aged mother, her father-in-law, and other nonfamily members as well.

In another form of this: once the woman's family has all grown up, died, gone, she re-creates the carer role with others. Two retired vicars in their late eighties, come to Edna's house every other Friday. She gets out her good china, her silver, her crystal, and she serves a traditional British dinner (food which she herself would prefer not to eat), including sherry beforehand, coffee and sweets afterwards. The family dining room scene is re-created: the men sitting at table, the woman serving.

Edna's theory about herself is that a need to do this sort of thing had become established during her years as a wife and mother. Then, after

Cyril died, she eventually built a life again with these sorts of relationships.

The notable people in the village whom I have been citing, are mainly older women. They have cycled through the earlier stage of raising their own children; some have retired from jobs; now they are more active in the village. So, perhaps they are doing all these things in compensation for growing out of their previous family roles; or perhaps they are now "freed" to do more. Whatever; ultimately they will pass into a still later stage, diminishing powers, and then they will do less again.

This is simply a tendency. Some of the young women who are still called upon to be mothers and who still earn salaries, are also active as carers and volunteers. Carole has teenage children and of course she is working. Patricia Bowles is a young mother who is a housewife. Other women who have done a great deal, are not of the "old guard" cohort either. And of course a few of the men are carers too. Edna's neighbor Charles Gooding is one of these.

Also, several of the major offices are held by younger women; as with Felicity, who had headed the Women's Institute, and Pip, who was chairman of the parish council. But there is this overall tendency – for the older women to be the most active – and this is understandable.

Edna speculates about the upcoming cohort of ladies, Marjorie Armstrong, Liz Frior, and the others, who will soon have more time. They are retiring; their grown children are leaving home. Now they are able to take over from the old guard, from persons like Jennifer and herself– and hold the offices, coordinate activities.

This will happen, unless the woman also retires from village activities when her husband retires from his job. Edna cited a number of recent cases where this apparently had happened. The woman had been active in the village; she was a driver for the elderly, perhaps, visited shut-ins, helped organize the fund-raisers for charities. She was part of the sisterhood who worked together on village projects. Then her husband (who had never entered into village affairs) retired from his job; and she withdrew. One rarely saw her now.

I so objected to this; I asked, why can't the men get active in the village too? The answer was: a few retirees had made an effort. Several men drove for Meals on Wheels and Community Care. And of course a few men had been active in village affairs right along. The rest, who had not participated very much before, did not join in afterwards.

Then why couldn't the wife cater to her retired husband, if she must, and still go out and continue her village activities? – The answer was: "He wants her at home with him." Of course, who knows the private reasons for any particular married couple? But Edna thought it was tradi-

tional to some extent, it was expected, "To stay home and take care of her husband." This seemed, to me, pathetically submissive on the wife's part, dependent on the husband's. But there it is. Viewed more positively: it probably reflects the value-emphases again – dedication, duty. Marriage, traditionally, is lifelong; for the woman, it means caring for her family. Spillover of her nurturance, to outside the home, I suppose is something that happens when it is permitted.

To take one more view, now, of the sisterhood of women who work together collegially on village projects, and nurture whomever needs caring for:

Different women have the nurturing inclination to varying degrees. They enter into village activities as they can. There are life-stages which they pass through: early motherhood, children growing up, some holding jobs and some not, husband retiring, more time (perhaps) to give to caregiving and other village activities; finally, declining competence with old age, and withdrawal from this; perhaps to become the recipients of care instead.

All the mothers, sooner or later, pass through family crises. In these family tragedies, it is usually the woman who bears the burden and whose heroism is tested. Although the privacy code tends to isolate them at these times, so that the ladies cannot offer each other help as much as they would wish – still, such a beleaguered woman is encircled by concern; and she is helped when she permits her friends to help her. The ladies gratefully remember the support they got at such times. They also remember, admiringly, the heroism of other women during *their* times of tragedy. Over the years, mutual appreciation grows.

They are also brought together, working together in the women's groups, and in the church, and for the charities.

We are now ready for the caregiving careers of a few of these people. This shared experience, giving rides to housebound elderly persons, helping out at Cowdell Hall, working for Community Care and so on, enters into their collegiality. Sometimes they care for the same person – as with Constance Oakley and Sylvia Simon, with Mary Nibb. They also substitute for each other at times. They tell their amusing stories about all this, to each other; and they laugh and shake their heads.

Actually, a good many of these ladies have cared for the elderly at home, as well as out in the community. Now they are helping at Cowdell Hall and with Community Care, making visits and giving rides. But in the past at some time, and maybe even now, they have cared for (or are caring for) a family member who was failing.

Edna was in this position for six years, during Cyril's last stages of Alzheimer's disease (–and to a lesser extent before that, while Cyril's parents and her own mother were living with them). Others of the ladies have done this also. Several have been living like this for many years. In two of these cases, they have managed to go on being carers for others, outside their homes. Joyce Draper is a notable carer who has lived like this for many years, giving elder-care both inside the home and outside.

There is a huge research literature on caregiving; it is 99.99% on family-caregivers. I searched for a long time before I found any mention of the custom, so prevalent in the village, of neighbors and friends entering into the caregiving. (The term is "caregiving" in America; "caring" in England.) Is the village so different from America? Is England so different, in this emphasis on non-family entering in? Maybe so. I could not find any description of what the village ladies do, in the American research literature.

With all the effort that goes into caregiving and kindness to old people, the carers' attentions are still of less practical importance than is the Welfare State. This is also true for aid to the poor. It is generally true for persons with "special needs." To live among concerned neighbors who try to help – this must be a definite comfort, to feel that you are not isolated and that people still care about you. However it is the government, the Welfare State, which delivers the crucial services, and provides the medical care, the housing, the home-care staff, other services. This, also, will be a minor topic in the chapter: programs for the elderly, some by the government, some by nongovernment organizations.

The importance-of-government theme can be extended even further, beyond human services like these, to environmental protection, animal-protection, the control of development, and more. As with the discussion of citizen complaints in the previous chapter: a concerned citizenry is supplemental to government action, but it doesn't replace it. In the case of the elderly: as wonderful as the neighbors' caring is, the Welfare State services are more important to them. Both, really, are important – citizens *and* government: they supplement each other.

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I follow Edna into the living room at Cowdell Hall. As she enters the room, Major Bradburn rises to his feet. Mrs. Bradburn, Sybil Excel, come to attention in their armchairs. A thrill of recognition passes through the room. They are glad to see her. And she is glad to see them.

One part of this story of carers, is the carers' affection and sympathy for "the old dears." Edna doesn't seem to mind an ancient villager's monologue conversation; she is still glad to see him when he comes to the house. In like manner, she hosts Margaret Brown who, in her late eighties, re-visits the village. Margaret's muddled sense of dates and arrangements inconveniences Edna considerably, but she does not complain. She takes Margaret to see her former cleaning lady (from the days when Margaret lived in the village). She later described to me, obviously touched, the two old ladies, reunited; Margaret still being addressed as "Mrs. Brown."

Another part of the story is the special allowances which are made, for old persons who have aged sufficiently as to be no longer normally competent persons. If they have their quirks, their fixed ideas, their failings – special tolerance is due them. "Kindness" means, in part, continuing to be with a person who cannot follow the rules of social intercourse, who is a tiresome talker. One still invites him, includes him; he is not rejected. This holds for the elderly persons who have their quirks; and for other socially awkward persons as well. One smiles at some of their eccentricities, and tries not to notice others.

Edna is more sympathetic and tolerant than I am. I am more ready to see exploitation in a carer relationship than she is. This disagreement is understandable; I lack her long background (and disposition) as a carer.

Edna thinks back over some of the old tyrants who have tested the patience of carers, over the years, and some of the depressing homes she has visited. She agrees, they could be dreadful. Whoever their carer had been, had borne a cross through life. She tells a story of visiting Joyce before Joyce's mother had died. The old lady fixed her with a gimlet eye and asked Joyce, "How long is *she* going to be here?" Joyce said to Edna in a loud stage whisper, "That's all right, she can't help it."

Edna bristles when I criticize "the old dears" and their demands. She is right in a sense; I have not earned my spurs.

Liz speaks of her friend Deirdre, "one of those persons who is only really happy when they are caring for someone else." Deirdre cared for her errant husband, to the point of martyrdom. Now she cares for her parents, she gives support to her grown son, and she takes any opportunities outside-the-family – reaching out to neighbors, giving coffee to work-

men, providing elder-care. In other words, this is caregiving as a lifestyle. Deirdre perhaps represents the extreme. Others of the carer-ladies, such as Edna, have additional interests too. Actually, there must be a diversity of personal styles and emotional coloring which goes into caregiving in the village. Still, generally, there seems to be a strong charge of motivation, affection, behind all that effort.

The village as a whole pays attention to "the old dears." This takes many forms – catering to them, as at the village shop, and incidental visiting and caregiving, and also special times, celebrations.

The Bradburns' sixtieth wedding anniversary party was held at Cowdell Hall; Jean Goldsmith organized it. It lasted all day and into the next day. "Practically the whole village came." Mrs. Bradburn was given flowers; there were many cards. Jean had them dressed up, cleaned up, "without the usual dribble-drabbles down the front." There were speeches. People recalled when Colonel Bradburn was himself active in the village, doing for other people.

Periodically there are times of recognition like these. Mrs. Barnfield's one hundred fifth birthday party was, similarly, a huge affair at Cowdell Hall. She received congratulatory telegrams from the queen and from the Secretary of State. She "made a speech to us all." She thought she would reply to the queen, but she didn't think she would bother with the Secretary of State. Then she excused herself and went to bed.

Ian staged a sixtieth wedding anniversary for his own parents. Again it was a huge affair, with persons from throughout his parents' lives standing and speaking, although in this instance many of the persons were from outside the village.

Since there is this kind of interest and willingness to draw upon, the old people and their families are sometimes not shy about asking for help. There is a sense of entitlement. (Sometimes the privacy-code countervails; but at other times not.)

Glenys phones Edna and asks her to come sit with her husband, who is immobilized by a stroke; she herself has to go somewhere. This is on short notice, at some inconvenience to Edna. But she sees nothing wrong with the request, and of course she complies.

Finally I would return to a previous theme: old persons, on the decline, are not permitted to simply fade away. Some of them have reclusive tendencies – like the elderly man across the road – and definitely would do this if nature were left to take its course. However in this man's case, his young neighbor and his family, visit with him almost daily, check on him, have him in for meals; Charles Gooding, his other close neighbor, checks on him too. There are a few reclusive persons who are *so* unfriendly that they are left alone. But, failing this kind of strong discouragement, people are not allowed to fade away.

In the village, all the stages and conditions of the life span are on display. As Karen points out: children see this. For example in Carole's shop, decrepit elderly persons totter in, and receive this special attention. Children observe how they are treated, and they learn to do it too.

To summarize, then, the forms of caregiving: there are family caregivers, in-the-home caregivers. And there is caregiving by salaried home-care workers. In fact the National Health Service will send specialists to the home. (Two of the old men whom Edna paid attention to, were visited by a bath nurse.) In addition to this, there is the caregiving by the ladies. This would include giving rides, running errands, visiting, telephoning. (Joyce Draper does a lot of this.) Some other forms of caregiving are: hospital visits, and gardening. (This is Anne Blandford's specialty. She keeps up several large gardens for ladies who are in their eighties and nineties.) Another form of caregiving is organizing a rota to provide care, and bring meals, and keep the home going, when the homemaker is incapacitated. Margaret Fletcher did this, when Bunty Kings (who is not an elderly person) was ill; and then Andrea Ball organized such a rota for Margaret's own home when Margaret was dying. Another form of help is taking over financial management for an old person who is no longer competent. Charles Gooding did this for an aunt. Edna is doing this for Eunice. Edna herself got help from Ian. Finally there are the extreme cases of continuous care, dealing with emergencies, performing many services; where, for whatever reason, family members are not doing this – Edna with Eunice, and Constance Oakley and Sylvia Simon with Mary Nibb.

We will deal a bit more with the more limited forms of caregiving – visiting and driving. Then I will say something about cases in which the carer has gotten in deeper – where, it seems to me, there is an element of exploitation. Finally, family caregiving will be discussed, and, very briefly, government services and support-programs.

Visiting and Driving

Kindness and concern leads the (potential) carer to call up, to drop

in. For the housebound person and, perhaps, for his spouse who is trapped in the home with him – as Charles says, this "brings in the outside world." If the carer has already gotten in a little deeper, into a situation of responsibility, she may be checking on the old person to "see if she is all right," perhaps to be sure she has taken her medication. And, if she finds a problem, she will try to do something.

In the more extreme cases:

Constance Oakley, when she dropped in on Mary Nibb every day, sniffed for the smell of smoke. On several occasions, she and Sylvia did discover house-fires, just in time.

Edna and Cyril's malevolent old neighbor, Miss Skipp, grew frightened as death approached. She appealed to Edna to come sleep with her; so of course Edna did.

Edith Thould gave regular nursing care to several neighbors. She nursed Tubby Brown as he was dying. Also she dropped in on an old lady across the street, first thing in the morning. She helped her dress herself and start the day; then, at night, visited again, she helped the lady undress and go to bed. Several other carers were described performing this same function: helping a neighbor get dressed and start the day; then coming back in the evening to help the neighbor get undressed and get into bed.

Joan Bunn makes her visits on her bicycle. She doesn't own a car. Her carer career goes back several decades. She was a visitor to Miss Page, to Edith Lamb and her mother, and to other old-time villagers, who have by now passed away long ago. (Joan is also the Raffle Queen, in *Jam and Jerusalem*.)

On her bicycle, she would bring her flask of soup, and she also got the groceries for some of these persons. With Pagie, who had been "in the service," she listened to reminiscences of life within Strensham Court in former times, and she also "built up her coal fire," morning and night. She seems to have done the same for Mr. Truin, whom she describes as an ungrateful old man. She "got his coal in;" then he would condescend to offer her a sherry. She recalled her bicycle errands for other old people, in the past. For Edith Lamb's mother, whose reputation seems to have been as fearsome as Edith's herself –she was supposed to visit three evenings a week, "and you daren't miss."

Two other notable carers are Dorothy Murdoch, who also has a flask and brings soup, and Dodie Beresford. Dodie does a great deal of driving too; and because of the Beresfords' position, she and her husband are able to offer help in a variety of ways. Several old persons, Edna suspects, are living in Beresford bungalows "on peppercorn rent." And, we are told, the Beresfords occasionally take distressed persons into their own home. Edna says that Dodie has a longer list of dependents than she

herself has; that Dodie is forever driving people to places, enabling elderly shut-ins to attend social events; that Dodie discreetly offers help whenever she gets the chance. However this is shrouded in mystery. The Beresfords of course aren't saying; and, despite Dodie's warmth and friendliness, there is a bit more social distance that goes with her position.

Numerous persons could be mentioned for their heroic carer-duty, as visitors. To single out one: it might be Charles Gooding, who is one of several carer-men whom we are aware of. I say "heroic" because it is depressing homes that they go into. To make the visit: I, at least, would have to steel myself, force myself.

Charles tells us: "I've got a new one." It is Cedric, who is dying. – "Not an outgoing man." (Cedric evidently doesn't talk.) – Therefore he is much harder to visit, to make conversation with, make friends with; but he is also more apt to be lonely. Cedric's wife stays at home with him; so when Charles comes, the wife can escape for awhile.

Charles also visits Glenys' husband who has had a stroke; and I myself found this household an especially depressing one. And there has been a series of other dying men, in the past, who have now died.

In addition to Charles' regular list of housebound men to visit, there have been other occasions over the years – as for example Margaret Fletcher, whom he and Gwyneth had visited in the hospice in Hereford when she was dying; and his own mother, who had lived with them until she was over ninety.

I asked Charles how long he has been doing this. He said it started, as a regular part of his life, after he retired and was no longer a working farmer. He said it had to do with "the age group." As he got older his attention was drawn, more and more, to these people who were even older than he was, and who were failing. I think there is quite a bit of this. Old persons are led into carer involvements with still older people. The middle-aged ladies have their carer-involvements too; but their attention is still deflected toward their families and in some cases their jobs. Perhaps too, the older persons like Charles and Edna are more likely to feel some identification with the *really* elderly. Whatever the reason, carers for the elderly tend to be, themselves, elderly, or at least retired.

To move on to discuss being a driver – and of course driving and visiting go together in many of these cases – many examples could be given. I will give just two.

Joyce Draper might say to her widowed neighbor, "I'm going to Worcester tomorrow. I have to [do whatever]. I'd like to leave at [whenever]." And the neighbor can say if she wants to come along. This seems on the face of it casual enough. But this is part of a day-by-day carer

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relationship, driving, visiting, phoning. Any inclination that the widowed lady might have, toward withdrawal and depression, is countered by this.

Charles, similarly, might invite a neighbor lady to come along with them, when he and Gwyneth drive to, let us say, a social event in Pershore. A few years ago he had done this with Edna herself. He was encouraging her to get out of the house and re-enter society, after Cyril had died. Edna had been embarrassed to go to events by herself. Now he does this with others. He might very well invite to come along, a boring nonstop talker who would fairly ruin the outing for Gwyneth and himself.

Some of the driving is done for residents of Cowdell Hall. Jean Goldsmith organizes this. It is part of her policy of getting her residents out into the outside world again. Being a driver frequently leads to further entanglements, as for Edna with Major Bradburn.

The ladies also drive for Community Care. This also can lead to entanglements, as we'll see.

Creeping Expectations, and Constraints from the Husbands

One thing I had noted with the drivers, is what might be termed "creeping expectations." There is a tendency for whatever it is that the driver is supposed to do, to increase.

This evidently is what happened with Patricia Jeynes. Eventually, she was driving one of her old ladies long distances, to visit a distant daughter; then she had to return again, and take her home. Edna, with Major Bradburn and with Eunice, would be another example of this. Pat says – of her driving trips to the daughter – that she has spent so much time with that particular family, that she feels like one of them. "I tend to think of Daphne as my mommy."

(Pat had been caregiver for her own mother toward the end of her mother's life. .I think of this as an example of the nurturant women, first being carers and nurturers to their own children and husbands, and then perhaps being carers for their parents, and then playing this role again, caring for outsiders.)

I ask Pat if she feels that any of the old persons "took her over" as their own – recognizing that this is a need they must have. She says, "Oh yes. Daphne."

Major Bradburn phones from Cowdell Hall, to Edna, his "friend" of many years. He has a list of errands for her. And, as it often turns out, his instructions are muddled. She complies, tries to bring him what he wants.

Shirley Pick admonishes Edna: "Don't let Eunice take you over!" But of course Eunice had already done that; and she had, to some extent, "taken over" Shirley as well.

Community Care, based in Upton, gives rides to the old persons (as it does for other persons who do not drive). Edna, Jennifer, Pat, others of the Clevelode ladies, are volunteer drivers. Community Care's organizer and head, Joan Pearson, has done her best to protect her drivers from this. However the passengers tend to want a "regular" driver, someone for every time, a friend. This is understandable; it is more comfortable for them.

Joan Pearson tries to protect the drivers; but it still happens. Private understandings are reached, between a compliant driver (such as Edna) and an old person whom she comes to know. Other drivers who might be a bit more resistant, shake their heads at this.

Jennifer says that she herself used to drift in to being a person's "regular". Now she tries not to yield to this temptation, because "my family got a bit cross." This is the kind of constraint that Cyril Ward must have provided in the past; and now, in his absence, Edna complies, and adds to her list of dependents. In cases where women have drifted into really deep involvement, with their caregiving, I think absence of the husbandly constraint must be one reason. Who knows how far the ladies might have drifted, and for how many persons, if husbands did not insist they "stay home and take care of their families"? (Of course the insistence may not have been explicit, like this. However the cases we know of – where there was deep involvement – occurred, I think, in the absence of strong husbandly objections.)

Three Stories

Edith Lamb, before she died, lived at Cowdell Hall. When Edna visited, she would pay her respects to Edith; then she would leave, sneak in again, and go about her other business – with, perhaps, the Bradburns. Edna feared that if Edith had found out, she would have made trouble. Edith was jealous and vengeful; she lived with an accumulation of grievances. However Edna and other carers went to some effort, tending to Edith, in spite of the complications she presented.

Edith was massive, immobile. When Edna drove her to events, it was quite a job for her to get Edith in and out of the car, into the house, into a chair, and up again. I can remember the sight of massive Edith, tottering at the Wases' front door stoop, and small Edna behind her, bent, pushing, a mouse supporting an elephant.

Edith with her demands was a topic of conversation. The carers would regale each other with stories, and laugh. But most of the talk was respectful. There were concerned inquiries. No one (other than I) laughed at the scene at the doorway. When Edith died, her funeral at Saint Giles' was a major event with a great turnout. Former villagers (such as the Lockwoods), now moved away, travelled some distance to pay their respects.

Second story: Major Bradburn's wife had dislocated her hip again. She was in hospital in Worcester – not an easy drive, through the city. Major Bradburn was in such anxiety about her – he had to be taken to see her every day, without fail. A rota was organized, different drivers driving him on different days of the week. Patti and her husband had a day, Edna had a day, other drivers filled in other days. This had been going on for five weeks. Edna spoke of him as being "impossible." But her attitude was – not blaming – and she would comply with anything. Because? Because he was so devoted to his wife, and in his day he too had been active in the village, doing for others. Because she and the others were fond of him. Because they had gotten into the habit of complying with his demands; so they drove him through the city day after day.

She tells a story, smiling. It is a scene in the hospital room. Major Bradburn and his wife are both talking nonstop, drowning each other out, talking about unrelated subjects – as is their custom. He is trying to get his wife's attention. He is concerned about her being able to speak to him on the telephone. He says (something in this vein): "Dear – Just a moment dear [trying to break in]. Just a moment dear... The telephone [on the table next to her bed]. Can you reach it? Are you sure it is near enough so that you can reach it? [It is all right where it is.] Is it near enough? Should I move it closer? Just a moment dear – " And on with this, until he [nearly blind, they both are] ... he lunges to move the telephone, knocks it on the floor, breaks it.

Third and final story: Community Care asked Edna to rearrange her crowded schedule, on short notice, in order to take a very old lady to the doctor. So she did. On their way to the doctor, the woman discovered she had gotten the time wrong. (Evidently it's not uncommon for these very old persons to get their dates and times wrong, thereby inconveniencing their helpers.) So Edna let her own appointments go and spent this time with the woman. Then she delivered her, driving up to the doctor's office. When it came time for her passenger to get out of the car, there was some confusion.

As mentioned before: Edna has a difficult time with her clumsy old auto, squeezing it through the narrow streets, doing parallel parking, and without power steering.

At any rate, in the confusion getting out of the car, Edna gave her purse to the lady to hold, the lady set it in the gutter, then Edna ran over it and smashed her own glasses.

Lame ducks

Joyce, speaking of the people she gives support to – with telephoning and visiting and driving – said that a number of these persons telephone her late at night. They are lonely and unhappy. –Because, she says, they do nothing to try to make friends and be with people. They "don't reach out." But, Joyce says, she knows they still need her support, so she lets them talk and tries not to act impatient.

She spoke of being "a listening ear" for a distraught person. She mentioned one "friend" whose marriage had been breaking up for years. The friend called, and Joyce would play the supportive role.

As Joyce described all this, it became clear, some of these persons were not elderly.

Similarly, as more and more of Eunice's story came out when we visited with her relatives, it developed that she had been a troublemaker in the family, a difficult person, throughout her life. Her needfulness and isolation had not simply begun in old age.

David Lockwood asked Edna: had Eunice ever been a viable person? The answer, evidently, was no. Then he spoke of "lame ducks," and persons who seemed to attract lame ducks, and of particular women "who always had to have a lame duck." This included several of the women whom I've mentioned. Edna would certainly qualify; she seems to accumulate them. They come to her; she cannot refuse, in fact she probably offers encouragement. Some are old, some are not. David tweaks her on this score; I joke about it too. Up to a point it is a subject for humor.

However, sometimes she rises to the defense of her dependents: it's not funny; they are not lame ducks. She also objects to my talk about exploitation. I think her position is: first, their demands on her are legitimate. (As with the neighbor child who visits almost daily – she really is needful of some attention.) Also, the old persons deserve that their dignity be honored.

(Our primary commentator for this chapter has been Anne Mary Jayes, who has reviewed the caregiver literature for Britain. She too reacted to my cynicism, and to David's, with anger. It was for the same reason, I think; we were not sympathetic enough to the old people. Anne Mary, too, had been a caregiver for many years.)

What makes the difference between these two women and myself, is their deep involvement with the persons they have cared for. They have

become so personally identified with these persons that (I think) my "clinical" attitude makes them angry.

For Edna, however, Eunice is just too much. Edna doesn't try to defend her. But Edna cannot leave her either.

Eunice Pottle

When I first met Edna, she had Eunice as an overnight guest most weekends; she took her to her hairdresser every Friday, and she drove her to numerous other places. Eunice was aged eighty-six at the time. She was stone deaf, and a silly talker. In a typical scene – for example, with Edna serving tea – Eunice would be rattling on; Edna would be silent with a resentful expression on her face. Since that time Eunice has passed through several stages in her deterioration. There was an interlude in a mental hospital; and now she is in a nursing home, very senile. Throughout all this, Edna has been called on to defend Eunice's interests against the medical bureaucracy, and also to intervene at the mental hospital. She has come to the rescue of Eunice's group-housing manager, Shirley Pick, during the many uproars which Eunice has created. Edna deals with a solicitor, doctors, others, on Eunice's behalf. She had to sell Eunice's flat, clear out her personal effects. Now she visits the nursing home. Perhaps, mercifully, this will soon be over; Eunice is very thin and wasted. But then, maybe not. Who knows? The diagnosis, now, is Alzheimer's disease in its late stages – a final twist, that Edna must relive the signs and symptoms and stages of her own beloved husband's illness.

How did Edna get into such a situation? –Eunice obviously could not manage for herself; and the worse she got, the more obvious this became. No one else would do it. As Eunice had said, in a moment of desperation, "You're my only friend." Her remaining relatives avoided her, and with some reason, she had been so badly behaved over the years. Eunice's aloneness, and her helplessness – this itself was probably reason enough to tie Edna to her. There had been particular moments of panic and appeal that probably were ingrained in Edna's memory; as, for example, when Eunice begged her to come to the mental hospital, and be with her, and "see Fair Play done."

However in her relationship with Edna, Eunice was not helpless. She had her methods of manipulation (or attempted manipulation). In such dependency relationships, I think, the cared-for person can resort to appeals to guilt, to pouting, to becoming ill perhaps, maybe having an accident. This can be resorted to, if the carer's attention to her wavers. Or it can be done in order to ratchet up the demands to a higher level.

This kind of talk makes Edna angry; and she comes to the defense

of most of the old people, against charges such as these. Nevertheless – she tells, humorously, of the recriminations she hears from her old people, whenever she returns from a trip. Eunice goes even farther. She "pulls a wobbly." Her attention-getting gambits, in the past, have been spectacular: hysterical seizures, heart attack, stroke, "taking a spell" of one sort or another. A catatonic trance, becoming a human statue on a busy downtown traffic-island, was one of Eunice's more memorable performances. In any of these, a doctor would be called. Eunice would be examined. She would get the required attention even if the "spell" were discounted.

And it is not mere attention-getting either. As Edna points out: Eunice really is terrorized by many fears and delusions, bugs under her skin and the like.

Given the fact that Edna is tied to Eunice, that she will go on being faithful to this obligation – whether or not these performances have any effect on her – the question remains: how did she become drawn in? How did she get ratcheted up, to doing more and more, putting up with more and more, as time went by and Eunice got worse? Getting committed must indeed have been a process, step-by-step.

The history is too long and complicated to say much about here. Very briefly: Eunice and her husband, and Edna with Cyril, had been neighbors back in the city – and it sounds as if there was some dependency even then. Then Edna and Cyril retired and moved to Clevelode, time passed, Eunice's husband died – and when Eunice's relatives let her know that she couldn't move to live near them, Eunice came to live in Malvern, close to Clevelode. (Edna says she didn't invite her to come; however, I suspect that there was some implicit encouragement, at the very least.) During the years of Cyril's Alzheimer's disease, Edna gave Eunice a bit of attention, but she was understandably distracted. Then Cyril died; Edna slowly rebuilt her life, caring for others. She had more time for Eunice; and as Eunice got worse, Edna had to do more and more. This really leaves much unexplained. There must have been numerous critical points that came along, when some new, big, onerous duty had to be done, so Edna did it.

Here is one scrap of partial explanation, to explain why it has progressed as far as it has, to Edna, cleaning up Eunice in the nursing home:

Edna says, with uncharacteristic immodesty, "I can do anything." After her six years of nursing Cyril, no demand is too awful; she can do it. – And since she can, it is hers to do.

From the Cared-for Person's Point of View

To step back from stories such as this, in which the cared-for person deteriorates over time, and the carer does more and more, as the situa-

tion demands – to consider the question, by what process does the carer get drawn in? – let us start by trying to imagine it from the cared-for person's point of view.

In this hypothetical case, let us imagine that her family is not with her to provide comfort, give rides, do whatever has to be done. The declining old person is by herself, lonely and in need. The carer-ladies of the village are out there, willing to provide. However, soliciting care from non-family comes uncomfortably close to asking for charity. It is a delicate business. You cannot say "care for me." Carer and cared-for must drift into the relationship by small increments.

The first stages are probably small acts of consideration by the carer-ladies: stopping for a visit, taking her to church, remembering to invite her to some event. After all, they have known each other in the village, over the years. Thanks to the thoughtfulness of the ladies, this old person will not be left totally alone.

Another starting point for carer-relationships is programs such as Community Care. This is a service that is offered; persons who need rides avail themselves of it, and drivers come to pick them up.

At this early stage, a number of persons may offer rides, visits, invitations, kindness; no single carer is very committed yet. Sometimes the cared-for person tries to reciprocate for these favors. (After the Bradburns stayed with Edna in her home – and this was a harrowing experience for her – Major Bradburn presented her with a cuckoo clock. She hated it; but she felt she must put it up on the wall. So she did.)

The next step would be getting one of these carer-ladies to become one's regular. Perhaps one of the Community Care drivers who comes to your house, becomes your "old friend" whom you can call on any time, to drive you places. Or perhaps one of the people who have been concerned about you, and have visited you, steps over a threshold of commitment. Maybe there is an emergency of some kind and she comes to your rescue. She now feels responsible for you; she must check on you regularly.

However, some of the carers do not need to be precipitated into the responsible role by some emergency. They are, simply, very easy to ask for favors. Edna, I think, makes herself *extremely* easy to solicit. She is so aware of the awkwardness of the old person's position, being dependent on others for rides and the like. She explains to me: you must be careful. "You must be sure they really want it." She herself would never want to be a recipient of care, herself – it is a point of pride – and with this in mind, she says, "You have to be so careful in offering it to others."

This being her attitude – exquisitely aware of the awkwardness of their position – Edna in the benefactor role is *so* tactful. She handles the

situation with such delicacy. She puts the supplicant at ease. The two of them are "just friends," "old friends." She minimizes – as far as it is possible – the embarrassment of asking for help and receiving care. She says to them: "It's no trouble. I'm glad to do it."

In most of these cases, in which Edna does a favor "which is no trouble" for a "friend" – no regular dependency relationship develops. But sometimes one does. The "old friends" rationalization can be used; and Edna has encouraged this.

(I know much less about how this happens with others of the carer-ladies. But I think most of them would be tactful; and hence, tend to be drawn in at times.)

In the light of Edna's long experience at one end of the Lady Bountiful relationship, it is interesting to see how she feels about the other end, becoming a dependent elderly person herself, being a recipient of kindness. She is getting along in years, perhaps getting close to that time. Edna has seen others of her friends slip across the line, from one side to the other. Anyway, she views this with horror, rejects this totally, will not talk about it, will not consider the possibility of – herself – being in Cowdell Hall one day. ("God's waiting room.")

Edna is so tactful and careful, when she is driving the old persons or (otherwise) doing for them, because, she says, their dignity must be protected. When she drives the Cowdell Hall residents to church: she says that several of the women would be offended to be helped in and out of the car, or to be steadied when they were walking up the path or going up the steps. She mentioned one particular woman who hates attentions of this sort. (On the other hand, she must take various of these aged women to "spend a penny," outside in the churchyard, since the church itself has no toilets.) I thought of the Cowdell Hall men who don't enter into the give-and-take with the others, who sit by themselves and suffer their isolation; perhaps they too cannot stand to be the objects of solicitude.

This sort of tact and sensitivity by the carers might make it easier for the dependent old persons to ask for help. However, I've also noticed an astounding lack of gratitude from some of them. Rosalynn Carter, in her book on caregiving, notes this too – the carers encounter "a lack of recognition or gratitude from the person they were caring for." I suppose, to recognize what is being done for you, would be to admit the extent of your dependency.

Edna objects that some of the old persons who are receiving rides and visits *are* grateful; they are appreciative. Whereas some of the elderly people might be unwilling to admit what is being done for them, and some make unreasonable demands, and some might try to be manipulative ... (and here we have Eunice and her human statue in the traffic island, and

Edith with her tyranny of Cowdell Hall) ... others are innocent of this. They are struggling bravely on. They probably are embarrassed to be receiving help. And, she says, I should have a more sympathetic attitude. I should not suspect their motives.

(And Anne Mary Jayes, again, agrees with Edna, disagrees with me. "People *hate* being helped." And she quotes from Saint Vincent de Paul, "We should ask the poor to forgive us for giving them food.")

At any rate, to continue with the question – how does the carer become *the* one who is responsible? – different kinds of events seem to do it. Sometimes there are the small incremental steps, the significance of which goes unnoticed at the time. Edna says, thinking of the Eunice experience, "By the time you realize what you've done, it would be very hard to extricate yourself." By that time, Eunice was looking to her. So was Eunice's house manager, her several doctors, her solicitor, her relatives.

Sometimes, however, it can happen with a single larger event – sudden capture.

> *Jenny (not a person of the village) had a close friend who was dying. The friend had been a carer to Freenie – who rivalled Eunice in her outrageousness. The friend asked Jenny to be a carer for Freenie until she herself "got better." How could Jenny refuse? Now she is stuck with Freenie.*

Paul Gump, writing about Kansas high school youth, refers to this as becoming "claimed." In his examples, it is a youth group that claims a youth. (However, a single individual might do this.) A person does something for the group (or for that other individual), takes some responsibility, maybe is asked to do more; he does more; and, increasingly, he comes to feel obligated. He comes to feel that they cannot do without him. And he is "claimed." In Gump's examples, this is a constructive process. The teenager benefits. By being inveigled into taking a bit of responsibility, then a bit more, he himself becomes focused and responsible. Gump's "claimed" concept could be applied here, I think, to the carers.

Another way of looking at this – actually similar – is by way of the *commitment* concept. With commitment, the more you invest in a belief, or a course of action, or in some loyalty, the harder it becomes to let go; the more you would lose by giving it up, admitting you were wrong. As the carer gets in deeper, invests more of herself, she becomes more committed. – Edna's counter to this would be: this is overly fancy and theoretical. As the cared-for person gets worse, her situation becomes more desperate. The carer *has* to do what needs to be done.

Still another way of looking at this: as our impatient psychologist friend, Orin Sadler, says – this is another evidence of their need for assertiveness training.

(In a family-caregiver situation that we know of, the carer yielded to extreme demands that were made on her, by her mentally deranged ward. After awhile she was badly in need of relief; she needed some time away from him. But he would not allow this. She got no respite. Perhaps there was no way to avoid this. Then again, maybe the situation did not absolutely have to develop in this fashion. Earlier, when the extreme demands were first being made on her – when he refused to let her wander from his sight, or have anyone else care for him – this might have been dealt with. This is the position of Dr. Carl Eisdorfer, a Miami psychiatrist who specializes in geriatric cases. He would probably not use the term "assertiveness" or "assertiveness training." But something like this would be combined with awareness of the steps by which a carer drifts into such an extreme situation. In other words, there might possibly have been a turning point, at an earlier time, in which these extreme demands could have been moderated.)

You can imagine how ready these British caregivers would be, to take up this American-style suggestion. Here is another American strategy for relieving the carer. It sounds sensible enough. But, again, it seems almost ridiculous as a suggestion for the Clevelode carers:

Dr. Ron Sunderland directs a carer program in Houston. He believes a carer (when possible) should not be isolated in a relationship with the cared-for person. The carer needs "supervision." In his program in Houston, a team of about six carers, together, cares for the person. Having a team of carers protects any one of them from being singled out as "the one." The team holds regular meetings with a supervisor.

Edna objects to this as a violation of privacy. Anne Mary Jayes, angrily, agrees; carers need no "help" of this kind. I can certainly see their point of view. This would hardly do in the village, even though it might be in accord with the American human services pattern, and even though it would seem to take care of our problem. So, I suppose these American suggestions are hardly the solution. Nevertheless the ladies could use some help – in, for one thing, noticing new little commitment-steps, turning points, in a developing dependency relationship.

Family Caregiving

This has to do with those tragedies that every family can look forward to, sooner or later – that the woman is usually at the hub of – that,

I think, have a good deal to do with the mutual appreciation among the older women of the village. For Edna it lasted six years. For a neighbor nearby, it has been half a lifetime.

The people of the village seem old-fashioned in this way too – that they are more ready than we are, to care for their elderly parents within their own homes. Joyce Draper patiently cared for her mother for years, then for her mother-in-law. Gwyneth lived with her disapproving mother-in-law until the old lady was in her nineties. Jennifer carries several of these relationships although, fortunately, none are within her own home. Edna and Cyril took in Cyril's parents, and Edna's mother, then an infant niece.

In overall statistics on family caregiving: sometimes it does not go on within the home.[5] The cared-for person may be in a nursing home. The burden on the carer still can be considerable, but he or she does not do nursing duty. However, with village families, the old person is being cared for at home, by a daughter or by the spouse. The village ladies offer supplementary care when they are permitted to do so by the family. In those cases where there is no family to give home-care, the village ladies do it.

The National Health Service also enters in, with its home-care services. Then there is also Cowdell Hall.

Any story of caregiving in the home follows a downward course. As the old person gets worse, the carer often becomes more like a nurse. Also the carer usually becomes more tied down, more isolated.[6] In the village, neighbors want to help, and it must be comforting to the carer to be encircled by this sort of concern. Still, as we've seen, the privacy ethic interferes.

Also the relationship between carer and cared-for may act to imprison the carer. Gwyneth recalls how her participation in the village dwindled, as her mother-in-law declined. Joyce says, "You can be made to feel guilty if you leave the house for a couple of hours." And in the other case that I mentioned, in which the cared-for person wouldn't let the carer leave him and get relief – he would throw visitors out of the home. He wanted only the carer, no one else.

So, the village community does everything possible to counter the process of isolation; but we have accounts of it occurring anyway.

The carers bear the scars from these long sieges. These include sleep deprivation, exhaustion, depression, illnesses of various kinds, and grief and slow recovery after it is over.[7]

So these are long drawn-out agonies that go on and on, behind closed doors. Charles Gooding speaks of "unknown, unsung heroines" – doing this work which is an extension of the housewife's normal role. Anne Blandford, speaking with the special knowledge of a nurse (and of a

carer) talks of "suffering all down the length of Druggers End."

How do the carers cope? How do they manage to go on and on? The answer to the second question is, I think: they are trapped, there is no choice. The carer is trapped by a number of circumstances. Usually there is no one to take her place. She has demonstrated that she *will* do the caregiving. And alternatives, such as moving the old person to a nursing home, perhaps have been ruled out in a compact between carer and cared-for. (I am guessing about this last one. The compact might be implicit, not directly stated. For example in one case, the carer understood that it "would kill" her parents to move them into a nursing home. So of course this was unthinkable.)

So she will stay until the bitter end, or almost the bitter end. The rationales for this compact can take the form of "it would kill them to..." or "it's only fair that..." or "after all they did for me." Social pressure, public opinion, social approval for keeping the parent, possible disapproval for doing otherwise – these sorts of understandings, may be in the background. And we shouldn't exclude: love for the persons whom they care for.[8] In the village, with all the heroic examples of caregiving to compare one's self with – the social pressure, the expectation of selfless care, would be fairly strong, I should imagine.

Sometimes help can be brought into the home, as the old person gets worse. This might be from National Health specialists, or from the neighbor ladies, or occasionally from another family member. So, toward the end, the carer's burden may be shared.

As to the first question – how does the carer cope, psychologically? – this is largely a mystery. Edna says: as carers get trapped into these situations, they have to go along with whatever personal resources they might happen to have. She herself was able to disassociate, drift off into her private thoughts, and get some relief in that way. Another neighbor, a long-time carer, does her balancing act through life; since she has had nursing experience, she can talk about the medical facts of the case in a no-nonsense nurse's manner. But she also finds overtones of humor.

However it remains a mystery, how the ladies manage. Each person, in her private struggle, must find her own way.

As for the "humble work" by the "unsung heroines" –I'd guess that this does not really go unnoticed by the other women. After they have each passed through their own travail – or been close enough to it, to have some knowledge of what it is like – this shared experience is one basis for the mutual appreciation within their sisterhood.

Edna believes that being a carer is a transformative experience (– although she would not use a term such as this). Thin that were once important to her now seem less important. Anne Mary agrees: something

like a loss of identity takes place, during the years of being a carer. Then, after it is over, a new person emerges. (Understandably, this cannot really be described.)

It is probably time to correct for any over-glorification of the caregiver. It is not unusual to see carer and cared-for, being ridiculous together. The quirks, the fixed notions, the avoidances and rituals, of the very old, tend after awhile to ensnare the people who live with them. And if you are caring for your spouse, you are probably elderly yourself.

> *The old couple takes their walk every afternoon, with their waddling old dog. The old man hunts for thrown-away aluminum cans. That is his obsession. He is very slowed-down, and he is deaf and usually doesn't understand when we call out to him. The wife has gone through this so often that she assiduously hunts for the cans too. They fuss over the dog, and the dog's leash, and the danger of the dog running away if he is off his leash. She is caught up in it; she does it too. The slow pace, the nagging between them, makes going with them a test of one's patience.*

Support for the carer

When the carer is into her siege, friends do a lot of standing-helplessly-by. They leap in to help when they are given the opportunity.

> *Even when Cyril became fairly demented, he still wanted to go to church and take his place in the choir. Sylvia (whom he had never gotten along with) would take Cyril by the arm and lead him down the aisle and to his choir seat. He was no longer able to behave normally; but everyone treated him as if he were normal, and they welcomed him. Edna thinks that her present-day love for the church is tied up in gratitude to the congregation, for that time.*

Different people came to the fore when they had the opportunity. Clifton and Margaret Fletcher first explained Cyril's illness to Edna. The Beresfords were the first to offer assistance; and after he died they tried again to give her major help. Her neighbors the Mountfords were "wonderful." John Mountford, every day, drove her to the hospital in Worcester, after Cyril had had a stroke. Charles Gooding kept a neighborly eye out from across the street, as he had always done; and he stepped in when the occasion permitted. During the period when Cyril would wander away

from the house and then become lost, Edna, frightened, would search for him in her car. Graham Phipps the butcher would close his shop, get in his own car, and search also. When he found Cyril: "Why hello, Mr. Ward. Taking a walk? ... Let's go have a beer." And Cyril would climb into his car, and they would go to a pub.

Dr. Jenson, their family doctor, went through the final six years with her. Little Patti the cleaner, with her gentle manner, went through it with her too. Edna's love for Patti dates from that time. Basil Williams, a salesman (who was also caregiver to his own spouse), took Cyril for rides. He continued visiting after Cyril had died, until he himself had died. Ian, across the road, was himself caring for his dying wife. He came to Edna's aid when he could. As a banker, he guided her through financial-legal decisions. Arthur at the Clevelode Garage took care of any problems with the car. Brian did the same for any house repairs. Her friend Jennifer, and her Women's Institute friends, and the church ladies, stood poised for their occasional chances to help.

In the literature on caregiving, this is the "support network."[9] Do we see an especially intense form of this in Clevelode? – Probably so. Simply the fact that this is a small community may act to intensify it. Rosalynn Carter recalls the press of visitors into their home in Plains, when she was a teenager and her daddy was fatally ill. She remembers it as burdensome; the family had to "keep their company face on." Evidently in Plains the customs were different; privacy was less emphasized. But the outpouring of concern sounds familiar.[10]

Support from Organizations

Elderly people in Clevelode, and their families, have still more resources to call on: the National Health Service, affordable sheltered housing (which might be in a nearby town), home care, and support groups of many kinds. It comes from both government and nongovernment organizations. These organizations are not unfailingly kind and caring like the village ladies are; I have heard a couple of negative stories. But I have heard perhaps a hundred stories or more, in which the organizations' staff *do* come to the rescue, with what seems like the attitude of the village carers. Probably the government services would not be quite so nice in an inner-city area with over-loaded resources. However, for the people of Clevelode, their experiences with support organizations, even outside the village, were favorable. (Really, thinking of the doctors, and the hospices, along with the superabundance of home-care offerings: "favorable" is an understatement.)

To take the medical services first: The National Health Service gives free services to the elderly, and free medications. The people go to their family doctor at the nearby Surgery. The doctor is easily accessible to them, much moreso than what we are used to in America. Dr. Jenson showed me his appointment book, for (mostly) old persons whom he visited in their homes, most usually every month. The family doctor is the coordinator for referrals and other services. The different kinds of homecare have been mentioned. For the dying: Saint Richard's and Saint Michael's are hospices with residential facilities, which also send out Macmillan nurses to help in the home.

One complaint made about American medical services is "organizational disconnectedness." The patient could use a full-time case manager to deal with insurance forms, hospital admissions, and program requirements. It is easy to not quite qualify for a treatment, and "fall through the cracks." Between one service and the next, for example between hospital discharge and hospice admission, the patient can be harshly dumped out on his own.[11]

However, from all accounts, there is much better and kinder coordination of services in this part of Britain. The family doctor at the Surgery keeps track of what happens to his patient; and it is all part of the National Health Service. (But Anne Mary Jayes, whose main experience is in London, says that it is still possible to "fall through the cracks" in Britain.)

Whereas the NHS is part of government, and social services and housing programs are too, much of the rest is non-government, quasi-independent. (–"Quasi" independent in that local groups can get government grants. Also, local groups may be part of national nongovernment organizations.) For our local area, these include Meals on Wheels, Community Care (which provides drives), and day centers for the elderly. Edna and her friends have volunteered to help with all these. There is also a nursing home in a neighboring village, and in Clevelode there is Cowdell Hall. Clevelode has a Senior Residents' Club which has activities and outings. The urban area of Malvern has a great many other services, including Stay-Put (which enables old persons to continue living in their own homes).

In Britain (as in the U.S.) there are also support groups for the carers.[12] After Cyril died, Edna started one of these. Along with her family doctor, Dr. Jenson, she helped start a second one; and she has also written for the carers' magazine.

For housing: first of all some elderly persons, like other low-income people, live in council houses. In addition, there is a program of supervised housing, offering differing degrees of independence (or dependency), according to how competent and able-bodied the old person is.

Usually, the elderly people live in their own apartments or flats; the building-complex has a manager (which was Shirley Pick, in Eunice's case, when she was living in Malvern). Nursing homes do exist, but they represent the end of the continuum, for persons who need nursing and who cannot manage for themselves. Cowdell Hall is a "retirement home:" group living, private rooms, less nursing care than a nursing home would provide.

The American emphasis on nursing homes is, I understand, partly due to Medicare guidelines. If the Medicare law had been written differently, we might be more like Britain and other European countries, with more in the way of a graded choice of supervised housing.[13]

To summarize: government offers home-care workers, visiting nurses and the like, to help keep old persons in their homes when this is possible. Voluntary organizations such as Stay-Put and Community Care also help with this, as do the individual carer-ladies of the village. Government also provides a gradient of "sheltered housing" to choose from. And there are retirement homes such as Cowdell Hall, and nursing homes, and hospital beds.

The *medical* care for the elderly, and for everybody else in the village, revolves around the Surgery. We now turn to it: these five doctors and their staff.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN. THE DOCTORS.

The parish and the nearby area is served by the Surgery – five family-practice doctors, thirty-two supporting staff, with referrals to more distant hospitals and specialists and services.[1] To go to the doctor means going to town, driving through the narrow streets, trying to park in the cramped parking lot, then going in the door and up to the front desk. There, Edna is greeted with a warm welcome. "Hello Mrs. Ward!" Perhaps it is Sue Brann at the desk. She is an old friend. And later, from the pharmacist who is also at the Surgery: "Here is your medicine, Mrs. Ward." It is free of course.

Everyone has his own family doctor, who stays with the family over the years, who will talk with his patients in unhurried fashion, and who becomes personally involved in their welfare. Edna's doctor, Dr. David Jenson, sees her once a month whether she needs it or not. They have been together, doctor and patient, for over twenty years. They went through Cyril's Alzheimer's disease together. Their relationship crosses over to outside the doctor's office. He has taken her to speak to medical residents on the situation of the carer in cases of Alzheimer's disease. Together they have started a support group. Sometimes he personally delivers her medicines to her house for her. And he gets angry when Edna neglects what she is supposed to do, medically; he scolds her severely.

Dr. George McMaster is the senior physician. He lives next door to the Surgery. His office window looks out onto his own garden wall. He can be out the door, from home to office, in a minute. During the Girl Guides and Brownies barbecue that was held in his garden, he rushed in through his special door in the garden wall, which leads from the Surgery. He had a quick bite from the barbecue, spoke briefly with his wife who was hostess to the event; and then he disappeared again.

Dr. McMaster is responsible for the residents at Cowdell Hall. He comes in when one of them has a problem. There are many stories about his personal attention to patients and his personal concern for them. In fact, there are stories such as these about all the doctors. Having stepped out from behind the shield of professionalism – being more personally involved with individual patients – the doctors have made themselves more vulnerable.

When Margaret Fletcher was dying of cancer, Edna said that she herself felt sorry for "our very caring local doctors" who had failed to make an earlier diagnosis. She had heard other persons expressing concern for the doctors also. They would be blaming themselves. Dr. McMaster, it was said, visited Margaret every af-

ternoon. He sat by her bed, held her hand, and talked to her. If ever he couldn't make it, another doctor took his place.

There are other stories of this nature. When, toward the end with Cyril, Edna on one occasion was reduced to tears, young Dr. Celia Evers, who was with her, wept alongside her.

The Surgery holds to a proactive policy. The doctors see certain kinds of patients – patients over seventy, babies, diabetics, asthmatics, and some others – on a routine schedule, not waiting for someone to get sick.

Also, the doctors are very easy to see. A person can telephone her doctor and be put through, maybe after a brief wait, so that he is not interrupted with the patient he is seeing. The person who is calling can then be speaking to him, or she can even see him on that very day. (Thus the function of the front desk at the doctor's office, so familiar in America, to protect the doctor from intrusions – this has been reversed.) And the doctors make house calls, even night calls.

All this reminded me of my father who was a doctor in Indiana until 1943; he also made house calls and night calls. However, the situation of the Surgery doctors seems easier than his. They are in a group, so they can take turns being on call. Given all the support they get, and all the medical advances since my father's time, I'd guess that they are more effective than he was. Making deadly mistakes, as with Margaret Fletcher's cancer, must be less common for them. Since they work such long hours and since they are personally involved with their patients, I think they *are* under considerable stress. But I'd guess it is less than the crushing pressure that my father and his fellow doctors knew.

They are also similar to my father in that they do not make the huge incomes of modern-day American doctors.[2] Their yearly incomes (as of 1996) are in the range of sixty to seventy thousand pounds.

At first I thought they could give so much time to individual patients because they had a low patient load. I assumed they deliberately kept down the number of patients they were responsible for, so they could offer this old-fashioned style of care. This turned out to be wrong.

In the scheduling, they are allowed seven and a half minutes per patient. This serves, for routine problems such as cases of the flu. However it is understood that they will linger with a patient for much longer, when special listening is required. Also, patients who want to see their doctor that very day will be inserted into the schedule. Sue Brann might say to that patient who has come in: "I think he's almost through with [the current patient he's seeing]. I'll stand outside the door to his office and when he's free, I'll ask if he can see you right now."

The doctors simply take longer, overall, than the seven and a half

minutes per patient that is scheduled. And they bid certain of their patients to come back more frequently than the NHS's predicted rate – in accord with their proactive philosophy. They manage this by simply working longer hours.

As an American medical administrator pointed out: with this unhurried style, getting to know the patient better, "really listening" in this fashion, a doctor can find out more, diagnose better, refer more effectively.[3]

The proactive philosophy leads to more work, more services which are offered. Edna says that Dr. Jenson, upon seeing an elderly patient for the first time, might finally ask in a conversational manner, "and how do you do your shopping?" – with the purpose of arranging for home-help if this is needed. Other members of the team, such as the visiting nurse, would do the same. Edna recalled that Willy Lockwood, when she had been a doctor at the Surgery, had gone around to the roadside caravans, talked with the gypsy women, and persuaded them to come in for, especially, gynecological examination.

Looking at my notes on what people had to say about their experiences with the doctors: there is one negative comment. This is from a man who tends, generally, to speak ill of the authorities. He reported some insensitive things that the doctors had said, and maybe a snap judgment on their part, in the matter of his own diagnosis and referral. Other than that, we only heard rave reviews. Patricia Jeynes: "They always have time. I never feel [the pressure of people waiting or that the doctor is tired or rushed]." Pat agreed that the receptionist doesn't act to protect the doctors from more patient-contacts; quite the contrary. "It doesn't matter how busy they are, you can be seen that very day if you wish." She also agreed on the matter of the doctors coming to sit by the bedside. She told a story about her mother, who had come to the village to visit Pat. Her mother was dying. Dr. Stimson would drop in, three times a week or so, and sit with her. "... so kind ... he put himself out." Once when Dr. Stimson couldn't come, one of the other doctors came in his place.

Liz went on at some length, agreeing in superlatives on all these points. She spoke about the doctors making house calls and seeing people on weekends, "when you really need someone." She thought Dr. Stimson was especially "wonderful," and she told a series of stories about him. She agreed that they had taken the barriers away. Coming in the front door at the Surgery, going up to the front desk, was like old home week. She recounted how Dr. Stimson had a series of sessions with her, when he was preparing her to deal with the problem of her daughter wanting to go on the Pill.

In this fashion, the doctor goes through life with his patient. A person turns to him at times of crisis (– as with Edna and Dr. Jenson).

I collected hearsay accounts of other doctors and other practices, wanting to know how common this was in Britain. In the nearby towns, there was one group practice that was said to be equally good; and the others were not as good (or so it was said). A physiotherapist friend described a village practice in Wiltshire that sounded similar to our Surgery. I heard several vaguer and more sketchy accounts of "good" village practices, and perhaps five accounts of inferior medical care given out in the cities. Clinics and hospital settings to which the poor came, in the cities, were described as hurried, impersonal. A young doctor described his first practice as so rushed that he was exhausted, and he certainly had no time to linger with individual patients.

A young pediatrician expressed a pessimistic view – similar to ones we have heard on other topics – that it was getting harder and harder to offer such good care, and this might be on its way out. Also, he said, specialists such as he, who see patients during clinics, cannot hope to have doctor-patient relationships such as these. Their contacts are less frequent; they can't get to know their patients to that extent. (The young pediatrician's patients would have been referred to him, by family-practice doctors such as ours.)

On the other hand, what he says is not true for all cases. Occasionally, we know, very caring relationships do form between specialists and their patients. Repeated contact over a period of years is probably favorable to this.

Two negative incentives were mentioned, which might be expected to discourage the Surgery's style of care. One comes from the recently-introduced system of fund-holding that, like the HMOs in America, encourages economizing. (However, the Surgery's practice-manager said that from her own experience with fund-holding, it makes for *better* care instead. And, she said, it does not offer an incentive to doctors to economize on patient-time.) The other incentive is really the reverse of explanations I've read, for the American custom of brief and fleeting patient care. The Surgery doctors spend more of their own time in order to give unhurried attention to their patients, and in order to be accessible when the patients need them. A shorter work-day, or greater personal income, could be gained by cutting down on this. In other words the Surgery doctors are going in the face of their personal interest – in a sense – and stretching themselves, in order to offer this manner of care.

I don't have the background to pursue this topic much farther, or to discuss why medical care in America has gotten into the state it's in. I will offer this one speculation on the Surgery's doctors. The taking-care-of-other-people value emphasis, which we've reviewed: they are obviously influenced by this. They are part of this. The doctors, surely, are spurred

by a strong motivation to serve. In the next chapter we'll review other occupations which give some chance to take care of other people. But surely, being a physician is the perfect, classic position from which to play out this role – helper of other persons. This sort of opportunity – people seem to leap at this chance. They really *want* this.

Also, as far as the Surgery's doctors giving up income is concerned: they surely must be recompensed in love and respect.

There have been system-changes in America, over the past fifty or so years, so that practicing medicine in my father's style has evidently been pretty well snuffed out. Bok details how the present incentive system, which favors seeing patients briefly, has developed; and how doctors' incomes have grown.[4] The disappearance of house calls and night calls, Bok does not deal with, nor does any other medical historian whom I've read. I have heard the opinion that the buildup of medical technology has something to do with this change; the technology is located mostly in hospitals, and the doctors are reliant on it. But then this change has occurred in Britain too; and in Holland, New Zealand, other Western countries which have not gone so far in the American direction.[5]

Motivation to be a helper to other persons undoubtedly exists in America too; but, evidently, not strongly enough to resist these forces for change. In Britain, from all accounts, there are also system-changes that are unfriendly to this style. However, in some practices, as in our own Surgery, this caring style still persists. The doctors want to do it this way, strongly enough, to keep on in the face of disincentives.

Aside from the doctors' motivation to serve, it also seems that the overall British system is more benign. True, there is bureaucracy which sometimes gets in the way of patient-welfare. (In Eunice's case this did happen.) The NHS is under-funded, so there are economies, which hurt. An example which is cited is: people must wait a long time for certain kinds of elective surgery. On the other hand, there is no question about a person qualifying for the course of treatment that he needs, since the entire population is covered by the National Health Service. At least for our village and the region it is part of: coordination of medical services seems to be better. For people in the village, the Surgery would continue to follow them. A patient isn't simply discharged from the hospital and forgotten. Care for the dying is better. The hospices are able to do more.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN. ARTHUR AND BRIAN. TAKING CARE OF OTHER PEOPLE AS PART OF YOUR JOB.

We move on, now, to other persons in addition to the doctors, who find chances to take care of their clientele, and act in an altruistic fashion, as part of their jobs. Carole at her shop is one obvious example; Anne Blandford the nurse, Arthur at the garage, Jean Goldsmith at Cowdell Hall, are more. When I discussed this with the informants, they nominated all sorts of other people – farmers, other business people, teachers. Liz nominated the school secretary.

The emphasis in the village on caring for others – so pervasive an emphasis that it is said, "half the village is taking care of the other half" – finds its way into occupations such as shopkeeper and auto mechanic. There are exceptional (unhelpful) persons. Also some occupations offer more scope than do others. Still, the great surge of helping-motivation, which comes out in the care for elderly persons, finds expression in the occupations as well.

In this chapter we will look at only two of these cases in any detail: Brian Roberts who does household repairs, and Arthur Vine at the Clevelode Garage. I'll then go on to a general discussion of jobs as a means for helping – what makes some social situations rich in this, and the advantages of the small community – how certain job-situations can draw this out of people and cause them to develop in this way, and how (of course) some persons are better candidates for this than are others.

The final topic will be from a young person's perspective, starting out in life: the problem of finding an occupation that offers a good chance for this.

Arthur

Arthur had been Sel Hardy's helper at the garage. When Mr. Hardy was ready to retire, a wealthy villager tried to buy the business from him. He wanted to give the Clevelode Garage to his son, "who was dotty about autos." But old Mr. Hardy refused. He passed the garage on to Arthur instead, for less money, because he was sure that Arthur would be better for the village.

> *Arthur – emerging from underneath a car, smeared with grease and dirt – to greet Edna (who is dressed as a fine lady), is gentlemanly in his manner, polite to the point of deference. Deferential he may be; but he is taking care of her.*

Edna gets a periodic reminder from him to bring her car in; so she does. Since it is an old car it has its quirks. But Arthur has managed, fairly well, to anticipate any trouble and fix things before they cause serious difficulty. He shows me his records for all his customers' cars. He says, proudly, "We rarely have a breakdown." For old autos like Edna's, he scrutinizes the problematic parts of them when he makes his periodic examinations, and he tries to catch problems early-on.

It is analogous to Edna, going to her doctor: the old car, the scheduled examinations, Arthur consulting his file on the car. Then, Arthur sometimes comes to her house to give her service.

Every year he notifies her that he needs to take the car to town for its safety check. So he picks up the car at her house, delivers it for its safety examination, and then does whatever is required for it to get its safety sticker.

Arthur keeps a watchful eye. Once her doorbell rang. It was him at the door, holding a new tail light. He said he had just been driving behind her down the road, and he noticed her tail light had gone out.

When Arthur does something to her automobile, Edna doesn't have to go to the garage and collect it. He returns it to her house, leaves it in her driveway. There is no bill, not even any ring of the doorbell, unless there is something special that Edna needs to know. Sometime later she looks out and there is the car in the driveway.

I ask: "But what about the bill?" She says it will come sometime later, "when Catherine [Arthur's wife] gets around to it." Edna pays by return post. He expresses appreciation for this. Other persons, he says, are slow to pay. A few customers probably don't pay at all. Edna told the story of a high-living couple who had finally separated. They had run up large bills on their expensive automobiles. They declared bankruptcy; Arthur still continued to take care of their autos. He was never paid. Arthur is vulnerable, not demanding payment before he gives back the car, and (I suspect) accepting pleas and promises from people who cannot pay.

Edna says that Arthur, like Brian, is lax about charging his customers. He is slow to send the bill. Sometimes, she suspects, he never charges for particular things. (It is hard for her to know about this.) This reluctance to ask for money is not simply Arthur's peculiarity. Once when we were on the road, we did have car trouble. We pulled into another village garage; the mechanic put down what he was doing and he worked on Edna's car until it seemed all right; then he sent us on our way. Edna tried to pay; he wouldn't have it. She had the same experience the following year, in still another garage.

As I got a fuller picture of the little extra things that Arthur did, taking care of Edna's car, I came to believe that there was no clear line, for

him, between taking care of her and running his business. She agreed. He probably disliked asking for money. Certainly he was reluctant to raise his prices as his own expenses increased. He would do it all for nothing if he could.

I asked Arthur if he took such special pains with all his customers. He said no; and he said something about women living alone and persons who could not be expected to understand about their autos. So perhaps Edna, and persons like her, get a bit of extra attention. But I think he sees his station in life, overall, as taking care of his customers.

He told me about some of the problems in his business. It was a familiar small-businessman refrain: government rules and procedures, forms to fill out. Here, there is an extra layer of government, the EEC (European Economic Community). The small businessmen and farmers are probably even more harassed by government, than they are back home.

But I thought: surely it is gratifying for him – to, personally, take care of neighbors such as Edna, to take care of the entire village, to the extent that people will come to him.

I thought: what a society! – that it can produce persons such as Arthur, and fit them into social roles such as these. Living their lives in this fashion, must shape the way they develop personally. And this is a gift both to them and to the village as a whole.

Brian

Arthur takes care of Edna's car. Brian takes care of Edna's house.

> *She phones him at eleven at night; there is a storm and her ceiling is leaking. Brian gets out of bed, comes over, and rummages in the attic, looking for signs of the leak. Later in the light of day, he comes in his truck with his ladders and tools; and he is up on her roof to do the job properly.*

Sometimes she doesn't even have to call him. Once she happened to notice that a gap in her garden hedge had been closed with a fence. Brian felt that it ought to be done. And, she says, "you have to watch him." Like Arthur, he is careless about sending a bill. She never has found out how much she should pay him for that fencing in the hedge.

Brian drives about in his little blue pickup truck, on the lookout. Once he stopped at Edna's house "to clean up any mess I had left." He said he had been driving by, during a recent rainy day, and he had seen water spilling out of a place in the gutter. So he stopped in the rain, got up on the roof, and fixed the gutter in stop-gap fashion. (Without her know-

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ing about it.) Now he had returned to tidy up after the job.

In this fashion, he patrols the village in his little truck – shouting at some boys who look like they are misbehaving, watchful for any elderly persons who might need his help, keeping an eye peeled for any house-problems like this.

Brian is a big man with a big voice and an assertive manner. He's often in a hurry. He has the gratifying habit of getting right *on* the problem – when Edna calls him and asks for help – with no delay. And he is not put off by delays by others. If government officials are involved (as with a sewer smell in one house), he calls them; and he persists until he gets satisfaction. He will complain – loudly – to the authorities, on a customer's behalf. In his many-faceted role as benefactor in the village, he sometimes takes an advocate role – standing up for a householder.

During the course of fieldwork, we would occasionally hear still another kind of story about Brian – caring for the elderly, visiting shut-ins, driving them, and also acting as advocate. One story he himself told: he picked up an old couple one night. They were walking along the road on their way to the Legion Hall. He drove them to the Legion, drank a bitter with them, and left. However, next week he did the same; and it became a weekly ritual. The grumpy old husband finally died. But now, fourteen years later, Brian is still driving the old lady to the Legion, once every week.

Patti said that when her son was killed, Brian built a cold frame and placed it over his grave, opening and then closing the cold frame, morning and evening, so that the flowers would last longer. Patti said that Brian also started visiting their home (as he had never done before). He entertained the family by mimicking various village characters.

In his business of home-repair, I think that Brian, too, sees himself as taking care of his customers. (It is possible that with larger customers, businesses, men capable of taking care of themselves, persons who might clash with him in a rivalrous relationship, he might be different. I have never seen him in such situations.) I asked him if he paid closer attention to some particular people's homes. He said yes, he does have some kind of priority system based on need. As with Arthur: probably older ladies such as Edna, with no man to take care of the house, get his special protection.

Brian has done a long series of community projects. He organizes pig roasts; he helps with fund-raisers. He started the Youth Club, built it into a large and active group. Brian, alone, seems to have had the forceful masculine personality to organize the boys' energy, and direct them to working on community projects such as the restoration of the village green. After he left the Youth Club, it has floundered; boys' inter-

ests have gone elsewhere. (As with the more recent phenomenon of the "bad bicycle boys.")

Brian fits the pattern for certain altruists whom I had studied in North America. His house-repairs business, he has turned into an avenue for helping. Since he is a "mechanical" person, and has mechanical skills – this gives him many opportunities to come to the aid of other people. Also he is a high-energy person. His surplus of energy permits him to do more. Also, I believe the small-community context helps in a number of ways.[1] He has worked *for the village* over his lifetime. He and his customers, he and the people he has helped, have known each other over a period of years. He has known their families. Brian has built up a fund of gratitude. He has a proprietary interest in the village.

In a more anonymous larger town or city, I think he would still be a helpful person. But here, in this more "dense" social network, it all becomes more intense.[2] That is my guess at any rate. This will be taken up later.

Brian claims he doesn't read books, does not watch television. With his big voice and his hearty manner, he is an action-oriented man. And this energy flows into – all this.

Jobs as Avenues for Helping

Seeing Arthur and Brian in action, once again made me think of people back home. – My oldest son, for instance. He is a factory worker, a "mechanical" person like Arthur and Brian, and he likes to work on old cars. He is doing tolerably well where he is. He has earned respect on his job, I think; and every once in a while he has a chance to help someone by fixing something. But how I wish that I could magically transport him into Arthur's role, or Brian's. I have spoken to him about this. He is not really interested. (His enthusiasm is SCUBA diving. England is not a very good place for that.) Does he have the potential, personally, to be this kind of helper on the job? Would the role "click" with his personality? I don't know. What had happened for Arthur and Brian – the process of personal development that must have been set off by their jobs – I have no idea if this would happen for my son.

Presumably the culture creates these roles – these situations that are occupied by workers in certain jobs. And the culture must also have something to do with personal traits – eagerness to help or whatever – that respond to the opportunities in the jobs. In the Clevelode case: the great emphasis, in the village, on taking care of other people, finds an outlet in these jobs. Perhaps something about the system of morality figures in this too. And finally, Clevelode has the good fortune of being a small commu-

nity, so that must help also.

If there are encouragements built into the culture – can there also be cultural discouragements? – Yes! Or at least, discouragements that are the product of social arrangements. Here are several examples.

My son works in a factory, an impersonal large organization. Amazingly, even in such settings, working for ungrateful organizations, workers still want to do well. But chances to be a helper are limited. Whom does he help?

If he were a repairman – say, fixing people's lawnmowers, or home appliances, or furnaces and air conditioning, or fixing leaks in roofs – then he could come to the rescue of individual customers. He would be closer to Arthur's and Brian's roles. I think of my optician, Mr. Hatcher, back in Tallahassee. He has straightened my glasses countless times. (For no charge.) He graciously serves the public. In zealously taking care of me and all his other customers, I hope he finds some fulfillment. But he performs a limited function; and he sees an individual customer so infrequently that he must only have a dim notion that this is an old customer, come back again. The same would be true for the fixers of roof-leaks and lawnmowers.

Arthur and Brian have a more all-around role. Arthur takes care of everything about Edna's old car. Brian takes care of almost everything about her house. The role is closer to Dr. Jenson's. So she must call on them more frequently; they have more chance to become personally invested in the health of her car and her house. They and Edna are friends. An ongoing dependency relationship exists.

One more thing: since this is a small community, with people going through life together, knowing each other's family histories – Edna, when she goes to the garage, inquires after Arthur's daughters and how they are doing in school; Brian, as he sits in her kitchen drinking a cuppa, eating biscuits, tells about his nephew whom he has taken into his home. In Freudenburg's terms: "density of acquaintanceship" exists.[3] People encounter each other in the village, not just as customer and tradesman, and they come to feel that they know each other.

To summarize: if you serve individual customers you have more chance to "take care of" people on your job. If you have more of an all-around job, and if you see the customer more frequently, then (presumably) chances for personal investment in (whatever you are taking care of) are increased. If you do this is in a small community, then there is a more rounded, full relationship. Possibly this stimulates helping-motivation, personal investment, a regular dependency relationship.

Finally, some persons must be more predisposed than others to be helpers, given the chance. Presumably, the culture builds this into people (to greater or less degree), and the culture creates incentives (or

disincentives) in the job-situations. Also, simply the overall social arrangement creates "structural" incentives or disincentives too, as with these examples (above): coming to the rescue of a customer versus serving a large organization, and the advantages of a small community.

This is not to say that large organizations do not offer chances for helping other people. These do exist here and there, even chances to "take care of" people. The job of secretary sometimes presents this chance; the job of social worker sometimes does; and so on. Typically, a job offers a *limited* opportunity to do for others. And sometimes, unfortunately, the job awakens efforts to help others, which are eventually frustrated.[4] Incentive systems of many kinds exist with jobs. Sometimes they lead people toward doing for others; but at other times they lead people away from this.

Just to tie together a few more threads from Arthur's and Brian's cases – In my previous research on altruism-on-the-job, living in a small community was definitely a facilitator. And having mechanical skills was very helpful too. The two conditions, together, are especially favorable: a small-town mechanical person, who is well known, who comes to the aid of his neighbors.

Sometimes he is a tradesman who gets paid; although, in some of the cases which I gathered, the tradesman asked for so little that he was in fact simply doing people favors.[5] The trades people in Clevelode of course would not talk about this. Maybe Brian had his charity cases too.

Finally there are good neighbors like Harry Simon in the village. He was not a tradesman, not in business; he simply came to people's aid when they needed it, with a bit of plumbing or carpentry or other household fixing.

Carole at Her Shop

In my previous research in Nova Scotia, I found that the position of storekeeper in a small community was a perfect situation for an altruistic person. The storekeeper has a chance to be at the hub of the community. He or she hears the news, is aware of cases of need. She can extend credit to customers, and give other kinds of help.[6]

Here in the village we have Carole, and her father Doug Chad, before her. I think there is a service ethic that is passed down in this family, but Carole will not talk about this. Lauren (and before her, her father), at the butcher shop, is the same, I think.

Just to say a few words about Carole: she does more than keep store. She also sings in church, directs the children's choir, holds office in the School Governors and (now) the PTA. In fact (I think) she

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overschedules herself. There are often dark circles under her eyes. However, just to speak of Carole in her shop –

The poor people come to her: the unwed mums, the new council house people, persons who need credit. She listens to their stories, makes stern bargains (to hear her tell it), but evidently the free groceries do go out. Gordie the village drunk "helps" at the shop. Karen the vicar said: Carole bridges the separate worlds at Clevelode – lower class and middle class, poor versus comfortably off. In her quasi-counsellor role she hears the more intimate stories of trouble and problems. The young mums talk to her. To step inside her shop is, typically, to enter upon a lively lower-class scene, with a babble of voices with accents, the women with their baskets, waiting to be served.

Carole at her shop also facilitates for newcomers. She tells them what they need to know, gives them a warm welcome. A number of persons gratefully mentioned this. Lauren at the butcher shop does the same.

And – in the manner of the village – both of them give what help as they can to the elderly.

One scene at Carole's shop: there is a throng of customers. She needs to be assisting Wendy her clerk. But instead she is standing in the midst of the customers, deep in conversation with a very old lady. She is explaining something about this woman's pension check. She goes over it again. She seems at pains to make sure that the old lady understands.

Here is a notice to elderly persons, which appeared in the Parish Voice. It is from Carole and her husband:

Winter is on it's way and for any of you who are housebound or cannot collect your shopping or provisions, we will be happy to deliver, whatever the weather. We will also collect and deliver your pensions or allowances if needed. Please contact us (during shop hours) if we can be of any help. Wishing you a safe and snug winter.

Alan & Carole
At the village shop

So, Carole at her shop plays a many-faceted community-service role.

I once visited a tiny village on an island off the coast of Nova Scotia, in which the storekeeper was *the* prominent personage. He seemed

to be taking care of the entire village. Clevelode is larger and more complicated. There are also Lauren at her own shop, and Brian, Arthur, other persons to share this.

Jobs, Customized for Helping

There was another phenomenon that I had noticed in my North American altruism research, which re-appeared in Clevelode. The altruistic person, in his desire to be a helper on-the-job, really changes the nature of his occupation – modifies it, bends it to suit his purposes. Brian, and Carole, seem to come close to this. Two other examples from the village were a retired social worker and a retired vicar. The social worker, it was said, in his efforts to help his clients, would occasionally engage in rescues, taking the client home with him. In other ways, he would go far outside the normal bounds of his professional role, to give help. The same sort of thing was said about the retired vicar. He also occasionally did rescues.

Roles That Release the Altruistic Drive

Thinking about these persons, and about the doctors: I wonder about the motivation, the energy, that goes into their taking care of other people. Is it at all analogous to the drive to success, of people in business and in certain professions? – having to do with people's sense of themselves? Is it a self-esteem-connected need or drive? Is it "ego"-connected? – Perhaps so, to some extent. As we've seen, in Clevelode there is an overall emphasis on taking care of other people. In such a situation, where many people are doing it, and notable doers-for-others are admired – this would (one imagines) give an extra incentive.

Or is it empathy, sympathy for those persons who need help? Put in a position where you can help: you cannot turn your back on someone who needs it. This was the case, I suspect, with the social worker. This, sympathy, is what Edna talks about, in her own attempts to explain caregiving for old people such as Eunice.

Or do moral standards come into play, doing the right thing? This, I would guess, plays a part in Arthur's motivation.

Whatever; being put in such a position – with the possibility of helping – seems to unlock the floodgates. A great energy seems to be released. The doctors, Carole, work themselves to exhaustion. Arthur serves to the point of sacrifice. A powerful incentive system seems to be working here.

There are competing pressures too of course. The business people have to survive in business. In some situations there are *dis*incentives, that compete with any motivation to be generous on the job; maybe somewhere in Clevelode, something like this is operating, but the only examples I'm aware of are outside, elsewhere. The American doctors would seem to be one example. They evidently have overwhelming reasons, not to give their patients the time and attention that American doctors used to give.

So, this is a secret of social organization: creating roles for people that unleash this sort of altruistic drive; and producing persons who have the potential to respond, once they are put into these situations. (And finally, producing jobs that give people something altruistic to do, as with the example of my son's factory job, which offered little scope.)

What societal situations are richest in these opportunities? The anthropologist Alan Page Fiske points to tribal societies that emphasize the "relational mode" of "communal sharing." Put in such a mode, he says, a person just will act generously; anything like individual differences or altruistic temperament has little to do with it.

Here in Clevelode, we have a little community that is rich in this also – for whatever reasons. Maybe this is a cultural tradition that somehow got going and now maintains itself, keeps rolling along, with outstanding altruists setting an example that other persons emulate. Or maybe, too, the explanation lies with some of the other topics we've discussed – morality, child rearing, civility-related customs. Perhaps, also, being a small community helps; as I think it does.

The social roles in Clevelode that seem to unleash the motivation to care for others, would seem to be the role of mother and wife; also caring for the elderly; and also some of these jobs. The Beresfords probably should be included here too, as the landed family that evidently feels some continuing obligation to take care of its people. Other village relationships offer opportunities also: as with the charities; and neighboring relationships, which we turn to now. However there is such willingness; there seems to be a sort of free-floating motivation to render kindnesses. It doesn't, totally, depend on these roles. As people said – "People don't need an excuse. Everybody is taking care of everybody else"

Chances That Jobs Present, for Doing-for-Others

Some humble occupations offer good opportunities. We were told of a simple girl, a home-help worker, who evidently had found fulfillment on her job. She took on various responsibilities for elderly persons whom she worked for, drove them to the doctor, did shopping; and she provided nurturance. I compared her with certain nursing home aides I had encoun-

tered in America. These aides were very important nurturers in their nursing homes; and they certainly had a good opportunity too. However the home-help worker probably had an even better chance, operating on her own, performing an overall function, without any of the interference which might come from being part of a staff of a nursing home.

Ian Price told about a service opportunity that eventually dried up, within the Barclays Bank organization. As a bank manager, Ian had run a relaxed operation. He was good to his staff; he offered hospitality to customers. (When Edna took me to the bank, we were ushered into his office and served a cup of tea.) Ian said the main enjoyment and challenge, in his job, was finding ways of helping customers. He counselled small business people on setting up banking procedures that were appropriate for their businesses. He also helped them change their accounting and banking procedures as they got bigger; he helped them adopt the appropriate computer system, and so on. (In my American fieldwork I had found a similar case – a bank manager who had counselled customers out of deep debt.) Ian said that in the modern-day Barclays Bank – with the computerization of banking, and fewer employees – there was less chance for the personal touch, and less opportunity to help customers in this way. There still was time for the largest customers, but that was about all.

Jobs within large organizations – universities, hospitals, government departments, banks and so on – do offer some opportunities. The secretary can take care of things for her boss. The professor can mentor and protect his graduate student. People in administrative positions can work for improvements in the organization. But from what I know about positions of these sorts: there are some opportunities, but also many frustrations. The chance to help is often near-and-yet-so-far.[8] In my Nova Scotian research: the notable case of a nurse who could be a helper in her job was a visiting nurse in a rural area. For the position of social worker it was the same: someone who drove up country roads to see her clients.[9] Both of these people were in rural areas, small communities; and they were more on their own than they would have been in, say, a hospital.

Therefore the governing principles that I can see are: small community, taking care of a customer (as opposed to my son in his factory job), performing an overall function, with not too infrequent contacts, and avoiding fragmentation of function. Perhaps we should include: working on one's own, avoiding large organizations; but I am uncertain about this one. Heroic nurses and aides do work in hospitals and they do make a difference at times. Here and there, employment in universities may give good opportunities too; and also employment in government agencies; and in other large organizations. Persons who are more knowledgeable about these organizations, than am I, could probably develop on this consider-

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ably: what are the good bets, for serving others in large-organization jobs.

Young Persons Starting Out in Life

Many of my students at Dalhousie University, in Canada, had wanted to "make a difference." So they chose nursing, or social work, or education, or some other Human Services career. Between where they were when they talked to me – undergraduate students – and where they envisioned themselves as being, finally, there were many intervening steps and choice-points. I wish them luck. But I fear for their future, with the bureaucratic obstacle course that lay in front of them. I hope these young people's idealism will not have been wasted. However – this is a serious social problem, I think: how not to waste this resource and thwart such young persons as these.

My son Michael believes that many of his fellow law students at Dalhousie were "idealistic" too, in the beginning. However the "avenues" – the step-by-step, to arrive at a service role – were unknown to them. He told some stories about what happened to individual students. His friend Judith, for example, aspired to represent poor and powerless persons, maybe in family law. She had no clear plan as to how to get to this goal. The career path that the law students did know about, was getting into a large law firm; and this, as far as Michael knew, was not conducive to playing a service role. A large law firm turned out to be Judith's ultimate destination too, because she didn't know the step-by-step into a service job.

Michael spoke of another law student who had been notably idealistic. This young man was now married, with a baby, and thirty years old; so he had opted for the "known path," the large law firm.

The avenue that these students never found, may actually be there, somewhere, even if it is obscure and hard to find. Michael may eventually find it. The likeliest solution, I imagine – the best way to find it – would be to meet someone who has such a job, or find out about someone, who can serve as an example. You want to be like him; and you find out what he does, learn about the steps he took to arrive at his position; and you are able to take those steps too.

In the absence of such a role model, some young persons manage to find the way anyway. They finish school, still at a loss as to what to do. They lurch this way and that, through several job changes. And then they finally arrive at a satisfactory niche for themselves. (For the non-college persons, the home-help worker and the like, I'd guess that it happens this way too: a happy accident, rather than a deliberate plan.)

Anyway, the young person's problem is: finding the way. For society as a whole, the problem, the loss, is in the diverting of promising

young lives.

(To take the case of doctors: in England, it appears, physicians can still lead lives of service. If they want to make some sacrifices, they can find their way into a medical group that will permit them to do this. The local Surgery that serves the village, operates according to certain guidelines. The guidelines' consequence is: the doctors work extremely hard, long hours; they have little uninterrupted time for anything like family life; and they do not make large sums of money. Not all medical groups in Britain are run in this way. Some doctors will work in these others, make lesser sacrifices, and earn larger incomes. However in Britain it is possible for people in medicine to find their way to such service roles. The "avenue" does exist. For American medical students, some of whom would be idealistic too, I'd guess it would be harder: with huge expenses from their medical educations, payments for their malpractice insurance, and other features of the American system.)[10]

While my students who aspired to "make a difference" were going into social work and nursing, and other health-profession and human services curricula – the people I actually found (in the North American research) who seemed to be altruists on the job included persons like Ralph the Plumber. (Ralph took care of his customers and charged so little as to be making a virtual gift of his services.) I doubt if Ralph and his kind did any career planning with making a difference as a goal. Likewise, in Clevelode, the home-help worker probably just fell into her helping role. She found herself in this job, she discovered ways to nurture and take care of some of her elderly customers; and the job developed over time. Something like this probably occurred with others of these people also.

What must generally happen is: you find yourself in a particular job. You see ways to help and nurture, so you take them. The job develops and grows, and you do too. Some persons (such as Carole) must push harder, and think up new ideas for adding new helping features to their jobs. Some persons – such as Jean Goldsmith who owns and runs Cowdell Hall, and the senior doctors at the Surgery – planned, in advance, how their jobs would be. They based their planning on prior experience in their field. However, often the job must develop in the absence of any overall strategy on the part of the worker (– as with, presumably, the home-help worker).

Many constraints on this kind of development are present in the various job situations, and there are many diversions, as with the case of the Canadian law students and (I would imagine) the American doctors. So, opportunities are sometimes inconspicuous, rather surprising; and the constraints and diversions are not-so-obvious as well. We are at an early stage of knowledge, here, to say the least.

Finally, opportunities and constraints must vary, according to the overall social situation. Clevelode seems to be culturally rich in this area. People are primed to do this when they move into their occupations. And the obstacles don't seem to be too great.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN. NEIGHBORS.

Good-neighboring is also strongly emphasized in the village, as one would expect.

Since we are getting near the end of the book, we are beginning to double back on ourselves. A certain amount of redundancy is hard to avoid in discussing this.

Some of the good-neighboring behavior has already been described, under some other heading. When Constance Oakley took responsibility for Mary Nibb, she was checking on a neighbor. In instances of rallying-round and support for the carer, much of this involves neighbors. And, looking ahead to the summary chapter on small communities: good-neighboring is a small-community strength.[1] We would expect to find it here in the village; and we do.

In such a small community, everybody is a sort of quasi-neighbor to everybody else. Neighboring considerations tend to apply to everyone – as with the warnings about the consequences of disputes. "You've got to live with your neighbors." "Even if you win, you've lost."

However, here in Clevelode, there is still some distinction between neighbors and non-neighbors. Certain special obligations, such as watchfulness, hold for neighbors who live next-door or close by.

About half of Edna's nearby neighbors are good neighbors. Of the exceptions – one older lady is a recluse. Another very old man has reclusive tendencies too. Several young families, nearby, have their own lives and children and their employment outside the village. They are cordial to Edna but uninvolved. (This is rather like my own neighboring relationships, throughout my life, in the city.) They go about their separate lives.

In years past, Edna and Cyril had some unpleasantness with neighbors too. Much of it revolved around Miss Skipp who, after years of next-door harassing, finally appealed to Edna to come sleep with her when she was dying.

Making allowance for these neighborly imperfections, Edna does have deeply caring relationships with a network of neighbors, of a type that I've never experienced in the city neighborhoods I've lived in throughout my own life.

Good neighbors, here, may care about each other, but (as we've seen) the people keep their distance too. They have their garden walls. They are not in and out of each other's houses on a daily basis. They are not garrulous with each other. They tend not to confide. An easy informality, this kind of togetherness, Edna and her neighbors don't share. I think this would be generally true for the middle-class persons in the vil-

lage. Michael Bell found, for the English village he studied, back-door intimacy between working-class families, versus formality and more distance among the middle class.[2] Does this social class difference hold, for Clevelode as well? – I don't know. People vary. Some middle-class families are more informal, "American," in their style.

Watchfulness

> *Once while Edna was away on a trip, Patti her cleaning lady remembered that she had forgotten to water Edna's plants. So, Edna said, "Patti went round in the evening to do it. It was dusk but not dark so Patti didn't put the light on. In no time, Jenny Creaser [next door] was banging the kitchen window with a broom. Charles Gooding [from across the road] was hammering at the front door. The Greeners [next door, other side] rang the police. Good neighbors!"*

This is watchfulness against burglary. (As mentioned before, it is believed that burglars come in from outside the village.) William Freudenburg relates this kind of vigilance to density of acquaintanceship – most people knowing most other people – which in turn is found in small, stable communities (not too much moving in and out), which are also fairly homogeneous (not too much in the way of different groups who don't talk to each other).[3]

Another part of watchfulness, as we've seen in the discussion of caring for the elderly, is: being on the alert for signs that a neighbor might not be "all right" and might need some quick help. Constance Oakley watched Mary Nibb's curtains. If they were not opened in the morning and closed at night, this was a danger sign. Charles Gooding, similarly, watches Edna's curtains. He worries if he notices anything unusual, and he might come over to see about it. Edna says that Charles, or one of her other neighbors, might say – "I haven't seen your car out for the past few days" – with the implication, "Are you all right?" Similarly, a neighbor might say, "We hadn't seen you for a day or two."

The watchful neighbor such as Charles is assuming some responsibility for the other neighbor. This is similar to the carers for the elderly. And as with the carer relationships, the watched-out-for neighbor comes to expect it. When Edna leaves the house for a few days, she leaves Charles the keys. She knows that Charles will act on her behalf, without being asked.

As for other forms of watchfulness – Denise Cheatham says that her next-door neighbor, who watches her house, once saw her trying to fix

something in her garden. He finally came over and helped; and he said, "Why didn't you ask?" Other forms of watchful neighboring have already been mentioned in the discussion of caring for the elderly: Edith Thould, putting an elderly neighbor to bed every night and helping her get up and get started in the morning; Joyce Draper, paying special attention to a neighbor who might otherwise sink into loneliness.

This, neighborly concern, is a matter of degree, a continuum. Watching for signs of burglars is probably the minimum. (And some neighbors don't even do that.) Taking more responsibility for a needful elderly person, would be higher on the scale. Ian has next-door neighbors who could benefit from him calling on them. He says he probably should pay them more attention, but he doesn't; and, he says, he feels guilty about this. So, the people do, overall, look out for their neighbors. But they don't all do it, all the time.

Other Forms of Neighborliness

Neighbors are on the lookout to help each other in other ways. Ian, as mentioned before, served as Edna's financial advisor. Ian took over what Cyril had once done – reading over hard-to-understand documents, doing any necessary investigating. The Greeners, next door, have taken in Edna's overflow houseguests; and she would reciprocate. People help their neighbors with hospitality. When one of the village families got guests who were too much for them, Edna took the guests. Their unruly little boy – the Salmon family, down the road, helped her with him.

When I questioned the Goodings about good-neighboring, they spoke of neighbor-relations among the farmers. The farmers live far dispersed from each other. However the farm families do have quite a few occasions for mutual aid and looking out for each other's welfare. And they have had a shared history, over the years. Being helpful neighbors to each other is highly valued – as with Nigel Field's compliment of an old farm couple, "They'll do anything for you." Charles Gooding's nomination, when I asked about especially good neighbors, was Nigel Field himself. Charles enumerated all the ways, over the years, in which he'd come to their aid. When Charles and Gwyneth had first arrived in Clevelode parish, and were friendless and in some need, Nigel had come to their house, sat in their kitchen, and exhaustively gone through, with them, the many details of setting up a farm and household; where to buy things, whom to deal with, where to get things. And he had sponsored Charles into the farmers' union and gotten him started in it, in this new place.

Other instances of helpfulness could be mentioned – as, for example, the story of what the boys did when it snowed. They came around

to the houses with their sledges, shovelled the walks, and ran errands to the shop – for free. This and many other instances of helpfulness that might be mentioned, are not exactly occurring between neighbors – people living next door to each other or several houses down. It is more, village-wide "neighborliness."

One additional type of helpfulness should be mentioned here. This is repair work, fixing things, helping neighbors with mechanical problems – which has been discussed before. Having mechanical skills, being able to fix things, opens up (as I've said) many opportunities for helping. In my Canadian and American samples there were two plumbers, a carpenter, a house-builder, and a Nova Scotian man who worked on sailboats. They all lived in small communities, and they helped people whom they knew. They came to the rescue of friends and neighbors. And they did it for nothing; they gave their services away. (One of the plumbers did charge, but he charged so little as to be virtually giving his services away.) Of this group: one was retired, another was semi-retired. The others went to town, conducted their business, then came home and helped their neighbors.[4]

We have the same phenomenon in Clevelode parish: repair people such as Brian, who take care of their customers and probably have their charity cases, and persons like Harry Simon, and Denise Cheatham's neighbor, who aren't in business at all.

The altruistic-plumber cases are usually instances of village-wide neighborliness, not neighbors who live next door. Also, the altruistic plumber, persons such as these, have to be asked. They don't know, beforehand, that the recipient needs help. This means that persons whom he knows, have to feel comfortable about calling on him when they need help. Harry Simon, for example, had a circle of friends who were willing to call on him. This, I imagine, is easier in the small community.

Harry, Edna says, was actually an all-around helper, "wonderful with Cyril," and she thinks he visits another old man now. He did mechanical rescues, and he also did community work and other kinds of helping. As with the case of Brian Roberts: if the helpful person has mechanical skills, this adds to his ways for helping.

Clifton Fletcher described how this worked out for him. He had helped his neighbors, using what skills as he had. He also had been the church treasurer. When he visited the households to "do the covenants," he found out about what people needed. He helped neighbors with financial matters, dealing with bills and notices that they had received, reading through official documents. Clifton also did some mechanical fixing.

Typically the neighbor who needed his help would be an old lady, living alone. "It's usually persons who don't know how to handle a situation, can't do what needs to be done, and who don't know whom to call

on."

He mentioned Anne Blandford as another person who was always ready to help. She had her own tools. She would see something that needed to be done, and simply do it, not waiting to be asked.

Clifton also spoke of times of disaster: a chimney fire, someone's hot water tank bursting, a storm that blows off roof tiles. This would be a time for rallying round. Everyone would pitch in immediately.

Rallying Round

In emergencies, then, people rush to help. They are constrained only by the privacy ethic. When Margaret Fletcher was dying, multitudes of people were waiting to help, querying her husband for clues as to how often they could visit the house, and when. Andrea Ball and Betty Field organized a rota for bringing in meals. People agonized, wishing they could help more.

We have a collection of stories of this nature, of illness in the family or dying. Bunty King said, for her own two experiences, being in the hospital, "People were wonderful. ... without making a fuss about it." Friends organized themselves to take her children to school, to look after the children in other respects, to do whatever had to be done. (In this case, Margaret Fletcher herself had been the organizer of the rota.) Bunty said, "Everybody made sure that [the children] were all right." People were "very unintrusive."

Liz's next-door neighbor is now dying. The neighbors have organized, so that they do not pester the family with inquiries, calls, visits – just someone every day or two who passes on the news. Liz says that she herself has let (the wife) know that she is available to do anything for them. Probably some others of the neighbors have done similarly. "It's tricky, wanting to help, not wanting to get in the way. It is hard to judge. You want to do more than you are doing, but you don't want to get in the way."

Bunty, Joyce Draper, Marjorie Armstrong, told about when they were in the hospital in Worcester. Cards and flowers came in, and inquiries, and visitors. Joyce said, "Knowing people care is very important. It gives you strength." Bunty said, "You can feel the support" [lying in hospital, or being at church in times of distress].

Carer-networks were described to us, which came to the fore at crisis times. This has been touched upon previously, in the description of support to the carer.

When neighbors and friends "rally round," this must inspire a special feeling of having people standing behind you. Even after Cyril was

fairly advanced in Alzheimer's disease, Edna still took him to church. The people welcomed him in, sat beside him, showed him the proper place in the hymnal, treated him as if he were normal. Edna spoke about the rush of gratitude that she had felt. Listening to these stories, I tried to imagine what this feeling of community-support and caring would be like. I can only try to imagine it, never having been part of such a community myself.

We had a joke about this: I would eventually die or, otherwise, disappear from the Tallahassee scene. Time would pass. Some day someone would ask, "Whatever happened to... what was his name?"

As I've mentioned, back home in my life in America, in urban settings, people fade away, go out of circulation. We might know a person; he is an acquaintance; we encounter him in the course of our activities. Then we might notice that he is not participating any more. Persons' final decline and death – the bitter end – we are usually protected from. However here in the village there is no such protection. People do not fade away.

In Tallahassee I live in a beautiful neighborhood, people are cordial, yet we scarcely know each other. The old lady next door is, possibly, fading away; but I don't know anything about this, really.

This matter of support-networks, continuing concern about each other (versus not feeling responsibility for the neighbors), may be partly the result of the small community. And thus some North American small communities would be like this also. (William Freudenburg's research suggests that this is the case.) However, a cultural difference may be involved as well. Here in Britain, old friends and relatives seem to keep in touch, over the course of a lifetime. Edna complains about the several hundred Christmas cards she must answer. If she didn't answer, people would become alarmed and fear something was wrong with her. The persons in the village not only have their strong village ties; they also have ties to relatives and friends who live elsewhere. People seem to be concerned enough about friends and loved ones, to keep in touch, right up to the end. This seems true, both within the community, and for ties with people outside the community.

For the Goodings' seventieth birthday there was a huge surprise party: their children and grandchildren came, and friends from the past, and people of the village. Similarly, Ian organized a lavish party for his parents' sixtieth anniversary. Sitting in that audience, listening to toasts and speeches, gazing out over the this-is-your-life gathering, I tried to imagine again: what it must feel like, to be embraced by an entire community.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN. TAKING CARE OF ANIMALS.

Dogs, cows, sheep, as well as ducks on the pond, pigeons – animals are a prominent part of the local *ambience*. The rich aroma of Badger's farmyard drifts across the road and into Edna's garden. And we hear, from Badger's, the *baaing* of sheep – *basso* and tenor – and sometimes the sounds of cattle. Dog-walkers are everywhere, trudging along with their dogs on leash. Some typical scenes: a distinguished-looking gentleman, tethered to a squatting dog; a lady in a fine house with antiques, and her animal which is jumping up to lick the visitor. Go in any direction: down Ox Lane, out any of the roads, or walk along a footpath – more animals, and watch out for the droppings.

The cows in the meadow have a gracious air of ease. They live well, we think, compared with farm animals in other parts of the world. Some cow-owners whom we know, genuinely care about them. Jim Wase worries about his cow Daisy who will soon be giving birth; Charles Gooding, the retired dairy farmer, also, talks about farm animals with real affection. Still, the practical realities of farming require that those cows will meet a harsh and early death – much to their surprise, no doubt. And the great outbreaks of *baaing* from across the road – which I at first, in my ignorance, thought were amusing – were probably lambs taken from their mothers, waiting to be shipped to slaughter.

The cattle trucks and the three-tiered sheep trucks come and go – tumbrils of death, taking the animals away. Edna deals with this in typical fashion. Nothing can be done about it, after all. The farmers are good people, her friends. Nothing is ever said about the cattle trucks, or what the *baaing* means. It all goes unremarked. It is another one of those unmentionables.

Edna is usually vegetarian; but when guests come who expect meat, she serves meat. Again, she bends to social realities.

Where she *can* control the situation, in her own home or garden – in that portion of the animal kingdom over which she herself presides – then Nature's ordinary rules are changed. It becomes a much kindlier domain. Edna delicately picks up that spider from her bathtub, takes him outside and sets him down, trying not to crumple his legs. Or – since the mice periodically find their way into her pantry – she has shopped for a plastic mousetrap. She redesigned the mousetrap so that it couldn't injure the mouse. This worked for awhile. Then a mouse ate his way through the plastic and out of the trap.

How typical is she? – I don't know. There are a good many evidences, from others, of humane attitudes toward animals. I once attended a program about farming, with slides, that Charles Gooding put on. It had

to do with decent housing for farm animals such as pigs. Also: "free-range" chickens and eggs are often advertised. There is strong sentiment against battery-raised chickens and pigs. (–That is to say, against the practice of raising animals within cubicles in large, dark enclosures.)

Blood sports are still pursued by some persons. On the great estates, periodic hunts are still organized. However, we think these are dying out. Also, there have been efforts by Government to eliminate them. Patti's husband reminisced about how he, at one time, had served as a beater on hunts on the Strensham Court estate. The Hunt makes an occasional appearance – that is to say, horsemen, riding to the hounds. But they get an unfriendly reception in Clevelode parish. The pub will not serve them. We heard stories of villagers who tried to impede the hunt.

As with the national trait of nonviolence – England's record for kindness to animals is not perfect. And it has evolved out of a rather bloodthirsty past, in which little consideration was given to the animals.[1] Elements of this still remain. Hunters still go out; people eat meat; the farmers live by this.

Little can be done about the farm animals, other than watch to see that they are humanely treated while they are alive. However, beyond that, the animal-protection movement is very strong. Organizations such as the RSPCA have powerful backing. (Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.)[2] Also we heard stories of spontaneous uprisings against incidents of animal-abuse. According to one story: an estate on the other side of the Malvern Hills was raising beagles. It was discovered that the dogs were then used as experimental animals. There was a public uproar and demonstration. (This is hard to imagine, but that is the story.) The operation was forced to shut down, and the people moved away.

What people *can* do is rescue strays, and provide what are in effect retirement homes for animals of many kinds. Margaret Fletcher assured us that in the village, "no stray animal, however badly injured, ever goes to the pound." The animal always finds a sanctuary in somebody's home. And in the rare case in which a neglected-looking animal is seen in the fields, "questions are vigorously asked." Later, another informant disputed part of this; he said it was not unknown that the police would take a stray to be "put to sleep." However, what Margaret described must be very common.

To mention a few of these animal sanctuaries:

– The land on which Edna's and Jenny's and the Armstrongs' houses now stand, used to be an old orchard that was used as a sanctuary – "to bring people's lame donkeys to, rather than take them to the knacker's."

– When the village of Hanley Swan's own swan was injured – he flew into a passing car – the swan was sent to the swan sanctuary to have

his beak mended (with plastic). His mate was sent along with him to keep him company. The people of that village still send donations to the sanctuary.

– Spotted about over the English countryside, are innumerable refuges for dogs and cats, donkeys and horses, other creatures. There are also rescue-hospitals that can treat wild creatures, similar to our Saint Frances Society in America. They are supported by people's donations. In the village of Little Authorpe – according to *The Daily Telegraph* in 1995 – the postmistress was caring for two hundred fifty hedgehogs.

All this is offered as a little postscript – the people's taking-care-of disposition spilling over to the animals. As with taking care of humans, and charities on behalf of humans, so with the animals, it would seem: first, sympathy and concern; then, getting involved, doing something about it.

I joke with Edna: I wish I could be a creature in her garden, living under her kindly domain. She cannot change all of Nature's stern rules, but she intervenes where she can. And this might be taken as a metaphor for the village as a whole.

The Evolution of Society

There is such a thing as progress, if not in all things, then at least in some things. Perhaps our English village represents the extreme of tender-heartedness. But British society as a whole, and English-speaking countries, northern Europe, some large portion of humanity, must also have evolved in this direction. Rien Poortvliet's illustrated book, *Daily Life in Holland in the Year 1566*, shows a society that was admirable in some ways. Yet there was routine cruelty to animals, and also torture, public executions, burnings at the stake, and persecution of old women as witches.[3] The rest of northern Europe, and England, was much the same.

Poortvliet describes how people got their entertainment from public executions, and how the victim might have been one's childhood playmate. There has been a mass change since that time. We have moved in the direction of empathy, sympathy, and away from insensitivity to others' suffering. Governments can still commit atrocities. But people, overall in our countries, have evolved in the direction of kindness.

PART IV

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN. JAM AND JERUSALEM: VOLUNTARY GROUPS AND CHARITY APPEALS.

The village has a full calendar of social events: teas, garden parties, coffee mornings, garden displays, plays and concerts, and other events such as car boot sales and pig roasts. These always are for the purpose of raising money; and usually they are for some charity. Usually, too, the money goes outside the village, to one of the church's missions, or to Uganda (the destination for the farmers' FOAG), or perhaps to a hospice, or to a nationwide charity.

The Women's Institute and the Women's Fellowship and the church do this regularly. The school and the Legion do it too. There are local groups, such as the Children's Society and FOAG, which exist only to raise funds for their charities. They have no other function.

In other words: organizations put on social events to raise funds, usually for some charity. Sometimes money is raised for something the village needs, such as playground equipment or something for the school. But usually it is for a charity.

Since the people tend to stay home and not go visiting, working together on these projects is important. It is a way to get to know each other. Collegial relations are formed, working for these charities.

"Jam and Jerusalem" is said about the Women's Institute. Jam is what the women make, to donate to a bring-and-buy. "Jerusalem" is their anthem that is sung before meetings. Blake's lines have been set to music:

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold! ...

When all the WI groups come together, once a year, at the Albert Hall in London, they stand and sweetly sing:

Bring me my chariot of fire!

Teacups and charities: this is the quintessential women's group – mostly middle-class, mostly church ladies. To attend a WI meeting, and sit with the ladies... (they are dressed in suits with skirts, or dresses, rarely in slacks) ...to hear this anthem sung, the minutes read, then the interminable announcements, complete with scores of past WI skittles matches and news

of what speakers had been wearing at the last national meeting; then finally the program for the evening; and afterwards, among the tinkle of teacups – thirty or so cups and saucers, deftly managed in close quarters, in skilled hands (from a lifetime of practice) – this is getting close to the core of civic life in Clevelode.

The Women's Institute is the main women's group. The Women's Fellowship is important too. Some of the groups (if you could call them that) which exist solely for fund-raising, are the local representatives of The Arthritis Council, the NCPCC (National Council for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children), Saint Michael's Hospice, Red Cross, Saint John's Ambulance Society, the Lifeboat Society, and Riding for the Disabled.

A very few of the fund-raisers are for purposes which are closer to home. The Autumn Fair raises money for the Senior Residents' group; and there are fund-raisers for new equipment for the Surgery.

Edna speaks of people and "their" charities. The Arthritis Council is Mary Farr's charity. She is the organizer for its campaigns in the village. A person such as Mary comes to "have" some particular charity, often "because of something that has happened." In this instance, Mary herself has arthritis. In like fashion, Saint Michael's Hospice is Patricia Bowles'– she says, because of a feeling of gratitude. (Her husband's parents had both died, not too many years ago.) Red Cross is Dodie's. She is especially committed to it because of a lifetime of working for it. Saint John's Ambulance is Sir Brendan's. It is a family charity; a Beresford ancestor was one of the founding knights, so it is said, for the Saint John's Society.

Back to the social event: if it is put on by one of the women's groups, it might be a coffee morning or a tea. Otherwise it might be a jumble sale or a barn dance; a fete, a fair, a bonfire. Teddy Bear picnic is one of my favorites. FOAG does a yearly fashion show at the Countess of Huntington Hall in Worcester. The church has put on garden displays; and in 1992 it had a concert by the Welsh Male Choir at the Wintergarden in Malvern.

Let us say: today it is a coffee morning for Rhydd House. This is one of the Women's Institute's charitable causes. (I first heard Rhydd House referred to as the school for bad boys. Actually, nowadays it is for boys and girls who are dyslexic or who have other school problems.) The ladies gather, this time at Felicity Bowyer's house. They have brought their jams, marmalade, and baked goods for sale. They have also brought some used articles from their homes. All these, they put on the bring-and-buy table. Joan Bunn sits at her raffle table. (She is the raffle queen for all these events.) The ladies leave a few contributions with her too, as raffle prizes. And they buy raffle tickets. Edna brings her own contribution.

She buys a tea cake that she does not particularly want.

The ladies bring their own specialties. Andrea Ball comes with her marmalade; Edna, her chocolate biscuits; Jennie Creaser, and Edith Thould, scones; Patricia Bowles, an iced cake, and recycled Christmas cards; Sylvia Simon and Mary Nibb, fruit loaf. It is fairly easy for them to recognize each other's contributions on the bring-and-buy table. They recognize some of the used articles too, with much hilarity. Worthwhile items appear on the bring-and-buy table, and are purchased, and then they disappear. Undesirable items will reappear at a subsequent bring-and-buy; and the ladies will laugh and buy them again; and then later they will reappear again. ("....Come on, Sylvia. It's your turn to buy the umbrella rack this time.") As a result, worthless items are actually worth more to charity.

The people who support the charities and contribute to the events – and the workers for the organizations such as the WI – these tend to be the same persons. "The same group of people does all the work." Or almost the same people. The core of workers for the church, is similar to the worker-group for the Women's Institute and the Women's Fellowship. It is not exactly the same; but there is much overlap.

(Jan Flora has discussed the core group in a small community. "....each member is expected to contribute... It is a gift to all. ...direct payback is not expected...." Over time, the contributors, working together, become more and more "embedded.")[1]

These overlapping core-groups in the church and women's organizations and charity groups, make up a cluster of community-active persons. There are other such clusters of persons who work together: however, these are probably smaller. The Legion's active members would be one. Another important cluster would be the parish councillors and members of other governing boards. They have worked together, over the years. And they do specialized work – with government documents and procedural rules – which the rest of us probably could not understand.

Edna says: "We support each other's charities." Mutual support is strongly emphasized. For example: Mary Farr might be holding a garden party for the Arthritis Council. Edna feels honor-bound to help her. If she cannot attend she will send a contribution. She phones Mary and asks her what she should make for refreshments: "sweet or savory?" On the day of the event when people come, they buy whatever there is for sale. Edna, who doesn't like sweets, might buy a cake. The ladies also buy raffle tickets. If there is a tombola table, they take a chance on tombola. Afterwards, some people stay to help clean up. (But as we've seen they must be careful here, not to be too intrusive in their hostess' kitchen.)

Since the people support each other's charities, when Edna and

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Jennifer put on one of their own events – say, their party which they do each February, for the Children's Society – they are assured of a crowd, and contributions.

Charles Gooding speaks of the obligation he feels to help other events-organizers, and how they in turn will help him. What he describes is an exchange of favors. Politician-style, he calls in favors that are owed him. For major events such as a concert or a garden walkabout, he needs to sell tickets. That is to say, he needs to get other persons to sell tickets. And he requires help with other parts of the preparations as well. He calls on Nigel Field and gives him some tickets. Charles has distributed tickets in the past, for Nigel's FOAG events. Charles also gives his tickets to Edna and Jennifer. (He helps them every year with the Children's Society.) He does the same with other persons.

People readily join in. A toting-up of favors owed is probably not necessary. Charles is so giving, Edna can never repay him for all he has done over the years. Other people presumably feel the same. The Parochial Church Council (the PCC) and the church owe him so much, for all the big organizational jobs he has done. Obligation aside, he would *still* get plenty of help, I think; the ethic of mutual support, joining in, "rallying round," should carry the day. I think it would be stronger than any countervailing sentiment – what people sometimes say to themselves when the call for help goes out – "well I'm too busy," "maybe next time," "...if I can work it in....", "I'm not interested in that," "I'd be embarrassed to ask my friends to buy tickets." So, here in the village, people join in.

The spirit of cooperation also extends to the scheduling of events. The groups get together for this, to avoid time-conflicts.

Edna believes: you should not criticize the leaders of groups such as the Women's Institute, or second-guess their decisions. This, we think, is another instance of the mutual-support ethic. When an organization such as the WI is deciding about an event, or planning, then argument and discussion does take place. But after the decision has been made, and the plan has been set, people are supposed to keep quiet about any misgivings they might have.

As we've seen, the *no niggling* rule is violated by some persons. There is a certain amount of grumbling about leaders' decisions. However this ethic does exist, in Edna's mind at least, and in some others.' They would support the leaders and not undercut them; and they would stifle complaints about what the leaders do.

So the teas, coffee mornings, pig-roasts, bonfires, school plays and concerts, and the like, make up the social round. Money is always solicited. People feel obligated to give. (At least Edna and her friends feel obligated to give. Maybe poorer persons do not.) A few of the fund-

raisers are for local causes, such as the school. A few more give benefit to the region, as with the events for the Surgery or for Saint Michael's Hospice. But usually the money, once donated, flies away – to Africa, for nurses' bicycles or a well-digging project in Uganda, or to schools for the natives in New Guinea, or to the Barnardo's Homes in London – to unseen, unknown, distant recipients.

Also there are other events which are slightly outside the village, as with a neighboring village's fete, or as with FOAG's county-wide fundraisers. People go, and the money flows out.

There are still other solicitations. The shops have collection-cans for charities, which are placed next to the cash register. People come to solicit, door-to-door. Solicitations come in the mail from organizations such as Oxfam and Red Cross.

All these solicitations are taken seriously. Back home in Tallahassee, I automatically throw away all my junk mail. But not here; people debate, which organizations must they give money to.

How can the community support so much? I had marvelled that they could put up with so many charity appeals. Margaret Fletcher had spoken humorously of nobbling her neighbors, door-to-door, imagining that people might crawl under the bed when they saw her coming. Edna has, laughingly, said that persons should simply contribute several hundred pounds at the beginning of the year. Then the charities could divide it.

I had thought that surely the charities must have been competing with each other. They must get less because there are so many of them. The high school's headmaster said yes, every week, two or three organizations approach the high school, wanting it to raise money for them. And of course the school could only do a very few. There was just so much time during the year. This must hold for other schools, and for organizations such as the WI which raise funds for charities, and for individuals as well. So in this sense: too many organizations soliciting, means less for each of them.

However, people are extraordinarily willing. For mailed solicitations, persons at least have a choice, and they can turn some down. But for charity drives within the village: if a friend or neighbor asks you, you have to contribute, whether it seems like a reasonable cause or not. The people give, and don't seem to ask if the money will be wisely spent.

Again and again, there were examples of eagerness of contributors. Edna and Jennifer help organize the flower rota for the church. The elaborate pedestals and other flower arrangements come pouring in. "We always have more people offering to bring flowers, than we can use." Similarly, when food-contributions are needed for an event– "watch the food

come in" – typically, more than can be eaten.

Maybe the national organizations are soliciting too much, as the high school headmaster says. But the wonder is: much of the impetus seems to come from the other end of the relationship – from the givers, the charity-organizers, the locals. People join in, it seems, not due to urgings from Oxfam, but because they really do want to help the children in Uganda. And they want to support the hospice. And besides, the ladies enjoy coffee mornings.

Gaps and emphases in volunteering

So as we've seen, the people are eager. The impetus in these transactions, tends to be from the givers. They don't wait for an organization to ask them to raise funds.

Since the people tend to take the initiative, they are rather independent. Sometimes they start up their own organizations. They turn down grants, if they don't like the guidelines that accompany the grants. (I was amazed when I was first told stories about this.) In other ways, they refuse to follow the lead of outside organizations.

Another characteristic of the village: some kinds of voluntary groups are absent. This is partly because Clevelode is only a small community.

Clevelode has no advocacy groups. In the surrounding area there are many environmentalist groups, animal-welfare groups, preservationist groups and the like. The village just doesn't happen to have any; but it is served by these others, and some people in the village are members.

Now that Edna no longer convenes her support group for Alzheimer's carers, the village has no self-help groups either. These also flourish in Britain.[2] And they can be found in the nearby towns.

Organizations such as hospitals that have paid staff, also have their separate volunteer programs. Most of my own volunteering in America has been in programs of this sort. The alternative to a volunteer program would be working for a voluntary organization – such as, for example, the Women's Institute. Edna and her friends have done a bit for volunteer programs in nearby towns. But this is secondary to their involvement in the village itself. In the village they work within voluntary organizations such as the WI and the charitable organizations, and they work on church committees.

In the village, most of the volunteers' time is spent with each other, arranging social events. When Edna and I compared notes on our respective volunteer work, I was doing most of my work for the paid staff persons of a hospital, an historical museum, the Nature Conservancy, and an

aquarium. I also worked for an environmental advocacy group. I saw little of the recipients of the supposed good works of my organizations. Edna thought that this was unappealing. On those occasions when she *did* do work within a volunteer program, she said she wanted to serve the recipients, face-to-face. She was delivering for Meals on Wheels. She drove for Community Care. In the past, she had taught a man to read, for a literacy program. But most of her time was spent, enjoying an interesting social life within the women's groups and the church committees, and working on the charity appeals. Sometimes she was a coordinator. (And the coordinators, being at the center of things, therefore were in a central position in the community.) At other times she simply attended the event and helped out.

To summarize: of all the possible kinds of volunteer work and voluntary organizations,[3] the emphasis is on fund-raisers for charities. This is done mostly through social events. Sometimes it is under the aegis of a national organization such as the Red Cross. However, the village groups are semi-autonomous, fairly independent.

Summary: All the Social Events and Places for Social Gatherings

The full array, then, consists of:

– The activities put on by the women's organizations, and the charity organizations such as Saint Michael's Hospice, and the church. Edna and her friends, that particular cluster of (mainly) middle-class ladies, are responsible for these events.

–The British Legion's social events and fund-raisers. Legion members go to the Legion hall for bingo, for whist drives, and for other entertainment. The Legion also has its charities. People said that the Legion hall and the pub used to be important gathering places for the old village families. This is less true now.

The Ewe and Lamb, being a prestigious pub, draws in people from outside the village, and it attracts entertainers who perform for free. The Morris Dancers come there. The folk music society meets there. Herbie the singalong man comes and plays the piano on Sunday nights.

The parish hall is also a center where activities and meetings are held. The Mums and Toddlers meet there, as do the Senior Residents. Some of the fund-raisers for the village and for the church are held there. The January quiz show is at the parish hall, as is the gardeners' market in May, and the flower show, and portions of the Harvest Festival. Pig roasts, car boot sales, other events, take place in the field behind the hall.

Finally there are the schools. Saint Giles holds its concerts and plays for the public, and it joins in, in church events. Also, parents go to

the high school for its events.

And... We have probably missed a few. As I said, people go outside the village too – to other villages' events, other Legion halls, other pubs, other churches. People go farther afield to attend the theatre. They go to fairs at the Three Counties Fairgrounds.

As Charlie Finch said, they go hither and thither. It is a more diffused pattern than it was in the days that he eulogized, when the men simply went down to the Ewe and Lamb, and people went to the Legion hall and to the church.

With such a crowded calendar of events, nowadays, the village was still criticized for not having enough. Nearby Colwall and Kempsey, it was said, "had more community spirit." They could offer their people musical productions and theatre, drama and choir. When I visited a friend in the village of Beckington, I found that she was in a group that put on pantomimes and music halls. I think these three villages really did have good community spirit. But the difference was mainly due to the fact that they were simply larger.

This would be an interesting research project in its own right. Put villages on a continuum of population size, and see what is possible as size increases. Churches seem to exist in even the tiniest hamlets. But beyond that, going up the scale of size: a village shop becomes possible, then a school, then some of these other amenities as size continues to increase – choral society, drama group, pantomimes. –Or so I would hypothesize; but this could be clearly demonstrated, and perhaps there would be some surprises.

As to community spirit, I'm not sure what people meant by this. Charlie Finch's village is no more. Since different groups, different subpopulations who don't talk to each other very much, have come in – perhaps spirit of a certain kind has diminished.

Also as I've mentioned – despite the crowded calendar of social events – there is not much casual socializing, at least not among middle-class people. A person can go to Carole's shop and bump into a few friends. Aside from that, one can go along, day by day, pretty much by one's self. Good friends may pass the days like this and never see each other. I would guess that Colwall and Kempsey are similar in this regard. It is a matter of the people's expressive style.

FOAG, Charity Shops, Grass-Roots Initiatives

During the Ethiopian drought and famine, there were famine scenes on the television. As with other distant disasters, the local people were said to have been very concerned. Persons watched the TV, read the news,

talked about it.

Out of this grew FOAG, the farmers' group, which is still going strong today. It is county-wide, and it raises money on a large scale.

FOAG began in the 1980s with discussion groups in farmers' homes. This developed into a relief plan, with fund-raisers. The money was sent to Uganda, and the aid projects were administered by VSO (the British program, Voluntary Service Overseas).

FOAG's founders have stuck with the organization, over the years. By this time most of the FOAG families, such as Nigel and Betty Field, have themselves visited Uganda and gone to the relief sites.

The farmers do other relief projects to foreign countries. For example they sent trucks full of food to Bosnia during that war. But FOAG is their continuing effort. This particular style – local people getting so concerned that they have to act, and setting up their own organization rather than working for a pre-existing program – this is fairly typical, I think.

Sue Power, who was a worker at the Community Council in Malvern, gave us other examples of this style: of start-your-own rather than join somebody else's. She had once run a volunteer center. Organizations would telephone her center, asking for volunteers; and people would call in, inquiring as to where they could volunteer. But she also received calls from people who asked for guidance in *starting* programs. An example she gave was a woman who telephoned from a rural area; she needed to know how to set up a Good Neighbour scheme. (Good Neighbour is similar to Community Care, which has been mentioned: visiting the sick, driving housebound persons to the doctor, doing errands of this nature.)

Charity shops are another example of start-it-yourself. A team of people – say, two friends – notices an empty store-front in Malvern or Upton or Tewksbury. (In these towns, shops tend to be small with narrow store-fronts.) The two women lease the space and open a Goodwill-type shop. They collect presentable used articles from their friends; they clean and sort their merchandise, and they set it out for sale. And they can choose where the proceeds will go. Let us say, this will be a Leukemia Fund shop. There had been one of those in Upton.

These shops come and go. And some charity shops are not the result of grass-roots initiatives such as this. A parent organization, such as the Heart Fund, might have started the shop; or perhaps it helps keep the shop going.

As another version of such locally-initiated charity shops: a regular shop such as a bakery or a butcher shop may have a charity-nook, a charity-corner, a charity-table – with goods offered for sale, usually second-hand, and the proceeds to go to a particular charity; say, to the Heart Fund. Shops nearly always have collection-cans next to the cash register.

Examples of more than that, charity-nooks, are the bakery in Clevelode, which has a table of used books and magazines and Christmas cards, devoted to MENCAP; and a barber shop in Barnard's Green which also has a charity-nook in one corner of the shop.

Refusing Grants.

Most of the local groups such as the Women's Institute are branches of parent organizations that are usually nation-wide. However, as I've said, there is a tendency toward independence. Sometimes the groups act in defiance of their parent organizations.

Saint Michael's Hospice, which serves the village, split off from its parent group several years ago. It had wanted to take in a dying person who lived outside its territory. This it was forbidden to do, according to the national organization's guidelines. So Saint Michael's gave back the money it had received from its parent group. And it has gotten no more. As a result, people must now work harder at local fund-raising.

Not wanting to be hemmed in by guidelines seems to be the main reason for turning down grants; also, not wanting to be bothered by government reports and by having to conform to the granting agency's procedural rules. Community Care in Upton had stayed independent for that reason. Accepting government money would have meant keeping to guidelines which would have interfered with them serving their chosen clientele. The same is true for Sylvia Simon's day center for elderly persons, also in Upton. In both instances, a time came when they felt they had to accept a grant. But they avoided this for as long as they could, at some sacrifice.

Joan Pearson said: after she had to take this step, Community Care became a registered charity. They had to file properly audited reports; and they had to keep to the necessary procedures, count volunteers' hours, and the like. "You have to have six officers, a secretary, committees, meetings with minutes, a financial statement. It changed everything." In the old days, all this extra effort could have been spent, instead, on their charitable function.

"The Same People Do All the Work"

I'd like to describe the management style of Edna and Charles and their friends, the people who organize the charities for the women's groups, and the church, and the charity organizations. This seemed a different style from what I had found in Canada and America, in my researches on

voluntary organizations.

People take on responsibility for particular events, usually without benefit of any title. Responsibility flows from one person to the next. Edna leaves on a trip, Jennifer or Charles substitutes for her.

There are many people who can be called on to do the big jobs. This impressed me. I know from my previous studies, this is one of the main problems of voluntary organizations – a shortage of people who are willing and able to take on the leadership jobs. If there is no one to take the outgoing leader's place, then a sacrificial victim must be found: someone who isn't equal to the job, or who doesn't want to do it, or (for whatever combination of reasons) has scant chance for success.[4]

(There was one time during the fieldwork when the problem appeared in the village. Charles Gooding had been the PCC treasurer, and also the coordinator of the PCC's fundraising events. This is a happy combination of roles as long as the person can do all the work. When Charles got ready to retire from this, there was a long delay. They couldn't find a replacement for him. Finally Lettice Beresford took on the treasurer job. Other persons now have to be found, to coordinate the separate events.)

Charles Gooding

To describe the leader group a bit more, I'll say a few words about Charles, and then the team of Jennifer with Edna, and then newcomers' stories of how they got started. Charles was probably the main person during most of the fieldwork period. Being treasurer of the Parochial Church Council, and simultaneously the organizer of its main events, put him at the hub of village activities. Also he is an all-around helping person, so he gets involved in much else besides.

After the PCC had decided on a fund-raising project, Charles would actually do it: getting any performers who might be needed, soliciting volunteers to sell tickets and to help in other ways. He made the overall plan for what needed to be done, and then he filled in the pieces. And he himself sold tickets and did set-up on the appointed day.

Charles seemed to thrive on this. But he did get asked to do more and more as time went by. Charles' story was familiar to me from my previous North American volunteer studies. One thing he did would lead to more requests, additional things he was asked to do. It gathered momentum as time went by.[5] Charles and Gwyneth said: people would come to him with one more additional job, and they would ask him to fit it in. Gwyneth's complaint was that their own family life was built around Charles' volunteering dates. "It can take you over."

Now that he has resigned and Lettice has taken his treasurer job,

Charles is still busy, helping the people who took on the jobs that he used to do.

Jennifer and Edna

An event such as the Valentine's Day party or the January quiz show or the Harvest Festival, has its organizer or coordinator, who is responsible for getting people to help out and then putting all this together. For larger functions such as the Harvest Festival, the coordinator finds other persons who organize smaller parts of it.

Charles, Edna, Jennifer, Sylvia and the rest, have sometimes been the overall organizer, in which case they had a good deal to think about and worry about. Sometimes, instead, they are only organizing some part of the event. At other times they simply help out. Then they merely bring flowers or food, sell tickets, set up chairs, do some other job for the event. This is easier, no worry.

The coordinator for an event or for some part of it, must recruit volunteers. The coordinator must ask people, or talk about the coming project, so that people will come forward with offers to bring flower arrangements, do cooking and baking, do whatever needs to be done. Some of the large projects are done by committees, which have subcommittees to do parts of them. During 1994-95, the Legion was preparing a major commemorative event. The WI, the WF, the church, the school, took subparts of it.

Working together in this way, people get to know each other. Edna says she first got really acquainted with Charles and Ian, when they all served on a committee for church repairs.

Since people are so willing, especially to do the worry-free helping-out, it is easy to fill the low-level jobs. Edna says that for cooking and baking, and flowers, there are typically more offers than they can use; no problem. Jennifer and she might simply make one announcement at a meeting, and then keep track of the offers. But for higher-level jobs as coordinators and planners of events, there is some resistance. Saying "yes" to such an appeal means a major undertaking.

Sometimes they are the recruiters. At other times, they are the persons sitting in the audience when the call for help goes out. What happens then is a joke between them. They tell the story like this:

The announcement is made. People are needed to help prepare for (whatever). There is a hesitation and stirring in the audience. Several persons raise their hands to volunteer. Jennifer gets Edna's attention and shakes her head. (She herself has too much to do.) Edna looks away. Then Jennifer sees that Edna is waving her hand, trying to get the speaker's

attention. Edna says "We'll do it." Jennifer's mouth soundlessly frames the word: "When?" Edna tells her, "We'll talk about it afterwards."

Edna even produced this little clipping:

"I've said yes once too often.

"Oh God I've done it again, I've said 'yes' once too often and now I'm stuck with this extra work.

"How will I manage to accomplish everything? All these committees, all these meetings, all these phone calls.

"Just now I don't see where there'll be enough time in the day. I don't see where my strength will come from."

Although they joked about the overcommitment, it did weigh on them. Saying no seemed to be hard to do. Charles claimed that he was capable of refusing a request; but he (according to Gwyneth) couldn't do that often enough. Jennifer said that she herself was incapable of saying no. It didn't matter how busy she was. If someone was determined to get her to do something, and if they kept at her, she would break down and say yes. There was much joking between the ladies about this. Someone suggested that Jennifer stop going to meetings so that people wouldn't ask her to do more things. Patricia Bowles had said that she actually stopped going to some meetings that she cared about. She was overloaded, couldn't say no, and feared being asked to do still more. Similarly, Jennifer says she can resolve to say no, and then she hears her own voice saying yes.

I discussed the time management problem with the ladies: their difficulty in saying no; how, volunteering in Tallahassee, I felt no such difficulty. I myself often decided to say no because I was too busy to do any more. Edna replied that in the village, it was not a matter of thinking, "when I have some time I'll do some volunteer work." Rather, "village life goes on, we know each other, it just happens." This too is familiar to me, from my volunteer studies. If you are sufficiently caught up in a group such as this, you lose some control over your time. You just say yes. I would guess that there is a psychological process of commitment. You come to feel that the group needs you; you are obligated; you have to do it.[6]

Newcomers who come to the village are given a chance to join in. The Women's Institute mails out invitations. The church invites new people too. Most newcomers never respond, and I think that is a great loss to them.

Charles says: if the church or one of the other groups "sees a new

face – [then, in the manner of a small community] they are interested. They hope they can use that new person."

Edna says: "We try to sweep in new arrivals to the village." And I have seen her own welcoming style on several occasions – with a newly-arrived lady, with the young Mums and Toddlers group. When someone new comes in, "we try to assess what their talents are – gardening, flower arrangements, whatever it is – and we ask what they like to do, and then we ask them to [contribute in their chosen fashion]." For example Michael Gillis, a noted authority on horticulture, moved to the village. He was asked to co-chair the gardeners' market and the gardens' display – together with Charles, who could manage most of the arrangements.

(I suspect, however, that there is a social class bias to the recruiting. When new council house residents move in, the women's groups might not even be aware of it.)

The recruiting of new people – what I saw of it and heard about it – is extremely tactful. Pains are taken, not to expose new persons to uncomfortable situations. They are asked to do what they like to do, what is congenial, what they think they are good at. Michael Gillis started off with big jobs, and that is unusual, but then he was accustomed to being in the role of an authority on flowers. Usually, newcomers are asked to do some small thing, in reassuring company.

Stories of New Arrivals

Mavis Huntington said: when she came to the village, "I had never done anything. I was not a social person." And she didn't drive. She was dependent on her neighbor Philippa Schooling to get her to activities. Philippa, for her part, was an experienced leader, from where she had lived before. She was not afraid to volunteer. So they started off together. They went to the church, to the WI and the Women's Fellowship; they offered themselves. And, from small jobs to bigger, after awhile Mavis was treasurer of a women's group, and she was speaking up at meetings, "something I would never dream of doing before."

She humbly told how she had followed Philippa into this new life. There was something new and different almost every week. "We are forever baking cakes. We've acted, we've put on shows." She described herself in bonnet and shawl, playing in a farce, speaking with a Lancaster accent. "We organize parties."

Mavis expressed her gratitude for all this, and for the change in herself. She spoke of how welcoming the village had been, and how she "loves it." Today she is the president of the Women's Institute.

Philippa said it was easy to become an important person in the

village. You are asked to do something, and you do it; and then unless there is something grossly wrong, you are asked to do something else. One thing leads to the next. Since it is harder to get people to do the bigger jobs, you tend to go up the ladder of importance. Philippa was just finishing her term as Women's Fellowship president.

Patricia Bowles is a young mother who, like Mavis, "never did anything" before coming to Clevelode. She is quiet in manner. Perhaps she was shy at first. She described how welcoming the village was. Patricia had gone along with Philippa and Mavis and other newcomers, and joined the WI. I think she is a person with no particular inclination to run things, or draw attention to herself. But she has quickly risen to be among the organizers.

She had become a worker for Saint Michael's Hospice. When Edith Thould became ill, Edith asked Patricia to take over the leadership; so she did.

In similar fashion, she is now the editor of the Parish Voice. She and Fiona had worked for Margaret Fletcher, who edited it and managed the various Parish Voice jobs. When Margaret became (fatally) ill, Patricia found herself doing more and more to see that Margaret's legacy was carried on properly. As a result, she now has the editorship on her hands.

Since she is a mother of two children who are in school, she is also one of the leaders in the local PTA. In addition she helps out – when the call for help goes out – with other activities. I asked her if she had gotten to the point of having too much to do. She said she had reached that point and passed it.

Quiet Patricia Bowles' rise to prominence, illustrates a style feature of volunteering within the village. Anything like recognition-seeking or personal ambition is muted. People don't seem to seek recognition, or to glory in the spotlight. Of course it is rewarding to be important, to have many friends, to feel needed. But that seems to be as far as it goes. (A number of people would be exceptions on this point.)

I've spoken before of the cultural difference here – not only power-strivings in American organizations; but the Volunteer of the Year awards. Back home, volunteers get their names in the newspapers and get public congratulations. Edna says she would be embarrassed – no, mortified – by attentions such as this. Volunteer of the Year! She shudders.

To conclude these newcomers' stories with Charles Gooding himself: he and Gwyneth came to the parish in 1976. He came as the manager of the Creech Farm. At first he was extremely busy, getting the farm started. They were living out in the country, so they didn't have any close neighbors. These were impediments to getting into community work. However they had been fairly active in their previous home. They simply had to

reactivate their old organizational ties. Gwyneth transferred her Women's Institute membership to Clevelode. She went to a meeting, and was caught up in the baking for events (and so on). She said the Women's Institute had been her way of getting to know people and getting involved, in every parish they had lived in throughout their lives.

Charles had been an officer in the National Farmers' Union. After they arrived, the new NFU group welcomed them; Nigel Field got them into things; and Charles, in time, became the NFU branch chairman. They also joined the church. Charles became a reader, and he began going to Deanery meetings with Cyril.

Gentled Into Small-Community Volunteering

It seems to be easier to volunteer in small communities.[7] For our particular village of Clevelode, I think there are several reasons. The entry into volunteering is apt to be gentle, with congenial volunteer jobs. And there is a substantial reward. It is the way a newcomer makes friends and becomes established.

From my North American studies, I know, in some other situations this kindly attention is *not* given to a new volunteer. Instead she is thrown into the breach. She is given a job that, sometimes, is too much for her, or that (for whatever reason) is unpleasant. No one pays attention to what is happening to her. No one had chosen a job that was right for her. The result, at times, is a failure experience from which the new volunteer "learns," "that's not something I can do." All these negative cases, I have gathered from cities. It may be that more kindly attention is paid to the new volunteer in small communities; that people, there, are more apt to pay attention to what is happening to the newcomer. But I do not have information about enough communities, to state a conclusion.

We heard one story that ran counter to the pattern, in Clevelode, of the new volunteer getting a kindly reception. In this case, the woman got rough treatment from a youth group of older boys that she was working with. I think this happened because she came to the job, not by way of an organization such as the WI, in which someone could give her personal attention. Rather, she simply answered a public appeal for a new youth group leader.

Continuing with reasons for ease of volunteering in small communities: Gwyneth Gooding, discussing this, spoke of how you get to know people in the village, and you become known, and this makes it easier to join in. Less courage is required. The people are familiar, the job-situation looks easier.

(As the Roger Barker group found, in Kansas: in the small towns

and little high schools, the job actually *is* easier, much of the time. Standards of performance are lower. They *need* you. So you are not much of an organist? –That's all right. We have to have a church organist, and there is no one else.)[8]

Range of Difficulty in Volunteer Jobs

Charles Gooding probably had the most demanding job: being church treasurer, following the necessary procedures, and at the same time coordinating large events such as the garden walkabouts. He must have been preoccupied by this much of the time. Being president of an organization, or chairman of a committee, might be trying sometimes too, especially if you have somebody who is difficult to deal with. These would grade off to easier jobs, coordinating smaller events or just parts of an event, and presiding over a harmonious committee. Finally there are all the helpers who simply set up the chairs for the performance, or bring a cake, or do some other little thing.

Edna, as an events-manager, accomplishes this in diplomatic fashion: doing what has to be done while avoiding hurt feelings; finding a kind way to say what has to be said; tactfully encouraging shy women to come forward and participate. And I think she is not unusual; one reason for the peacefulness of the village, is the managers' delicacy in speaking with people. Organizing an event, then, means putting all the pieces together, while dealing tactfully with the participants.

In the old days (pre-World War II, approximately), charity was largely the business of the landed gentry. The lord and his lady looked down from on high, handed out Christmas baskets to their people, came to persons' rescue in emergencies. Edith Lamb recalled when she was a child: the Lady Beresford of the time drove through Clevelode in an open motorcar, complete with chauffeur and footman. Edith and the other children looked in wonder; perhaps curtsied. Lady Beresford threw pennies to them. And Pip Osbourne recalls how (later) her father would tug his forelock, in deference to Lady Marguerite and Sir Ronald.

What a change we've seen, over about two generations – from this lordly style, to the tact exercised by Brendon and Dodie. Those old days sound very simple. Social niceties such as Edna concerns herself with, must have been a development of recent times. (One of my informants disagrees with me here.) Coordination of events? As for their Christmas charities? –That must have been done by someone on their staff. And efforts on behalf of charities that were outside the village? What would that have consisted of, in the old days? –We don't really know; not much, probably. The new charities evidently developed when the "new" middle

class moved into the village, sometime after the war. What we have, from the old days, are a few quaint stories: the women gathering in the great house to knit balaclava helmets for the soldiers, and to "make quilts for the Africans."

The landed families took on charity as their own responsibility, gave money to local causes, kept the church going. We would guess that they didn't expect much help.

Anyway, the present-day calendar of charity-socials represents a considerable advance. Many people are doing a lot of work, and refined social skills are required. However there is other volunteer work, which persons such as Nigel Field and Sir Brendon and Pip Osbourne perform, which (I think) is more difficult than the work of Charles and Edna and Jennifer.

This is: serving on boards, councils, and commissions, where procedural rules and government red tape must be mastered. One must read documents written in legalese, and comprehend them. A new parish council member must sit and listen, and learn the history of issues that the council is dealing with. It is demanding, intellectually. And it is demanding of patience. (The meetings drone on.) It takes a special person.

Also: a chairman, especially, can be attacked. That is another way in which these jobs are harder. Veterans of this kind of work, such as Nigel or Brendon, bear scars. "The tall tree catches the wind."

Edna and Jennifer, Philippa and Mavis, Charles Gooding, Patricia Bowles, have been able to stay at the level of coffee mornings and teas. So far, they have been able to sidestep the parish council. Good luck to them.

Why Do They Do It?

The parish council members and other persons who sit on boards and commissions, I think are selected out by mental capacity. (They are able to do it.) For those people who *could* do it, but who might be put off by the time and effort that is required, plowing through the legalistic documents and sitting through the monotonous meetings; or perhaps they are put off by the occasional attacks on councillors – I think such persons might eventually serve. The people are conscientious. And there is always a need, appeals going out, for people to serve on these boards.

This is merely my speculation of course. I saw a similar situation in my university. There was always a shortage of people who could do this. Persons who had a talent for it, seemed to enjoy it. So they were drawn in. But there never seemed to be enough of them.

When the *why do they do it?* question is asked of persons such as Mavis and Edna and Charles: the rewards are easy to see. Helping out

with charity-socials is a way for a newcomer to get into the center of village life. She can go as far into the central core of organizers, and important people, as she likes. And she is treated gently.

A coffee morning, in sedate and teacup-tinkling style, offers sociability and interest. The ladies come together, greet each other, exchange news; the friendship group is renewed.

I've mentioned how Edna and I compared notes on our respective volunteering: she in this village circle; I and the Americans and Canadians I studied, mainly within volunteer programs in cities. For her, the continuity in the village life stood out: helping with the church, helping with these charities, working in the team of volunteers, working together.

In my typical volunteering – say, for the Nature Conservancy in Tallahassee, or for Archbold Hospital in Thomasville, Georgia – there is some continuity in the organizations I work for. The paid staff persons have their careers there. They are important to each other, in a way in which I am less important. As a volunteer, I am marginal, temporary. So we scored this as another point in favor of her village volunteering. Hers was within this group, bringing these people together once more.

Here in the village, helping out is simply part of life. Especially for ladies in Edna's social circle, it is hard to avoid. As we've seen: being the giver is a much-emphasized theme. You see other people doing it. Persons do it in collective projects. You find yourself doing it too.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN. CHARITY.

We might pursue the *why do they do it?* question even further, to the ultimate question: why this great emphasis on charity and giving? Why, for example, did the farm families start out, watching scenes of the Ethiopia famine on television, and end up organizing FOAG and maintaining it throughout the years?

In a way, we can explain why individuals fall into this pattern of life. The life-pattern is there for them, the organizations that are doing charities, the fund-raising events that are going on. There are social rewards from getting involved. And there are admired personages in the village, like Charles Gooding, who serve as good examples for people to emulate. So I suppose this would be part of the explanation.

But then there are the feelings of caring and concern, for distant persons who are in distress and who need help. Why are these feelings so strong? (A woman said: "I can't *stand* to watch the news on television. Every time I do, there is something desperate that they show. And I cannot do anything about it." And when I asked Jennifer Wase what her favorite charity was, she said the Children's Society. Every year she helps with its charity appeal. She said she wished she could do more. She spoke of how she "could become emotional" at times; the example she gave was a talk she'd heard once, about leprosy in Africa.)

Why, then, these strong feelings of caring and concern? – Somehow, the children must be trained to be this way. This must be part of the answer. We've seen how the school tries to educate the children in this direction, and start them, doing their own charities. (An example was the school children's reaction to news stories of a mud-slide on a school in Aberfan, Wales.) Mrs. Harris said, "We try to get the children to look beyond themselves and their friends and family, toward the needs of persons elsewhere."

Still, the strong *caring* about persons whom one might not even know – this remains a bit of a mystery to me.

The *charity* emphasis in the culture, blends with the emphasis on caring care of elderly people, and trades people taking care of their customers, and neighbors taking care of their neighbors, and people caring for animals; also, persons being polite and considerate in a variety of social situations. We might say: there is an overall cultural emphasis on *kindness* – and it subsumes all these other things.

Somehow, kindliness is passed along from one generation to the next. Children are taught it. They learn to empathize with other persons who need their help.

Also in explaining charity, there may be an ethical element involved: *noblesse oblige*, as with the landed families' sense of obligation. "We have so much ... We have been privileged. We feel we should give something back."– We have heard these sentiments expressed by a number of people in the village.

Christingle

One Halloween in America, while the trick-or-treaters were coming to the door, Edna spoke about this British ceremony. It takes place during the Christmas season, in church. The children are in procession. They move down the aisles, their faces lit by the candles they are carrying. They play their parts with solemnity. Evidently they are filled with the importance of their priestly role. The money that is pledged to them goes (typically) to a distant cause such as the Children's Society. Edna said: there would never be anything like Trick or Treat in the village – coming to the door, asking for sweets for themselves. Rather, the children ask for gifts for charity. (This is true for Christingle, and for any other occasions when children do solicitations. It is always for charity.)

Her own opinion about the cultural emphasis on charitableness, and the more inclusive emphasis on kindness, is that the nub of it all is the children – training the children to feel concerned, and then, to feel that they must do something. I suppose this is right as far as it goes. But just how is this accomplished? And what do the agents of socialization, school and parents, need in the way of support from the larger community and from the culture as a whole? Are there emphases in American culture that would interfere with teaching charity and kindness and consideration? – Yes. Competition, for one.[1] Edna, when she ran her own school, tried to suppress competition.[2] Nevertheless, school programs of moral education are being tried, in the USA and other countries, that include attempts to train for consideration and charity. The quest for an answer to this goes on.[3]

CHAPTER NINETEEN. SMALL-COMMUNITY EFFECTS?

There is always the possibility that much of this couldn't happen except in a small community, or at least that the smallness of the community makes it easier. I myself believe that it's true, that small community-size does make it easier, for some of the characteristics that we have been reviewing in the last several chapters – for example, helping your neighbor and rallying round in times of crisis, and volunteering and helping out with community projects. I think small community-size also helps for other characteristics that were reviewed in earlier chapters. Trust is an obvious example. For still other traits, such as charitableness and kindness, it is harder to see how small community-size could make a difference.

Overall, it seems unfair, in a way, to compare a city like Tallahassee with Clevelode. Tallahassee is big, and Clevelode is small. Clevelode's virtues seem a result of a combination of causes: its small size; also probably the cultural tradition of which it is a part; but also, its more reasonable social arrangements from which we could learn a few lessons. –And for this final reason, holding up the example of Clevelode is instructive.

It would be nice to have some hard evidence, from which to tell whether a characteristic such as trust, for example, really is encouraged by small community-size. I looked through the literature for this. It would have taken the form of negative correlations between community-size and the traits we are interested in – trust, volunteering, good-neighboring, and the like. (A study that did not learn such a negative correlation would be giving evidence that community-size was not influencing the trait we were interested in.)

This search has not been very productive. For most of these, I found nothing. At any rate we will first review the studies, then go on to other questions about small community-size.

Volunteering

In my research on volunteering in Maritime Canada, it was *so* clear, that smallness of the community did facilitate for volunteering. In small towns: it was easier to get started with volunteer work, it took less courage; it was harder *not* to volunteer. (People solicited you and there was no place to hide.) In small communities: the volunteer got support, she was among friends, she was rewarded – in these Canadian communities, the same as in Clevelode. Working down the scale to smaller and smaller communities, it seemed to get easier and easier.[1]

Helping Other People

There have been field studies in which the researcher pretends that his car has broken down, or something of this sort, and then notes how often people stop to help him. Sometimes these tests come out in favor of smaller communities, at other times not.[2] It is acknowledged that these presumed indicators of helpfulness are problematic at best.[3] So for whatever it is worth, we have this mixed picture from these studies of helping.

Caring for the Elderly

I found no studies here, of the sort that we need. Hynson reports that the elderly, in smaller communities, are more satisfied, and this includes being satisfied with their community and not being fearful.[4] This possibly means that they are better looked after, we don't know. Even this finding is questioned by Sauer. When he applies a different statistical treatment, the correlation disappears.[5] And, anyway, persons of all ages, not just the elderly, score higher on life-satisfaction in smaller communities.[6] So it doesn't seem that statistical studies are of much help to us here.

Good-Neighboring in Small Communities

One study finds smaller communities scoring better on a good-neighboring index.[7]

Trust

This same study by Greider *et.al.* also finds trust to be higher in smaller communities. This is as we would expect. If trust goes up as you know a greater and greater percentage of the people around you – as writers on trust have said – then the smaller communities should have more.[8]

And these are all the correlational studies I found. I discovered nothing that correlated community-size with any aspect of morality; nothing on good-citizen ethic; nothing on the containment of conflict in the community, or the protection of office-holders from abuse; nothing on well-behaved children – other than the study by Freudenburg that we will be coming to. – Nothing on anything else.

Freudenburg, in his "density of acquaintanceship" article, does talk about some of our topics. But this is based on a field study of four small towns, all similar in size. (Population was five to ten thousand.) One of these was a boomtown, growing fast; the others had fairly stable populations. He has interesting things to say about what happens in such a situ-

ation, when there is sudden population growth. However, his study does not permit correlations, between small-town and other characteristics such as trust or good-neighboring or the like.

What Are We Talking About When We Say "Small Community?" The Dimensions of Population-Size, Isolation, Transience, and Homogeneity

We might say: we are talking about population-size; that is what the term "small community" refers to. For purposes of definition, that might be enough. However, there are these other dimensions, which writers have referred to. They, and not simply population-size, might be involved in whatever we are interested in – such as good-neighboring or trust or whatever.

Taking *isolation* first: it may be true that no village is truly isolated any more.[9] This ended with the automobile, with all the modern means for transportation and communication. Still, some villages are more nearly isolated than are others. Clevelode is isolated no longer; it is in a commuter zone. Some villages are even less isolated, as with Edna's daughter's village that is on the suburban rim of London. Other villages are more isolated than Clevelode. We find this when we go over the Malvern Hills into Herefordshire and then to Wales.

In the ideally isolated village, people would be dependent on each other for more or less everything. (Actually, there are always ties to the outside. People have loved-ones elsewhere; they travel, and go shopping in the city. Also there are "vertical linkages" between the village, and the county, and the nation, and other over-arching institutions. Local groups such as the Women's Institute are chapters of national organizations.)

In the more isolated villages is where "closure" would flourish.[10] No outsiders can get in to muddle the issue on matters of group-opinion and group sanctions. So all the parents can get together and present a united front; give the school their backing; help each other with their children.

With few outsiders coming into the village, people have their reputations. The sanctioning power of reputation should be strong. This would seem to be a good condition for trust.

Other things, such as participation in village activities, might very well be strengthened by isolation as well. If it is hard to go elsewhere for recreation and social events, then people are thrown back onto the village.

Taking *homogeneity* of the population next: when there is *not* homogeneity, then there are two or more groups who don't talk to each other very much. (This would be the downfall of "closure," as we've seen in Clevelode, with the recent troubles among the school parents.) A breach

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of *isolation* would probably mean different kinds of people coming in, so less isolation should lead to a decline in the homogeneity of the population. Freudenburg observed this in the boomtown that he studied. One knit-together community broke apart into a number of subcommunities or friendship networks.[11]

In our own case, the Clevelode that was eulogized by Charlie Finch had (presumably) a situation where everyone knew everyone else and everybody talked to everybody else. This has now given way to three subcommunities – the new middle class, the council house people, and the old village families. Actually there are probably more subgroups than these.

Strangers and newcomers should increase as a community becomes less isolated. The community should become less homogeneous. Likewise for population-size: as the village gets larger, it becomes harder to know everyone. (This is known, in anthropology, as differentiation. As a group gets larger it divides into subgroups.) So these three dimensions seem, clearly, to be intertwined. And their effects have to do with percentage of strangers and newcomers, versus regular village people whom you know.

However, once we leave Charlie Finch's Garden of Eden, and new people come in, and the village becomes less isolated: then more and more, there are strangers. Reputation doesn't mean quite so much; trust suffers. Freudenburg found, in his boomtown, that other social problems got worse as well.

The final dimension is *stability* of population versus *transience*. In nations such as Britain and America, where there has been an invasion of the countryside by people from the city, stability of village populations has declined. Michael Bell says, for his village: not many who live there now, were born there.[12] We don't know the percentage for Clevelode. Probably it is not very high.

These are all the dimensions: population size; stability of population versus transience; degree of isolation; and homogeneity versus several groups in the village. We can see some of their inter-relatedness. Homogeneity goes down as population size increases. And as the community becomes less isolated it probably becomes more transient.

The interconnections between these four dimensions seem reasonable, almost self-evident. They probably really are inter-related. However we do not have empirical evidence of this, aside from Freudenburg's observation of his single boomtown. No study with a sample of communities has measured the four dimensions and then looked at their intercorrelations.

Before going on I should mention an anomaly: the "urban villagers." This refers to neighborhoods in cities that are not isolated at all; but

supposedly these neighborhoods have village-like characteristics. The people are neighborly toward each other. The neighborhood has some cohesion and sense of identity. The people are knit together by ties of kinship and friendship. Typically this is an ethnic enclave. The people are tied to each other by a common language, and possibly by having difficulties with the language of the host society; and they share some of the customs of the old country. So here we have a "village" within a city. It is not isolated, far from it. It does not even have to be small in population. The people go out into the larger city, to their jobs; then they come home to each other.

What do we make of this? I myself think that for some of these cases, their "village" qualities have been exaggerated. But there we are. It is possible for some neighborhoods, within urban areas, to be sufficiently close and neighborly so as to earn the title, "urban villagers."[13]

Returning to our four dimensions – small population, homogeneity of population (versus several groups), stability of population (versus transience), and isolation – it all has to do with dealing with newcomers and strangers, versus dealing with people whom you know. (Even the urban villager goes out into the city and deals with strangers, then he comes home to people whom he knows.) And, returning to the overall question for this chapter: does this, some combination of these four, have a lot to do with the occurrence of good-neighboring, rallying round, caring for the elderly, trust, and various of Clevelode's other admirable traits?

Density of Acquaintanceship

This is defined as the percentage of persons in the community who are personally known, by (what) percentage of other people. This percentage would decrease as population-size got larger. It would be greater in a homogeneous community, and in one that is stable – with the people having lived together for a long time. This is what Freudenburg hypothesized, on the basis of his readings of past community studies, and this is in fact what he found. His boomtown, being less homogenous and less stable in population (with strangers coming in), scored lower on density of acquaintanceship than did his other communities.

These, he says, are some of the consequences of density of acquaintanceship:

– In effect, the dampening of conflict. "People who know each other often work out interpersonal 'agreements' for achieving desired goals... sometimes they may not even be consciously acknowledged. ...They are the result of 'personal accommodation.'..."[14]

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– Neighborly watchfulness.

– Socialization of the young becoming a community effort.

– Informal caring for those in need of it. This would include caring for the elderly.

– Tolerance, "making allowances," for persons such as eccentrics, and for the town drunk.

This adds up to: the community is a haven for the minimally competent.

This picture accords with my view of Clevelode. It also describes Freudenburg's small towns that remained stable in population. His boomtown suffered on all these dimensions, except for caring for those who need it. For *caring*, it seemed to remain about the same.

We might wish to add these as bits of evidence that small-town has something to do with care for the aged, parental control of the young, neighborly watchfulness, dampening of conflict, and tolerance.

I have one other case of this sort that could be added here. A farmer in Clevelode parish had previously lived in Mineral, New Brunswick. This village was small, and it was as isolated as a community can be. He described for me the *extreme* emphasis, in Mineral, on helping each other and caring for persons who are in need.

Returning to Freudenburg's boomtown: new people were pouring in, and as a result community life was deteriorating. – That is to say, in some ways it was deteriorating, in other ways not observably so.

The problem for Clevelode is a bit different. It is gradually being absorbed by a suburban area – in which the residents commute, drive to buy what they need, and have friends and activities elsewhere. The boundaries of the community are becoming blurred. Some people "just use it as a bedroom community" and don't participate. Newcomers are pouring in also, as was the case in Freudenburg's town. And transients are passing through.

This situation is typical for English villages in commuter zones. We see villages at different stages in this process of becoming suburbanized.[15] It has been written about for America as well.[16]

In Chapter One we asked the question: is there some point in this process, at which the village virtues are lost? Does some threshold have to be passed, before they disappear? Or do they seep away gradually? Or – are some more affected than others, and deteriorate more quickly?

This question would hold, for the boomtowns, as well as for the suburbanizing villages that are changing more slowly. And, whatever the answer might be, population-growth must not be totally responsible. Some of the other dimensions must also be involved.

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Other Possible Consequences of the Small Community

There are probably other consequences. These are my guesses about what some of them might be:

Maybe the problems of local government are easier in a small community, simply because it is small. Andrea Ball had spoken about how "people know what's going on" in our parish. The people *know*, personally, the office-holders. There is no mystery in councillors' reputations. And people are apt to feel they have a personal stake in decisions.

Also there is that matter of citizen-*caring* – about that tree in the village green as if it were in your own garden. I had remarked on the difference – between this attitude in our part of Britain, and citizen-apathy, which I myself am guilty of back home, and which other Americans are too, I think. Maybe this is due, simply, to different values, different citizen-morality; but, I think, not entirely so. Citizen-caring must be more likely in smaller communities.

In like manner, smaller countries may have an advantage over larger ones because citizens are more likely to know the leaders, and understand more about any domestic political issues that are being discussed, and feel that their own personal interests are at stake. A Norwegian party leader once voiced this opinion to me.

Edna had said that she, and Mary Farr, and the others, "supported each other's charities." Something similar is reported for a village in Wales. The author says: If there was an event at the village hall, you "felt obligated to put in an appearance." You didn't go simply because you thought you would enjoy it. Rather, you felt you were needed there, so you went. Besides, "the following week one might oneself be organizing a function," and you needed the support of the organizers of that event.[17]

Similarly, in Kansas high schools, Gump reports: in big schools, students went to a school dance if they thought they would have a good time and if there were "good eats." In small schools, you went because they needed a good turnout. You were needed. You felt obligated.[18]

This mutual obligation, to support each other, seems to be something that emerges in small communities.

"In face-to-face communities," Frankenberg says, "each individual is related to every other individual in his total network in several different ways. ... A shopkeeper in the village is also a relative of many of his customers and a chapel deacon. ... Thus in a truly rural society the network may be close-knit; everybody knows and interacts with everyone else. In urban societies individuals may have few friends in common."[19] In other words, in larger communities, the network is less dense, less closely packed,

but more far-reaching to more distant persons.

This might be viewed as a continuum, with the pure face-to-face communities at one end, *a la* Charlie Finch, everybody knowing everybody, and not too many ties to the outside – and urban situations on the other end, where you don't know your neighbors but you do have some friends, and in fact you have some distant ties.

Clevelode is not small and isolated enough to be a pure case of face-to-face community. Other villages and small towns might not be either. But they might be far enough down, on this dimension, to set in motion a system-effect that has to do with lives bound together. The villagers are all in it together. They cannot escape from each other. And this has a time-depth. Reputations and family histories live on.

In the first chapter I commented on this, the special feeling of going through life together. I said that back in Tallahassee, people came into my life, faded out of my life. I might encounter a group of people at a particular activity I was involved in; then I might not see them any more afterwards. I know people who are Sierra Club members; but if someone stopped going to Sierra Club meetings, then I would not see him any more. On the other hand, in the village, people's lives are intertwined. Some persons you know; others, you are at least aware of. You go through life together, with memories of the family tragedies. Therefore some sympathy and appreciation can grow, as with my speculation about the sisterhood of older women in Clevelode.

The conditions for trust are ripe. So trust is strong. There are reciprocal obligations, as with supporting each other's charities. Responsibility to other villagers is encouraged. Dependents must be cared for. Boring persons must be suffered with.

This very nice small-community situation is spoiled sometimes, I think, by other kinds of small-community occurrences. These would be feuding – continuing animosities between families and groups – and malicious gossip, that might go along with feuding.

So perhaps we have two – countervailing – system-effects that go with small communities. If you don't fall victim to the downward spiral of feuding and gossip, you can enjoy the other one, the mutual support. Clevelode tries to suppress malicious gossip and feuding. So it enjoys the benefits.

It has escaped another kind of small-community meanness as well. Frankenberg mentions "informal pressure from gossip and public opinion" as a small-community trait.[20] But this isn't true of our own village. Fear of disapproval doesn't seem to be a strong constraint. Quite the contrary. People try not to criticize. If anyone were to be (secretly) disapproved, it would be hard for him to find out. The village drunk is, in fact,

the village pet. Whereas Willa Cather suffered, in her Nebraska hometown, because she was "different," a similarly "different" woman is fully accepted in Clevelode; much admired, in fact.

William Freudenburg describes, for the towns he studied, a kind of tolerance similar to Clevelode's. People make allowances. "We don't worry none about that, it's just the way old Billy is."[21] So it looks as if this is another *either/or* division for the small communities. Some are tolerant and people are loath to criticize. Others tend toward disapproval, and gossip is a strong sanctioning agent.

Circle of Caring

The expression "circle of caring" stands for another of these positive cycles, which might be favored by small community-size.

I had previously speculated about customs in the village, having to do with charity and kindness and caring. I had supposed that some of them were mutually reinforcing, making each other more likely.

Here is a list of such characteristics, which might possibly be more common in the small community:

–Watchful neighbors. (We do have evidence that this is a small-community trait.) Support for the caregiver, rallying round. Also we might put here – as mentioned before – bonds of caring and concern, between families. Also, not "fading away": elderly persons, when they are failing, cannot simply withdraw and disappear; and it is difficult (although possible) for a person to be lonely. Also Barker and Gump's point: in the small community, everyone is needed in order to have activities; so incompetents and eccentrics are welcomed in.

Finally we can add volunteering to work on community events (which in Clevelode tend to be charities). We have evidence that this, generally, is more frequent in small communities.

All these can be taken as a "circle" of interconnected traits; or simply as a list (not a circle), of small-community characteristics, with no assumptions made about causal connections between them.

Here are two more, which also have to do with caring and helping.

In the small community, the "altruistic plumber" is able to be a good neighbor to everyone in the entire village. Persons call on him when they need his help, because they know him and they feel confident that he knows them. In my Maritime Canada studies there was a series of such cases, men who came to neighbors' aid by fixing things. They all lived in small communities.[22] In larger towns, such helpful persons with mechanical skills can still be found. And they still help persons whom they know. But many people, who could use their help, don't feel they know them

well enough to call on them.

Other varieties of helping get an extra impetus too, in the small community. In the Canadian research there was a visiting nurse and a social worker, both of whom drove up country roads to see their clients. They seemed to have more freedom to help their people. I heard many stories of frustration from nurses who worked in hospitals and social workers who worked in urban social service departments. So, possibly, for the helping professions: the freedom of a rural setting can be a bonus.[23]

Conclusion

As it is now, we can speculate about small-community effects, but we really don't know how strong and pervasive these might be. What is unknown is:

–What characteristics are results of small-community. (Actually we do have a bit of evidence, here, about some of them, such as trust and volunteering and good-neighboring.)

– How strong is the small-community effect, for these. (For example, is there not much hope for trustfulness between shopper and shopkeeper, except in a small community?)

– And how strong, overall, is the small-community effect? (Example, if I had done my study in an English city, would I have found very few of these admirable traits?)

If the purpose of a book such as this one, is to show a good example from which we might learn and improve ourselves – then, if the small-community effect really accounts for most of these traits, I needn't have bothered. It would be instructive for other small communities, back home, and that would be all.

Then there is the matter of the British cultural tradition. It must help account for some of this too. (Traits that might possibly be strongly a function of English cultural tradition could be queueing, fear of making a fuss, the cosseting of eccentrics, and aspects of their moral standards.) But again, we don't know how strongly cultural tradition affects what we found. Anything that is so much a function of cultural tradition, that it couldn't be adopted in some other country – is it similarly unhelpful as a "good example?" –I'm not so sure that this is a problem. Perhaps we (the rest of the world) could learn from this in any case.

Ideally, what we should have is studies of communities of different sizes, done in a variety of countries. And what should these future researchers focus on? –I am naturally prejudiced in favor of the topics that I did, especially those in the civil-society and prosocial-behavior groups. But each researcher will no doubt choose his own. Anyway, we

don't have this now. So I give this book as a first offering.

Doing field studies in exotic locales can yield some lovely surprises. Taking the case of altruism and prosocial behavior: we have a large and rather nearsighted research tradition in America.[24] The experience of Clevelode, with its taking-care-of emphasis, greatly enlarged my view of all this. I understand from hearsay, a visit to Turkey might be interesting too: the people are said to be generous and hospitable, but the country lacks the superstructure of Western-style volunteer programs and voluntary organizations. So an important outlet for altruism is lacking. Another hearsay case is the Polynesian kingdom of Tonga, where ritual hospitality is said to be highly developed. Feasts are given and then reciprocated. A favor or a gift has to be repaid many times over; it goes on and on.[25]

Another kind of emphasis in a different locale: in small towns in Georgia, I have witnessed hospitality and warmth toward strangers; and *extraordinary* generosity to friends. There must be a code of Southern hospitality, and a code of graciousness. As with our English village, some persons live by these codes, whereas other persons probably live outside the codes. For generosity, I have seen one friend lend to another, his motorboat, his car. He let the friend and his family use his house. He gave his tools for friends to use. He gave freely, seemed to give and lend anything. (We were told that this was according to a good ol' boy code.) Also there are black matriarchs who have raised two or three dozen children – their own, and also other persons'.[26] These are of theoretical interest; they have to do with the scope of altruism. Some other of my "lovely surprises" in Britain had to do with more practical issues. Two of these are: what their medical service is really like (after what we have been told, back home, and in the light of what our medical service used to be); and the simplicity of filing a British income tax return.

Similar field studies, in other places, would yield many more "good examples to learn from" of this nature.

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METHODOLOGICAL APPENDIX

This appendix will deal with the methodological problems that came up in the fieldwork and in the book. I see the problems as arising mainly from the sorts of statements that were made. Sometimes, in order to say anything significant, you simply must generalize, or make an inference, or talk about causation – or do several of these – and that is where the problem lies.

I got my training in the late 1950s, and I share a common ideology with other people who came out of graduate programs at that time. We believe in the scientific method, translated (as best one can) to the social sciences. There are difficulties with this. We cannot do our studies in the laboratory, we don't have precise measuring instruments, we often have to make guesses about people's mental life. There are other problems. Once we get down to particulars, the common understandings between us are not that great. We really have our own individualized points of view.[1] In fact, there are some wide divergences. Some scholars have a *really* different viewpoint from, for example, my own.[2] In fact, within anthropology there has been a revolt, with much debunking of attempts to be scientific and rigorous.

One problem with rigorous social science is that it doesn't reach very far; most things you cannot discuss; most statements you are prevented from making, because they cannot be documented. This leaves a vacuum – a space that must be filled. So unfounded explanations and generalizations rush in to fill this space. We all probably do this. Things just will be explained.

What we need, then, is a compromise that will let us talk about more things, but do it in a more responsible fashion. This is what I am trying for here.

What we start off with, is fieldwork in an English village that needs to be reported. This sounds straightforward enough – describing what we found – but it is not. Necessarily, I must begin to generalize beyond the known cases, and talk about things that I have not directly observed, but only inferred. And occasionally I talk about causes as well. How do we handle these methodological problems – these reasons for doubting what has been said? In a nutshell, the answer is: first of all, it helps to be aware of the problems. Awareness leads to caution, not flying off into grandiose leaps of generalizing and inferring. But then we *must* generalize, and infer, in order to say anything of interest at all. So a cautious compromise is in order. Clear language is used, but sometimes the language is hedged, giving reminders that a statement is being

offered in a tentative spirit. "It is possible that..." "It may be that..." And sometimes disagreements with what has been said, and exceptions, are cited too.

Occasionally I launch into downright speculation; then I am no longer "reporting" what we "found." This happens toward the end of some of the chapters; for example, *Small Community, Charity, Morality, Personal Traits,* and the *School Code.* When I feel I must talk about cause and effect, and causal systems, I tend to slip into this speculating mode. I take these speculations seriously; I even have some personal belief that they are true. But they are not really connected, any more, to observation and supporting evidence. I think it is fairly clear, throughout the book, when we are in the speculative mode. One clue that we are is: the discussion no longer is confined to the village; it becomes more general.

Occasionally too, I give my personal impressions rather than simply "reporting" what I "found." This happens in the *Personal Traits* chapter, especially when I am talking about the people being "closed." Personal impressions are more problem-laden (with respect to generalizing and inferring) than are other reports about the village.

My own viewpoint on methodology I once systematized into a book, *Hypotheses and Evidence.*[3] That statement holds for today, with just a few changes of opinion. The main revisions have been: a different view of inferred variables; and more recognition of the special problems of anthropological fieldwork (– as a result of doing fieldwork). Also I see more clearly now, that often we have to relax the rules of evidence. We simply must discuss matters of human concern, and offer explanations. Therefore, often, we have to violate those rules, or at least stretch them. Hence the need for a responsible compromise. (Of course in everyday life, and in serious discourse too, people explain things and never think about requirements for evidence.)

The business of this book, then, is reporting a field study, and discussing general issues that were suggested by the field study. The methods of anthropological fieldwork are: interviewing informants,[4] and participant observation.[5] In our case the informants were Edna, Liz, Jennifer, Patricia, the Goodings, the Fields, Ian, Carole, and other persons who were mentioned. Participant observation was by myself, and also, in a sense, by Edna, in her more than twenty years as a villager.

In the field study, I would interview an informant about some topic: gossip, for example. The informant would say what she does (with respect to gossip), and what she hears others do. "Others" are people she knows, people she has observed, people she thinks she knows about. She also says what she thinks about gossiping, and what she believes is

proper in these situations; and she relates as best she can what she believes that other people think. Very likely the informant would not come forward with all of this material; she would say what she could. Other informants would also be queried about gossip. If there is disagreement, discrepancy, exceptions – this has a chance to come out. And, since we ourselves are living in the village, hearing people talk about other persons, we have a chance to see how our impressions match with what the informants say. Out of all this comes my eventual general statement about how the people stand with respect to gossip; and the statement may be qualified. In this case, the villagers "try not to gossip;" but some persons try harder than others do.

Fieldwork such as this is rather informal. There are no standardized questionnaires, no psychological tests, no rigorous sampling. No one is looking over our shoulders. Therefore, good method begins with trying to be honest, attempting to minimize bias; trying not to put words in the interviewee's mouth; trying not to give clues for the proper answers, the answers that (the interviewees might think) the interviewer wants to hear. – And the problem here, in the village, is the people's tendency toward denial, accentuating the positive, denying the unseemly. So, probably, negative material was under-reported. – Then there is the matter of Edna's own attitudes, as a longtime resident. We wanted to report these, but not filter our picture of the village through Edna's possible biases. Therefore, I report on what she says to me, and I can comment on this.

Another way to put this is: Edna is an insider, I am an outsider. The fieldwork depends on the insider's knowledge; but we also want the outsider's detachment from the customary frames of reference through which the villagers view things.

Finally there is the problem of the fieldworker's own possible biases. A danger is that he will find what he wants to find, hear what he wants to hear – that there will be a rush to conclusions, overlooking anything that does not fit in. This is a human failing. As a result of our training we are not supposed to do this. A preoccupation with methodological problems – as with this appendix – will, hopefully, help with this.

Custom and Cultural Rules

We want to report the local customs. We see some of these – queueing, for example. We even do it ourselves. And informants can tell us about it. If what people do is regularized, somewhat standardized – as with queueing – we assume that rules lie behind the behavior.[6] And the

informants can also tell us about the rules.

Some cultural rules are clear and explicit, maybe even written down. The anthropologist Jack Roberts has termed these "high concordance codes."[7] Traffic laws would be an example of a high concordance code. Mrs. Harris' code of good behavior for the school children is not written down, but it also seems explicit enough. It would be hard for a child to misunderstand what she means.

However, the particular codes that we are interested in, trail off into less explicit, less clearly spelled-out rules. Some of them might be rules for some people, but unknown to other people. (An example is the code, *no niggling*.) And there can be other sorts of disagreement too. For example, we've described the middle-class villagers' formal visiting and entertaining. Working-class people probably do a different kind of visiting. Quite likely, somewhat different rules for visiting are observed.

Sometimes people cannot say that they are following any rule or code, but there does seem to be a trend in a particular direction. An example is tea-drinking in the late afternoon – in response to something in their minds, a wish or habit, perhaps not a rule. Another example is *not criticizing* other people in the village. We think there is a tendency this way. Some informants can state a reason why they don't; other persons probably couldn't say.

These are reasons why some presumed cultural rules might be rather problematic. A final reason is: I assign the name to them myself. They aren't named by the villagers. Many of these rules, I would group into hierarchies. For example: the rule *shut the gate*, after you go through, is part of the country code that governs walking on the public footpaths. This is subsumed under what I've termed the good-citizen code, which also includes *don't throw down litter*, *queue properly*, and other rules. This in turn is, I think, governed by an over-arching principle: *don't take advantage*.

Codes That Are Not Rules

Sometimes the behavior that we see, appears to be somewhat regularized; some people do it, others do not. But it seems more in response to a positive value, rather than a proscriptive rule. The emphasis on kindness, generosity, taking-care-of, seems to fall into this category. Carole, Jean Goldsmith, Charles Gooding, are admired. There is probably a tendency in the village, to try to be like them. This is guesswork on my part, since naturally no one would admit this, even to himself. However, emphases such as this, positive values, probably do account for some behavior, without any help from proscriptive rules. The term

"code" might be used, because something like an ideology may go with some of these. Another example is the Georgia good ol' boy, who freely lent and gave practically everything he had, to his friend. Supposedly, a good ol' boy code lay in back of this. A final example is from the village. It is that part of the good-citizen code that only some persons do. Nigel Field and Pip Osbourne and a few others hold offices on boards and councils. Edna and Clifton Fletcher and some others, lodge citizen complaints.

Generalizations Beyond Known Cases

This is one of three methodological problems that are discussed in *Hypotheses and Evidence*, which will also be discussed here. The others have to do with inferred variables, and cause-effect statements.

Generalizing must be done, in order to report on the village and its customs. Our strategy is to generalize only about the village, not about England as a whole. I might state, "This is what we found in the village – or among the middle class in the village. We wouldn't know, about England as a whole."

This is a way of reducing the scope of a statement, making it less ambitious, less sweeping, so that the problem of what it needs for documentation, is less. (But sometimes I *do* go beyond the village, and generalize about England as a whole or perhaps generalize about the British middle class. Then, whatever the generalization, it is less connected to any sample of observations. Usually, when I do this, I am in the speculating mode.)

A proper generalization needs to be based on a good sample, a cross-section of the population. (– So we can come nearer to getting a cross-section of the village, or at least of the village middle class, than we can of England as a whole.) The danger with sampling is that we will get an unrepresentative sample that will give us a misleading result. It will be biased, skewed. For our particular village study, it is easy to see how this would happen. My good informants were middle-class, mostly older women. For some points I had several working-class informants; for other points, none at all. As far as observation is concerned: we were around middle-class people more.

Working with informants – we really should have a sample of them too. Edna's overall account of something, or her interpretation of the rules, or her observations (say, of no fighting at school) – might be challenged by someone else. On most points we have this: varied informants' input, although there might not be too many informants, and some informants might not have much to say. So disagreement has a chance to

come out, and we do have some scattering of opinion. (–Even though the informants were mostly older middle-class ladies.)

For certain topics, Edna was our *only* informant. This was true for the intimate details of *moral scruples*, and for other incidental points here and there. When she was the only informant, danger of unrepresentative sampling was greatest. My attitude here is: if we didn't have her deeper testimony, we would have nothing on these points. So we are lucky to have it. But we should be aware of the problem.

Inferred variables

The distinction here is between characteristics of persons, or of the village, that can be seen and that can be clearly described – these are observed, no problem – and other characteristics that must be inferred. There is a problem with these. Typically, with these, they are not so clear-cut. Sometimes the researcher must name them himself. In the fieldwork, what people do – and we can see them do it – is observed. The unclear rules that (I think) lie behind the behavior are inferred. Very clear rules, especially those that are written down – high concordance codes – would qualify, I suppose, as being observed, or observable. Implicit codes of behavior, that perhaps are not the same in all persons' minds – especially those that I must give a name to – are inferred. Likewise, for people's sentiments, beliefs, moral scruples, their mental life; and for abstractions that are supposed to sum up persons' characteristics, such as we used in the *Traits* chapter. Politeness, tolerance, delicacy of speech, all these, would qualify as inferred variables.

The problem with inferred variables is not only that they cannot be directly observed; but also, they are not clearly defined in the way an observed variable can be.[8] Sometimes, in everyday life, they seem so self-evident, that they seem solid and real enough. In some of my inferred-variable statements – about the people's tolerance and politeness, for example – I am confident enough. But strictly speaking there is this difference, between the inferred, and the directly observed.

There is a methodology within psychology, for dealing with inferred variables. A score on a test (observed variable) is taken as an index of some particular mental trait (inferred variable). Everything possible is done, to establish valid tests. This has been presented and reviewed in the *Mental Measurements Yearbooks*.[9] But the gap between *inferred* and *observed* is never entirely bridged.

In our fieldwork here, we don't use tests. All I have done with this problem is: be aware of it, and try to be as modest as I can with my inferences, not use grandiose abstractions, try not to psychoanalyze our

villagers. Inferred variables such as *hating to make a fuss*, and *kindly*, I use. These seem self-evident to me. Occasionally I launch into the speculative mode, as in the discussion of the "closed" syndrome, with repression and denial, in the *Traits* chapter. Then this restraint is relaxed.

Inferred variables can also be put within groups and hierarchies. The higher up you go on the hierarchy, the more abstract it becomes. Spradley speaks of "cultural themes." These would be "assumptions" in the culture, upon which other culture items are built. The cultural themes would be inferred, discovered, by the anthropologist, as with Ruth Benedict's work.[10] Something like a cultural theme would be a construct of the anthropologist's; and when we get this high in the realm of abstractions, we can conceive it in differing ways, call it different names. In our present work, I suppose I do this when I speak of "emphases" – emphases on taking-care-of, on charity, on kindness. When I discussed in this fashion, I felt I was referring to something real. But how I conceptualized it, was arbitrary. I could call it differing names. Another fieldworker might conceive this particular leaning, in the culture, a bit differently, and label it differently.

Cause-Effect

Strong formal evidence for a cause-effect statement comes from a controlled experiment. We never have this. Minimal evidence comes from covariance – of the cause, with the effect – a correlation. I rarely have that either. An added problem with cause-effect statements – as used in the book, and as used in everyday life, talking about relations between people – is that they are usually inferred-variable statements too, and they are generalizations beyond known cases. So these other two sources of doubt are added as well.

But we are thrown back on cause-effect *beliefs* all the time; we rely on them in everyday life, because they are a guide to action. They say what will be the result if we do (whatever); what are the requirements for achieving (some desired result).

Our ordinary cause-effect belief is: *A* (the cause) causes *B* (the effect). In the social sciences our evidence usually comes from correlations, which have exceptions, so we say "*A* is *a* cause for *B*," *A* is *one* cause for *B*.

Actually we don't know the direction of cause (since we do not have an experiment, we don't even have before-after conditions). *A* and *B* might be in some kind of ramified causal system, in which they are both being influenced by something else.

So how is *cause* handled in the book?

Sometimes I talk about it as if it were self-evident. In *A Nonviolent Society*: nonviolence makes women feel safe to walk after dark. In *Trust*: when people feel that whomever they are dealing with is trustworthy, they become trusting.

Another example from *Trust*, which seems not quite so self-evident: I talk about why the trust system got started. Honour, I think, is the main reason. Reputation in the small community is another reason. And I speculate about several other lesser reasons.

In the *Small Community* chapter, I talk about what small community-size makes possible. Some of this might seem self-evident; it seems reasonable enough to me. Actually, evidence is probably rather weak. Only a few of the small-community traits – helpfulness, good-neighboring, trust, volunteering – have been demonstrated with correlations.

And aside from this, how is the cause-effect problem handled? – Sometimes when a cause is suggested the statement is hedged. "It is possible, then, that (*X*) helps make (*Y*) to happen." And sometimes I take flight into the speculative mode. During these times, it is usually clear that I am not reporting village customs; rather, I am talking in a general way, about causal systems. This happens toward the end of the *School Code* chapter; and during the *Traits* chapter, especially when the "closed" syndrome is discussed; and for charity, and in a few other places.

Important fundamental questions call for cause-effect answers that are problem-ridden, very ramified, and hard to keep in a clear and disciplined form. For our village study, three of these questions are:

(1) Is morality the main cause for the village's good qualities, and for the difference between the villagers' social life, and ours? A lower-order connection, between trust and morality, seems easy to see; also, between good-citizen morality, and the tidiness of village life. But the larger package of admirable traits – doing for others, being tolerant, taking care of the elderly, being a concerned neighbor and a conscientious parent who raises a self-controlled child, (etc.) – are moral scruples at the root of all this? Similarly, if we could somehow reverse moral decline in our own country, or hit upon successful moral education, would we start moving in the direction of trust, civic virtue, and the rest?

(2) Does child rearing share, with morality, the role of linchpin? (Through child rearing, the pattern is passed along.) And within child rearing, is it the self-control training that is crucial?

(3) Is it really a worthwhile exercise to examine good-example communities such as Clevelode? If we could factor out the effect of small community-size, and the effect of British cultural tradition, are

there still lessons for us here, things we ourselves could do? I think, yes, but I must admit I have not demonstrated that here. The methodological problems do make that difficult. Could that problem be overcome sometime, by someone else? –Possibly so, to a degree, in a controlled study that looked at fewer of these variables. Failing that, is there any other benefit in learning about good-example cases such as this? – I think so, (to repeat) for the new possibilities that emerge – the demonstration of what is possible, the variety of social arrangements that work somewhere.

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NOTES.

Chapt. 1. History and Geographic Setting.

1. Number L. *A Shropshire Lad.*
2. Bell 1994: 99.
3. *Ibid.*
4. Trevelyan 1944: 272-273, 385, 388-389. Becket 1986: 472-479.
5. Bell 1944: 67-69. Champion and Watkins 1991. Clark 1991. Johnson 1994: 5, 337, 339. Trevelyan 1944: 385ff.
6. Trevelyan 1944: 385-389, 587-588. Trevelyan 1926: 683-696. Johnson 1994: 356-372, 374-382. Bell 1994:29. Champion and Watkins 1991.
7. Fuguitt, *et.al.* 1989: 29, 63.
8. Garreau 1991.

Chapt. 2. What We'll Do.

1. Anne Dugdale at the Worcester County Council Environmental Forum gave us information on the "vast" number of groups – "hundreds" of groups, which were active within the county. She sent us long lists. She told us: there are more members of the National Trust than there are for the Church of England.
2. Anderson 1996.
3. Wilson 1993:10.
4. Lee 1996: 90-95.

Chapt. 4. Newcomers to the Village.

1. This pattern seems to hold in England generally, and in the United States as well. (Bell 1994: 66-67. Rank and Voss 1982.)
2. This was reported for Michael Bell's village of "Childerley" also. (1994:66-67)
3. Rank and Voss (1982) report the same "rural renaissance," with the influx of urban professional people into small communities, in the United States during this same period.
4. Flora and Flora 1996.
5. Bell 1994:68.
6. Bell notes the same in Childerley. (1994:71)

Part II Introduction.

1. Shils 1991.
2. Honig and Wittmer 1992. Solomon, *et.al.* 1988.
3. Shils 1997: 63-102.

Chapt. 5. The Children.

1. The Methodological Appendix goes over some of the problems that are raised, doing this.
2. In describing child rearing, I will stick to self-control training and its presumed results; I won't discuss other child-related topics.
3. Wilson 1993: 83ff.
4. Eisenberg 1986: 92-95.
5. Lindon and Lindon 1993: 150ff.
6. Baumrind 1973, 1972.
7. There is an enormous research literature on the general topic of raising well-behaved children. A PsychINFO search was done, in 1997, which found forty articles on authoritative parenting, alone. There are overlapping topics: prosocial development, compliance, obedience, self-control training – a cluster of terms, overlapping in their meaning, which try to represent a cluster of (probably overlapping) behaviors. Alice Honig and Donna Wittmer's 1992 review pulls much of this together in a helpful way.

   Baumrind's authoritative parenting has also had an impact on parent-advice writings. Hilary Clinton mentions it in her book. (1996) Authoritative parenting appears, in writings on society and childhood. William Damon, in *The Moral Child*, makes it a capstone of his argument. (1988:47-60, 62-65, 117-118, 122-123.) Something like authoritative parenting is often advocated in the parent-advice of this last two decades. Sometimes Baumrind is credited, at other times not. Perhaps a fashion or trend such as this, would have swept the parent-advice field anyway, without any such research. Who can say?

   All this, ironically, is in America, not in England. I have found a version of this in a British parent-advice book. (Lindon and Lindon, 1993, actually a guide for nursery school teachers.) However, after searching the British research literature, I have yet to find an Engish version of Diana Baumrind. Nor did I find any research description of what Edna relates as parents' practice, or what the village mothers are trying to do to instill politeness and control, or how the village children are behaving. I could find nothing that came close to what

we've seen, here, in the way of compliance-training or self control. Perhaps I missed an article somewhere, and it is there. But it must be fairly obscure.

This is puzzling. Is this such a routine procedure for British mothers, that researchers look right past it, don't find it noteworthy? – I don't believe it is all *that* routine, in the country as a whole. Another possibility is this: Child-development research, when it is measurement-based, starts out with preconceived categories; and focusing on this manner of parental control is not in fashion. The researchers have been looking at other things. Non-measurement research, which might stand a better chance of picking this up, evidently is oriented toward different things too. And this would be true, for American as well as British child-development research. However the huge and diverse American research effort has produced something on effective parental control, starting with parenting such as this in early childhood. The British, apparently, has not – even though here, in England, is where they *do* it, evidently as a matter of custom.

(I've found no American research to the effect that this is lacking, or needed, in America. However a number of American writers think that this is the case.) (Damon 1988: 115-124.) (Wilson 1993: 83-87.)

8. Miller 1984.
9. Morgan 1988.
10. Yarrow and Zahn-Waxler 1977. Yarrow, Scott, and Zahn-Waxler 1973. Rheingold, *et.al.* 1976.

Chapt. 6. School and the School Code.

1. As I say, how this list of rules and expectations is written, is to some extent arbitrary. Other terms might be used. Further rules or expectations might be added.
2. Stephens 2001.
3. Wilson 1993: 55-56.
4. Berman 1997: 23-24.
5. Kohlberg 1984, 1981. Reimer, *et.al.*, 1983.
6. In the moral development literature, the term "role taking" would replace my term "consideration." (Kohlberg 1984: 71, 76. Reimer, *et.al.* 1983: 48, 147-148. Hoffman 1994.)
7. Kohlberg 1981: xx, xxi, 1984: 76, 170-171. Reimer, *et.al.* 1983: 38, 51, 54, 126-135, 141-144.

8. Kohn 1986:3.
9. *Ibid.* 38-46. Kohn cites a great deal of research in which cooperative effort replaces competition.
10. For example, from *The Daily Telegraph*: "Violent children 'the product of bad upbringing.'" (Marston 1996)
11. From *The Daily Telegraph*: "Divorce to affect one child in four as family rejected." (Johnston 1998) From *The Times of London*: "More are choosing not to marry." (Frean 1999) The national trend is fewer people getting married, more unmarried couples including unmarried parents, more single mothers, more divorced people.
12. Freudenburg 1986:32.
13. Bell 1994: 93.
14. Burstall 1988."
15. Barker and Gump 1964: 170-187. Barker and Wright 1955.
16. Frean 1999.
17. Tattum and Tattum 1992:34-38.

Chapt. 7. Personal Traits.

1. Edgerton 1985.
2. The Appendix deals with some of the special problems that arise, in generalizing about traits.
3. In three accounts of village life in (nearby) Wales, the people are said, also, to hide their feelings and their private lives. (Trosset 1993. Rees 1950. Roberts 1976.)
4. A specimen of assertiveness training is Lange and Jakubowski (1976). An effort is made to train you to be alert to infringements on your rights and on your wellbeing, and to train you to speak up.
5. Mason 1982: 198-209.
6. *The New Yorker,* Oct.7, 1996: 90-95.
7. Bell 1994: 55-61.
8. Bell reports similarly for his middle-class villagers: formal entertaining, and perhaps as a result, infrequent visits. His working-class villagers, by contrast, were informal, and they visited back and forth, daily. (1994:51)
9. Bell 1994: 51-55.
10. Cultural rules include rules and conventions about when the prevailing rules may be broken, and which exceptions to the rules are permitted. (Edgerton 1985)
11. Freudenburg 1986: 32.
12. Massingberd 1995.

13. Freudenburg 1986: 32, 48.
14. Problems with statements about causation, and inferred variables, are touched upon in the Appendix.

Chapt. 8. The Dampening of Conflict.

1. Shils 1991: 12-13, 18.
2. Coleman 1957.
3. Freudenburg 1986: 31-32, 53-56.
4. Barker and Wright 1955: 89-90. Barker and Gump 1964:163-171.
5. Coleman 1957: 10-13.
6. Uslaner 1993. Flora and Flora (1997) describe a situation of controversy, in which people disagree with each other but still treat each other with respect. This, they say, is what is needed to prevent polarization.
7. Coleman 1957, 1988. Putnam 1993b: 6-7. Uslaner 1993.

Chapt. 9. A Nonviolent Society.

1. Banton 1964: 112-114. Critchley 1972. Pike 1873.
2. Eron, Gentry, and Schlegel 1994.
3. Banton 1964: 113-114.
4. Gaskell 1853: 157-158.

Chapt. 10. Trust.

1. Gaskell 1853: 249.
2. Discussions of what it takes to prevent a trust-system, or to break it down, can be found in Putnam 1993a:6, Gambetta 1988, forward, and Lewis and Weigert 1985:979.
3. Gambetta 1988:233. Putnam 1993a:168.
4. Bok 1978: 27. Lewis and Weigert 1985:972.
5. Hart 1988: 179-180.
6. Putnam 1993a: 168.
7. Coleman 1988: S105.
8. Lewis and Weigert 1985: 973-974.
9. Gambetta 1988:230.
10. Lewis and Weigert 1985: 967-985. Inglehart 1990: 23.
11. Uslaner 1996:3.
12. Flora and Flora 1996: 3.
13. Uslaner 1996: 3, 6.

14. Putnam 1993a: 166.
15. Bok 1978: 27. Lewis and Weigert 1985: 978-981.
16. Coleman 1990: 194-196.
17. Good 1988: 32.
18. Coleman 1988: S101. Gambetta 1988: forward, 219.
19. Coleman 1988. Putnam 1993b: 9-10.
20. Taylor and Singleton 1993.
21. *Handbook of the Nova Scotia Barristers' Society*, Sept. 1995:133. Also: *Code of Professional Conduct of the Canadian Bar Association*, 1987. Michael Stephens, Harvard University Law School.
22. Shils 1991: 12.
23. Robert Axelrod (1984: 5-6) discusses the principle of reciprocity between legislators, and cites earlier references.
24. Uslaner (1996: 3) says: "Trust is the basis of cooperation and collective action."
25. Coleman 1988: S102.
26. *Ibid.*, S98.
27. Gambetta 1988: 5. Lewis and Weigert 1985: 969.
28. Kaplan 1996.
29. Lewis and Weigert 1985.
30. Putnam 1993a.

Chapt. 11. The Moral Substructure.

1. Wilson 1993: 10.
2. Mason 1982: 142-145. Critchley (1970: 198-199) also writes about this connection between Honour and doing one's duty and being honest, as being traditional. Hislop (1997) says, too, that this started with the nobility; then it dispersed to the larger society.
3. Flora, *et.al.*, 1997. Coleman 1988.
4. This maturing of Consideration, by way of "role taking," is described by Martin Hoffman (1994: 165, 167, 172, 174, 178, 183, 200-202, 206-208) and by Lawrence Kohlberg (1984: 71, 74-76, 171). This is also summarized in Reimer, Paolito, and Hersh (1984: 48). They do not use the term consideration. They speak instead of empathy, and taking the role of the other person.
5. Wilson 1993.
6. Bok 1978: 54.
7. Stephens 1991: 18.
8. Bok 1978.
9. *Ibid.*, 129-130.

10. Edgerton (1985), after reviewing the ethnographic literature, says that when a rule is broken, there probably is another cultural rule or convention that dictates when it can be broken.
11. Gilligan 1982. Hoffman 1994. Eisenberg, *et.al.*, 1994.
12. Mason 1982: 91, 145. Critchley 1970: 198-199. Hislop 1997.
13. Edgerton 1985.
14. Mason 1974.
15. Reviews of moral education are given in Kurtines and Gewirtz, 1995, and in Berman, 1997. Closer to home, moral training at Edna's own school, before she retired to the village, is described in my forthcoming volume. (2001.) We have already touched upon moral training at Saint Giles, in our chapter six, on the school.

Part III Introduction.

1. Gaskell 1853: 32.
2. Lady Bountiful thus appears in Jane Austen's *Emma*, as well as in Dickens' *Sketches by Boz*.
3. Stephens 1991: 80-84.

Chapt. 12. Caring for the Elderly.

1. Barker and Mitteness 1990.
2. Carter 1994: 50.
3. Gump 1981
4. Sunderland, Ronald. FIRM. 701 N. Post Oak Rd., Suite 330, Houston, TX, 77024.
5. Biegel, Sales and Schulz 1991: 153-154.
6. *Ibid.*, 49. Carter 1994: 29, 110-129.
7. Carter 1994: 28, 29, 120. Biegel, Sales and Schulz 1991: 57, 58, 153-184. Rando 1986. Also Anne Mary Jayes, 70 Gladsmuir Rd., Archway, London.
8. Biegel, Sales and Schulz 1991: 32-33.
9. Gubrium 1991: 52. Biegel, Sales and Schulz 1991: 209-210.
10. Carter 1994: 17-18.
11. *Ibid.*, 34.
12. Biegel, Sales and Schulz 1991: 217-223. Carter 1994: 37-40, 115, 213-242. Also Anne Mary Jayes.
13. Pynoos and Leibig 1995: 66, 83-84, 193. Heumann and Boldy 1982: 11, 21, 71-72.

Chapt. 13. The Doctors.

1. The Surgery team takes in practice nurses, visiting nurses, a district nurse, a school nurse, a health visitor for elderly patients, a health visitor for families with children, midwives, occupational therapists, a physiotherapy department, a social worker, a chiropodist, the ladies at the front office and in the pharmacy, and the practice-manager. Most of these are on the Surgery's staff of thirty-two. A few other persons, such as the school nurse, are not on the staff but coordinate closely with it.

   The Surgery, as part of the National Health Service, has four administrative levels above it, and also cross-cutting boards and commissions on which the doctors serve from time to time. Also there are the far-flung hospitals, clinics and services within the NHS, to which they send patients.
2. Bok 1993: 121ff. Starr 1982: 4,21.
3. I could find no research which is directly in support of this. Bok deals with a more general problem: pressure on the doctors to rush, which is one part of the "perverse incentive system" in American medicine. (1993:125ff.)
4. Bok 1993: 119-138.
5. Starr 1982. Blanpain 1988.

Chapt. 14. Taking Care of Other People as Part of Your Job.

1. Stephens 1991: 56-66. Sigelman 1984: 240-241.
2. Freudenburg 1986. Stephens 1991, Chapt. 5, "The effect of community size."
3. Freudenburg 1986.
4. Stephens 1991: 59-62.
5. *Ibid.*, 88.
6. *Ibid.*, 57.
7. Fiske 1991: 184.
8. Stephens 1991: 59-62.
9. *Ibid.*, 58.
10. Bok (1993) does not spell out all the necessary details, but he does discuss the incentive system in America, which leads doctors away from this.

Chapt. 15. Neighbors.

1. Stephens 1991: 39, 65. Freudenburg 1986.
2. Bell 1994: 51-59.
3. Freudenburg 1986: 42-43.
4. Stephens 1991: 56.

Chapt. 16. Taking Care of Animals.

1. Harrison 1982. Ritvo 1990. Ryder 1989. Thomas 1982.
2. Sentiment in favor of animal-protection, animal-rights, and vegetarianism, and against hunting, was very strong in a *Daily Telegraph* poll done in 1995. (page 4, August 21.) As for popular support for the RSPCA: see Fairholme and Pain (1924), and Moss (1961).
3. Poortvliet 1992.

Chapt. 17. Jam and Jerusalem.

1. Flora and Flora 1997.
2. Hatch and Kickbusch 1983: 32-42.
3. Elsdon, Reynolds, and Stewart 1995.
4. Stephens 1983: 248-249, 252-256.
5. Stephens 1991: 47-51.
6. *Ibid.*, 47-52. Paul Gump (1981) would say that the group has "claimed" you.
7. Stephens 1991: 65-68.
8. Barker and Wright 1955: 289-290. Barker and Gump 1964: 164, 170-171, 195-196.

Chapt. 18. Charity.

1. Kohn 1986.
2. Stephens 2001.
3. *Journal of Moral Education*. Berman 1997.

Chapt. 19. Small-Community Effects?

1. Stephens 1991: 63-66.
2. Stebley 1987. Amato 1983. Weiner 1976. Sigelman 1984: 240-241.

3. LeVine, *et.al.* 1994.
4. Hynson 1975.
5. Sauer, Shehan, and Boymel 1976: 272.
6. Dillman and Tremblay 1977.
7. Greider, Krannich, and Berry 1991: 270.
8. Gambetta 1988: 230. Lewis and Weigert 1985: 270.
9. Pahl 1968: 285.
10. Coleman 1988: S106. Coleman 1990: 318.
11. Freudenburg 1986: 56.
12. Bell 1994: 103.
13. Pahl 1968: 267.
14. Freudenburg 1986: 31.
15. Pahl 1968.
16. These writings were referred to in our first chapter.
17. Frankenberg 1966: 239.
18. Gump 1981.
19. Frankenberg 1966: 17-19.
20. *Ibid.*, 247.
21. Freudenburg 1986: 33.
22. Stephens 1991: 56.
23. *Ibid.*, 58.
24. Honig and Wittmer 1992.
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